aturday Evening Post · September 24, 1966 · 35c

POST

Beginning
a controversial best-seller

LYNDON JOHNSON
EXERCISE OF POWER

DISK JOCKEY
Hero of the teen-agers

NEW PILLS
Can bring back your memory

THE ASSASSIN PART TWO

THE QUINTS
NOW THEY ARE THREE

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
LIBRARY
BOX 927
BIG SANDY TX 75755

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The closer he gets...the better you look!*

Now! Shampoo-in Hair Color so natural it invites close-ups!*

Let distance lend enchantment—to other women! You be the gal who looks even lovelier close up! Fresher, prettier, more exciting when your hair glows with the soft, natural-looking color of new Nice'n Easy by Clairol.

Here is an easy-to-do, once-a-month shampoo-in hair color so rich in formula, it can lighten lighter...brighten brighter...and deepen more evenly! So rich, it covers gray better than any other shampoo-in color...so rich, it leaves your hair with lively body... and an exciting glow! Try it for a lift...for the confidence, deep inside, of knowing your beautiful hair color looks "so natural it invites close-ups"!

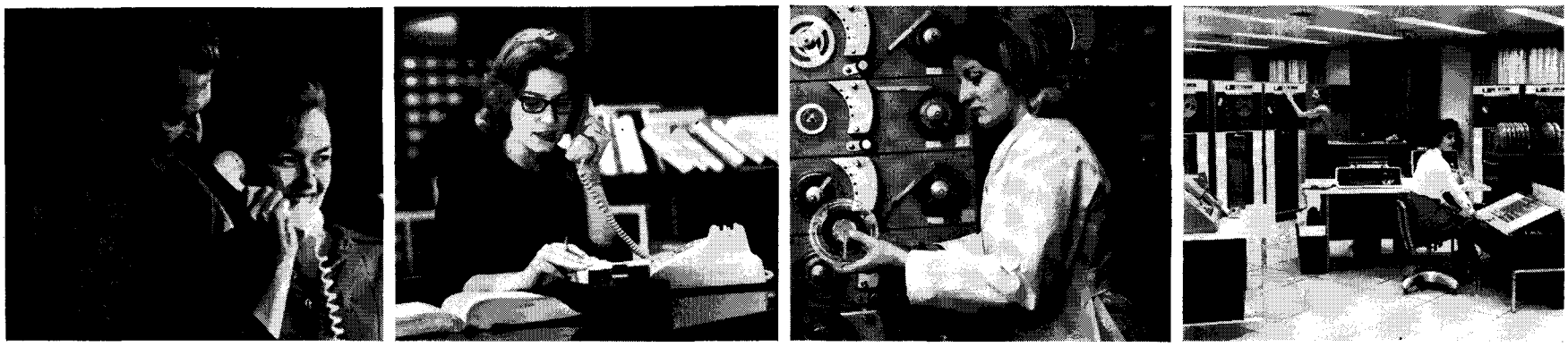
The closer he gets...the better you look!

Pour it on Wait just minutes... Nice'n Easy...

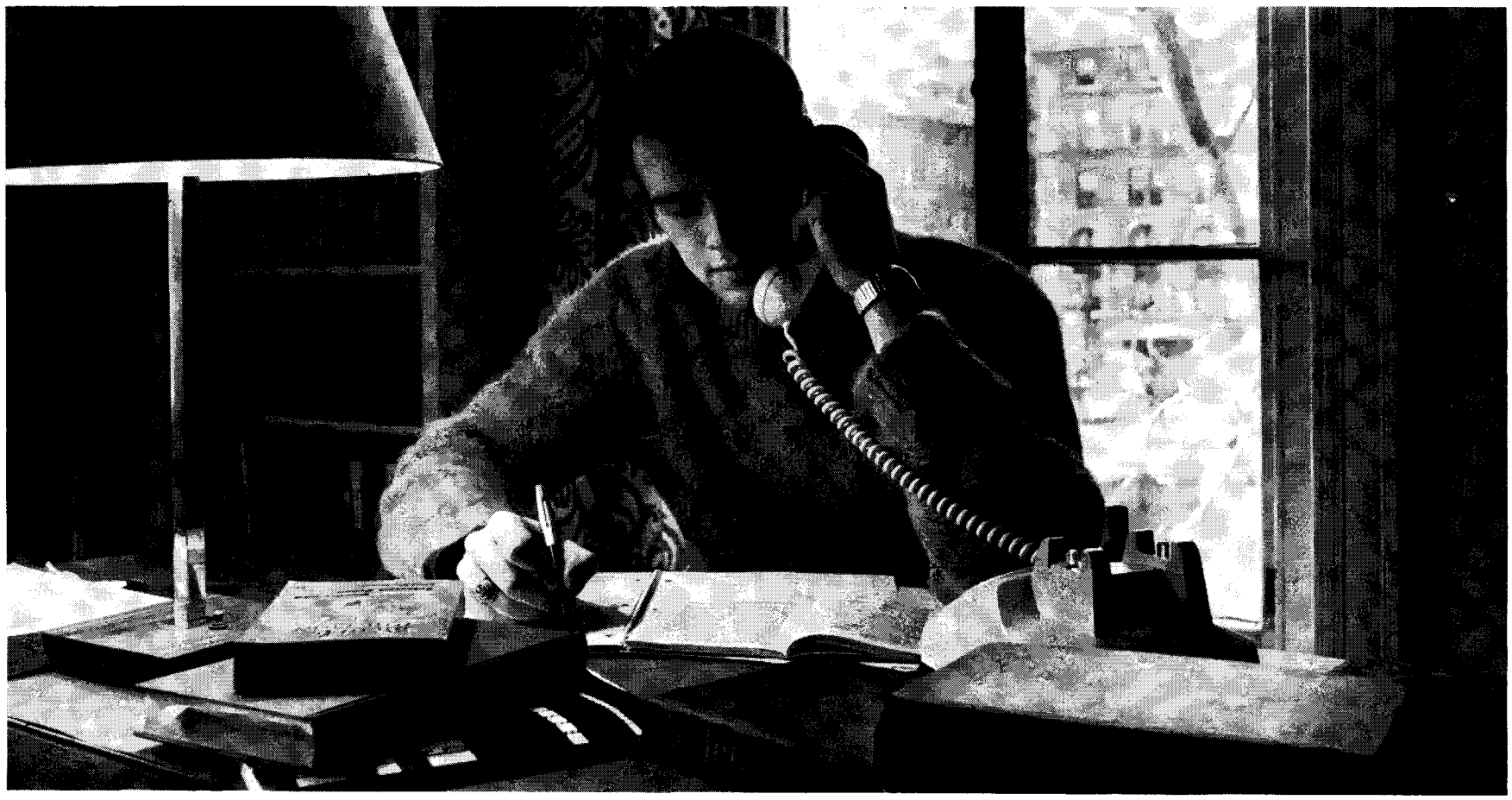
Nice'n Easy® by Clairol

the natural-looking hair color you just shampoo in!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The expanding universe of today's student. His phone gives him easy contact with family and access to information stored in libraries, learning labs and computers.



A new era opens in educational communications

This year dormitory rooms at hundreds of colleges will have their own telephones.

What's happening? A new era in college dormitory life? Yes indeed. Colleges are installing room phones to help today's serious student use his time more prudently . . . to talk with family, friends and others without standing in line at a public phone.

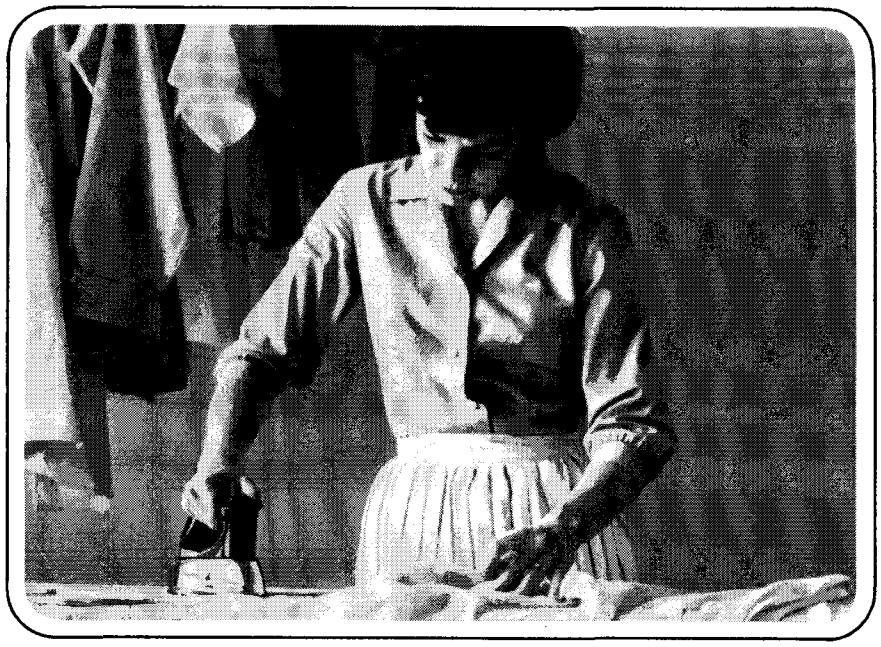
Colleges—and other institutions of learning, too—are facing up to the twin explosions of population and information by looking more and more to communications. On many campuses, for example, the student will use his phone to "attend" language labs and to retrieve other information recorded on tape. More students than ever before will be able to share lab facilities.

Soon the telephone will be used to get information from computers or set up problems for solution. Some colleges and high schools are already using teletypewriters for computer-assisted instruction.

Communications that make the fullest use of our educational resources are under continuing development by the Bell System. They are another way that we serve America's communications needs with imagination and economy . . . providing service of all kinds at low cost.

AT&T Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph and Associated Companies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



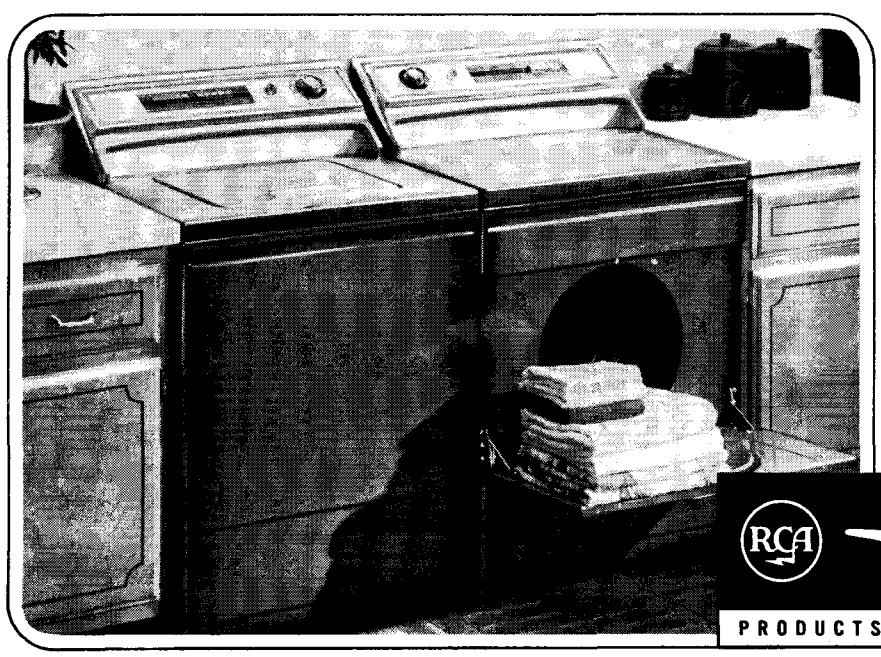
Ironing's a drag. We'd be delighted to help.

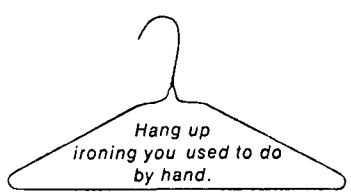
RCA WHIRLPOOL washers and dryers have special settings to keep wrinkles out of permanent press clothes, plus a special cool-down process that gradually cools rinse water to prevent the shock that causes wrinkles. Now, no-iron clothes (permanent press and such) are really that—thanks to these great engineering ideas.

3 separate speeds. Flexibility to wash almost everything your family will wear! Delicate, lacy things . . . right up to shag rugs and sneakers. Even a special low speed to do your hand washables.

Get extra dirty clothes clean. RCA WHIRLPOOL washers have Super Wash—a special setting that gives extra dirty clothes a pre-wash and soak, followed by the regular cycle, all automatically.

We keep the promise of permanent press. Our dryers actually *do* this ironing for you by tapering off the heat temperature, then tumbling clothes for 10 minutes in unheated air. Wrinkles can't bake in. And, our new drying system works faster than ever before!





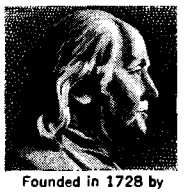
RCA whirlpool HOME APPLIANCES

PRODUCTS OF WHIRLPOOL CORPORATION

TRADEMARKS RCA AND RCA USED BY AUTHORITY OF TRADEMARK OWNER, RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening
POST



Founded in 1728 by
Ben Franklin

WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR. Editor
OTTO FRIEDRICH Managing editor
ASGER JERRILD Art director
DON McKINNEY Chief articles editor
WILLIAM EWALD Assistant articles editor
MacLENNAN FARRELL Fiction editor
FRANK KILKER Art editor
JOE SAPINSKY Associate art director (photography)
STEWART ALSOP Washington editor

Senior articles editors JAMES ATWATER (general); SANDFORD BROWN (business); THOMAS B. CONGDON JR. (national affairs); JOHN HUNT (speaking out); ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR. (national affairs); RICHARD LEMON (general); DAVID A. LYLE (foreign); MICHAEL M. MOONEY (general); STEVEN M. SPENCER (science); JEANETTE SARKISIAN WAGNER (general). **Associate** ANN BAYER. **Assistant** BARBARA J. POSEN. **Editors-at-large** JOHN BIRD, BILL DAVIDSON, JOHN DENSON, ROGER KAHN, JOHN KOBLER, HAROLD H. MARTIN. **Contributing writers** TREVOR ARMBRISTER, RICHARD ARMSTRONG, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, ANNE CHAMBERLIN, MYRON COPE, SANCHE DE GRAMONT, MAX GUNTHER, LEWIS H. LAPHAM, BARD LINDEMAN, EDWARD LINN, JOHN SKOW, BEVERLY SMITH JR. **Senior fiction editors** JEFF BROWN, HASKEL FRANKEL, SUSAN STANWOOD. **Associate** GERALDINE KRUG. **Associate photography editors** ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS, SARA PENTZ, SALLY A. REUKAUF. **Regional photographer** OLLIE ATKINS (Washington). **Contributing photographers** BILL BRIDGES, JOSEPH CONSENTINO, JOHN LAUNOIS, HARVEY LLOYD, WAYNE MILLER. **Photo lab** ROBERT MOORE (chief). **Senior copy editor** RICHARD L. LEHMAN. **Associate copy editor** NORRIS RANDOLPH. **Assistants** MARY ANN O'ROARK, DEBORAH HARKINS. **Layout** JOHN DAXLAND, MAXINE COHEN. **Editorial production** RITA ORTIGA. **Research** LIA SMITS (chief); MARILYN FLAIG, VICTORIA SMITH, XENIA VUJNOVICH.

J. M. CLIFFORD President
JESS L. BALLEW Publisher

© 1966 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. All rights reserved.
Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published biweekly; twenty-six issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U.S. and Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $3.95; 2 Yrs., $7.45; 3 Yrs., $10.95; longer terms $4.00 each additional year. Pan American countries, 1 Yr., $5.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $6.95. UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTY: We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, J. M. Clifford, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks, Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Sr. Vice Pres.; Maurice W. Poppei, Sr. Vice Pres.; Calvin A. Nichols, Treasurer; Gloria L. Swett, Secretary; Jess L. Ballew, Vice Pres., Publisher, The Saturday Evening Post; John S. Connors, Vice Pres., Advertising Director, The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Holiday, American Home and Jack and Jill. Executive offices, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Editorial and advertising offices, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Allow six weeks for change of address.

IN THIS ISSUE

September 24, 1966 • 239th year, issue no. 20

Articles

I hate the suburbs *(Speaking Out)* . . . . . *Jimmy Breslin* 10
The south's revenge *(Affairs of State)* . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 18
Lady be good *(and so will I) (The Human Comedy)* . . . *William Zinsser* 20
The face of the President: 1966 . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 23
Lyndon B. Johnson: the exercise of power *(I)* . *Rowland Evans and Robert Novak* 26
The quints: now they are three . . . . . *Photographs by Suzanne Szasz* 30
The number one cat . . . . . *Bruce Jay Friedman* 36
The pill that helps you remember . . . . . *Steven M. Spencer* 64
Texas football: fierce, frantic, fabulous . . . . . *Myron Cope* 83

Fiction

The assassin *(Part II)* . . . . . *Derek Marlowe* 44
The man who made his home in the Los Angeles International Airport *Jordan Crittenden* 60

Departments

Letters . . 4 America, America . . . .48 Post scripts . . . 62
Hazel . . . . . .80 Editorials 88

About this issue

ROWLAND EVANS and ROBERT NOVAK, authors of the major work on President Johnson that begins in this issue, write a political column for the Publishers Newspaper Syndicate carried by approximately 130 papers. They had no privileged access to L.B.J.'s files in researching this book. Instead they relied on their own observations and on more than 200 interviews with those close to the President. . . . A zealous devotee of pop music,

Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN wrote the article on disk jockey Jerry Blavat. Friedman is best known for his novels *Stern* and *A Mother's Kisses*. A collection of his stories, titled *Black Angels*, has just been brought out by Simon and Schuster. . . . This is not the first time MYRON COPE has written about the special brand of football they play in Texas. Three years ago an article in which he suggested the University of Texas team was overrated appeared in a northern sports journal. Word reached Texas, and Cope was hung in effigy, denounced by columnists and instructed in chalked scrawls to "go home." / Cover photo by SUZANNE SZASZ.

Moving?

Change your address in advance and get this FREE Moving Guide

Please send us the address label from this issue before you move and we will send you—FREE—a copy of NEW HOME JOURNAL, the 48-page illustrated guide that will help you save time, trouble and money when you move.

Mail to:
SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
DEPT. NHJ
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19105

Please send me a FREE copy of New Home Journal

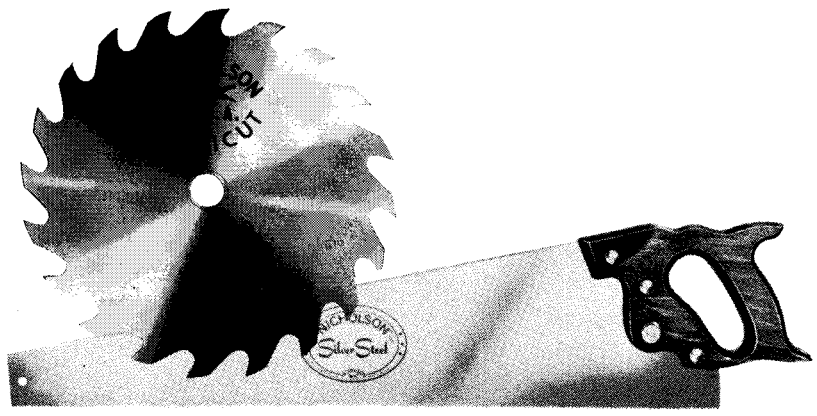
ATTACH YOUR ADDRESS LABEL HERE

NAME (print)_____
My New Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____
Date Moving_____

Postmaster: Send form 3579 to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

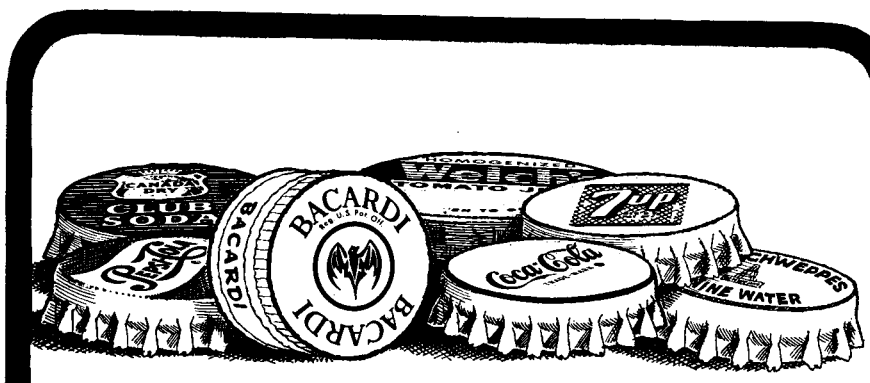
New bzzz! New zz-zz! Nicholson!



At your hardware dealer's. New Nicholson Magicut power saw blades with individually set and sharpened teeth . . . and new Nicholson Silver Steel handsaws that are taper-ground to a ribbon edge. Get yours . . . and cut it like you never cut it before!

Quality tools by Nicholson: Files • Handsaws • Power Saw Blades • Hacksaw and Band Saw Blades • Rotary Burs Hole Saws • Ground Flat Stock • Industrial Hammers

NICHOLSON U.S.A.® NICHOLSON
Nicholson File Company, Providence, R.I.



DRINKMATES!

Put 'em together and you've got a Bacardi Party! (Had one yet?)

Bacardi Parties are popular because they're *fun!* Just gather some Bacardi rum, all the "mixin's" you can think of, all the people you like — and mix well! Bacardi is so dry and light-bodied it's an old smoothie with cola, soda, tonic, ginger ale, vermouth, etc., etc., etc. *That's* why they named a party after it! Have one!

DRINK BACARDI® RUM - ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS

© BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FLA. RUM 80 & 151 PROOF

Letters

The long march

Dear Sir:

I read with interest and sadness James H. Meredith's BIG CHANGES ARE COMING [August 13]. Sadness at the despicable act of a white supremacist who shot Mr. Meredith, and disappointment that the victim now believes that Martin Luther King's philosophy of nonviolence is no longer tenable. Mr. Meredith is mistaken. Had he carried a gun instead of a Bible, and "knocked off the intended killer with one shot," he would have found himself in prison awaiting trial before a Southern jury for murder, instead of waking up in a Memphis hospital with a load of bird shot in his back.

JOHN H. ARNETT, M.D.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Yes, big changes have already come. Thousands of people who trusted Negroes now have no trust or love at all.

In his walk through Mississippi, I see that he has accomplished nothing but hate.

BERT MARSHALL
Dallas, Tex.

Dear Sir:

It's a funny thing to me how you cover every tiny incident in Mississippi and you merely shrug your prejudiced shoulders while the Negro burns the north to the ground and gives you the hell you so rightly deserve.

T. O. DAVIS
Waynesboro, Miss.

Dear Sir:

It is my firm belief that the article written by James Meredith expresses the feelings of all Negroes regardless of the civil-rights organizations with which they are affiliated.

HUBERT WILLIAMSON
Waterbury, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

In his *Saturday Evening Post* piece James Meredith asserts that "every" President has used the national office of the N.A.A.C.P. as a "house Negro" and that the N.A.A.C.P. "bows" to fill the Meredith-created role. This is untrue.

The printed records of the N.A.A.C.P. show that it has had differences with every single President since it was first organized in 1909.

Bitter were the fights with Wilson on the insulting physical racial segregation in government departments in Washington that he instituted and supported, and over the use and treatment of Negro soldiers in World War I.

In the Depression years of F.D.R., the N.A.A.C.P. protested the differential pay rates for Negro workers in the N.R.A. codes in the lumber, steel, soft coal, leather, construction, hotel and laundry industries, among others.

With President Hoover, the difference was over his nominee to the U.S. Supreme Court, who was finally denied confirmation by a one-vote margin.

The long slugging match over segregation in the armed forces was finally won under President Truman.

There was unvarnished criticism of J.F.K. by the N.A.A.C.P. in late November, 1960, when his votes had barely been counted, over his plan not to seek any civil-rights legislation in the new Congress. Disagreement over that determination extended from November, 1960, until June, 1963, when J.F.K. finally sent his civil-rights bill to Congress.

All we can say is that every other ethnic group in the nation should have such representation as the N.A.A.C.P. for 56 years has given Negro Americans.

ROY WILKINS
Executive Director, N.A.A.C.P.
New York, N.Y.

The marriage business

Dear Sir:

"A wedding palace," you call Long Island's Huntington Town House in your Aug. 13 article on "Gala Weddings" ['NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR MY DAUGHTER!' by Bill Davidson]. "Common for a half dozen brides to rub elbows in the lobby," you say. No one has to tell me. I was married in that particular marriage factory in 1961.

I can still recall the elderly woman who ran up to me in the lobby, effusing, "Darling, don't you remember me?"

"No," I replied, a little ashamed.

"But you must," she insisted.

Just then her husband ran up. "Dear, this is the wrong groom. Ours is on the other side of the lobby."

Wedding palace indeed!

GENE I. MAEROFF
Cleveland Hts., Ohio

Smasheroo

Dear Sir:

Post's circ up one mill. HUMAN COMEDY in August 13 issue ['SMASHEROO,' SHE SAID SOFTLY by Bill Conklin]. Wowsville. Editorial staff picks winner!!

WAYNE LACHMAN
B.B.D.& O. Inc.
New York, N. Y.

Rx for addicts

My dear Editor:

I rarely write a commendation for an article, but I am impelled to do so because of the importance and eloquence of Judge Jonah J. Goldstein's article in your July 30 issue [GIVE DRUGS TO ADDICTS SO WE CAN BE SAFE].

The article is as creative as it is persuasive and suggests a solution for a major problem in American life.

Congratulations on having published it!

LOUIS NIZER
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

The question asked in the August 13 article about how well the British system of giving drugs to addicts succeeds [BRITAIN'S RX FOR OUR DRUG ADDICTS, by John Kobler] was answered in the July 30 issue by Judge Goldstein. Drug addicts might not be cured by giving them their drugs, but the crime that goes with addiction can be greatly decreased. I agree with Judge Goldstein—give the addicts their drugs.

JANE ANN ROSS
Arlington, Tex.

Editor:

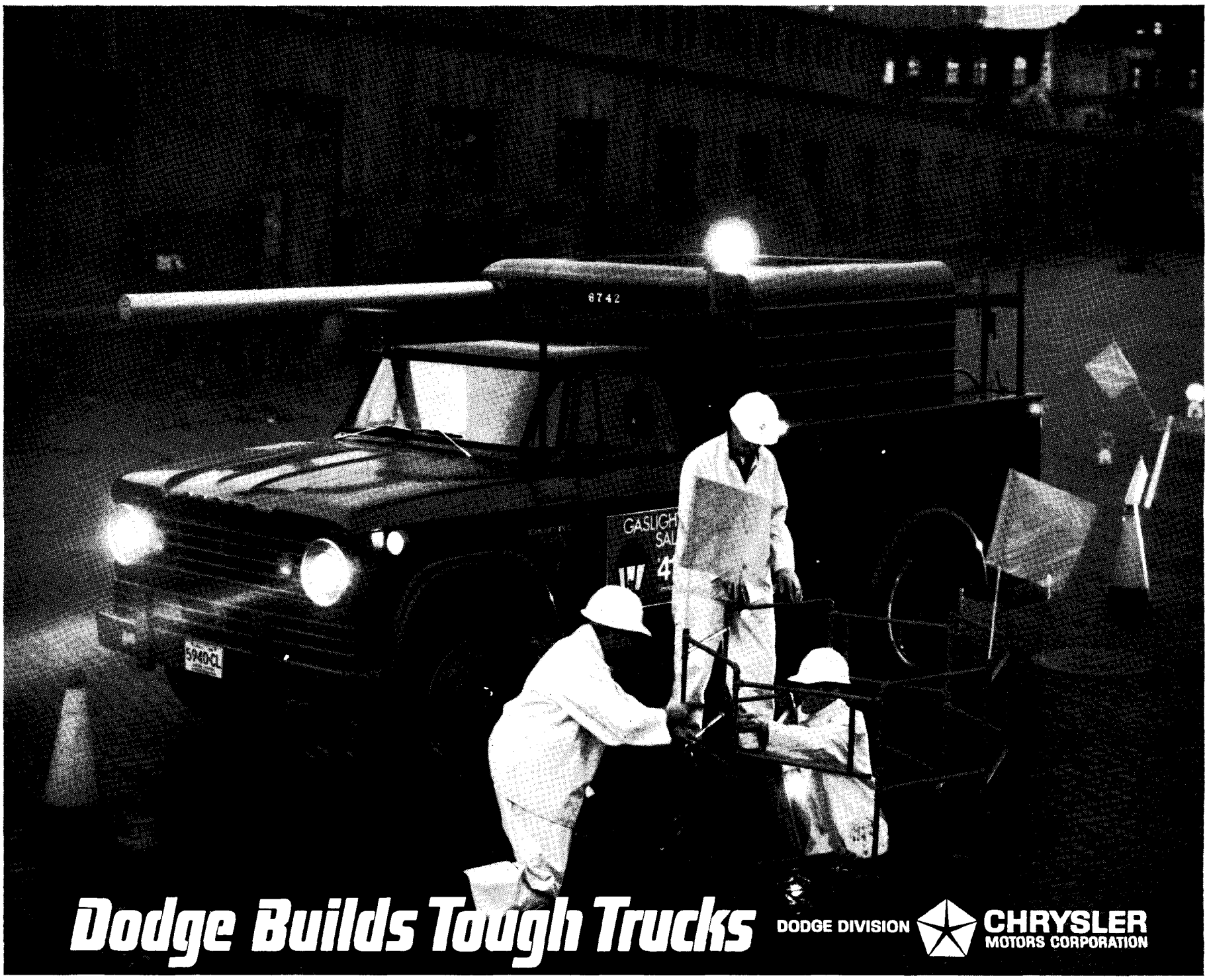
For the past six months I have chaired a special Christian Unity Party Commission investigating the problem of drug addiction in New York City. As such, and in light of your recent article

Continued on page 6

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The man who said,
"Who needs a 5-year or 50,000-mile engine and drive train warranty*?"
never broke his
Cylinder block, cylinder head, engine internal parts,
or his intake manifold, water pump,
or his flywheel, flywheel housing, clutch housing,
or his torque converter, transmission case or its internal parts,
or his transfer case, drive shafts, center bearings,
or his universal joints, driving axles, or differential,
or his drive wheel bearings.

We hope his luck holds out.



*HERE'S HOW THIS WARRANTY COVERAGE PROTECTS YOU: Chrysler Corporation warrants for 5 years or 50,000 miles or 1500 hours of operation, whichever comes first, against defects in materials and workmanship and will replace or repair at a Chrysler Motors Corporation authorized dealer's place of business gasoline and Perkins diesel engines (i.e., block, heads, and internal parts), intake manifold, water pump, flywheel, flywheel housing, clutch housing, torque converter, transmission (i.e., case and internal parts, excluding manual clutch), transfer case and all internal parts, drive shafts, center bearings, universal joints, driving axles and differentials, and drive wheel bearings of its new Dodge trucks, provided the owner has (1) the engine oil changed and universal joints (except sealed-type) lubricated and the oil-bath-type carburetor air filter cleaned every 3 months or 4000 miles (every 2 months or 2000 miles on models 400 through 1000), whichever comes first, (2) the engine oil filter replaced and dry-type carburetor air filter cleaned every second oil change, and dry-type carburetor air filter element replaced every 24,000 miles, (3) the crankcase ventilation system cleaned and serviced every 4000 miles, and (4) the transmission, transfer case and driving axle lubricants changed every 32,000 miles (every 20,000 miles on models 400 through 1000). The foregoing services must be performed more often when reasonably required due to severe dust or regular "stop and go" operation. Every 6 months the owner must furnish to such a dealer evidence of performance of the required service and request the dealer to certify (1) receipt of such evidence and (2) the truck's then current mileage.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEDICO
world's largest selling pipe
gives you pleasure and peace of mind

Filter out tars, juices, nicotine with Medico's scientific 2¼" disposable Filter with 66 baffles. Draw in clean, flavorful smoke – increase your smoking enjoyment. Medico is crafted only of selected imported briar. Nylon bits guaranteed bite-proof. Relax – smoke a Medico.

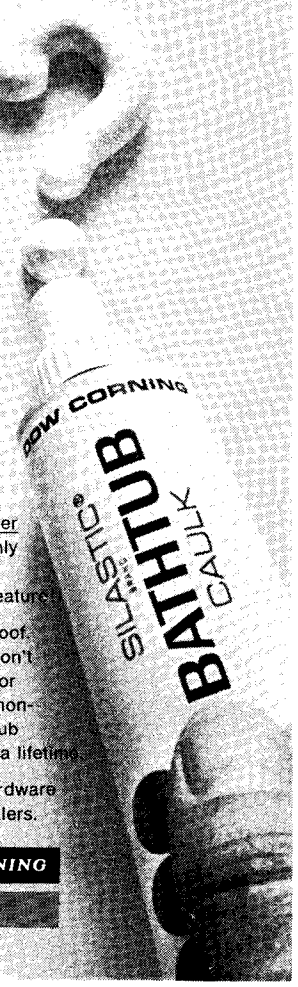
For beautiful color catalog, write Medico, 18 E. 54th St., N. Y. 22, Dept. S18. Please enclose 10¢ for handling.

Illustrated GOLD CREST dark claret $8 (light café finish $9.00)

Other Medico Filter Pipes $2.95 up
Prices higher outside U.S.A.

MEDICO® FILTER PIPES

Got leaks around your tub?



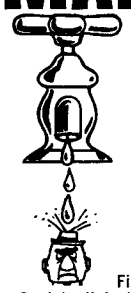
Seal 'em with Dow Corning Silicone Rubber Caulk—the only one with new Anti-Mildew feature.

Stays waterproof. Seals tight. Won't shrink, crack or crumble like non-silicone bathtub caulks. Lasts a lifetime.

At leading hardware and paint dealers.

DOW CORNING

MAD ABOUT THAT BIG DRIP?



YES! Not only annoying, but costly. Wastes water and fuel, ruins expensive fixtures.

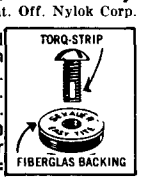
Most washers are fastened with too long or too short screws, thus loosen and destroy themselves. Leaks follow.

THE SOLUTION

New Patented Monel Screw with Nylok® TORQ-STRIP locks at proper depth automatically. Holds washer firmly.

® TM Reg., U.S. Pat. Off. Nylok Corp.

Used with Patented Easy-Tite Washer with Fiberglas reinforcement. Resists distortion and shut-off grind. Outlasts ordinary repairs 6 to 1.



Available at Sexauer AUTHORIZED "1-in-10" QUALITY PLUMBERS in your area. For name and address, WRITE:

J. A. SEXAUER MFG. CO., Inc. Dept. AS- 96
10 Hamilton Ave., White Plains, N.Y. 10601

SEXAUER
WORLD'S LEADING SPECIALISTS IN PLUMBING AND HEATING REPAIR PARTS

LISTO®
MARKING PENCIL
27¢
Writes on Everything!
AT VARIETY, DRUG & STATIONERY STORES

pep up your car
add Casite

Mounties PHOTO CORNERS
LOOK BETTER LAST LONGER!
10c & 25c SIZES AT CHAIN, DRUG, VARIETY STORES

Letters

on the British system of treating addicts, I feel compelled to pass along the initial findings of our commission.

Whatever may bring about the reasons for psychological or physical addiction—i.e. insecurity, immaturity, conformity, pusher pressures, et. al.—the primary cause of initial use is another, established addict. *Drug addiction is a highly contagious disease.* It must be treated as a disease as loathsome and dangerous as plague.

Unfortunately, no vaccine has been invented to immunize people against addiction. Thus one must be forced to fall back on less satisfactory means of control. I refer to quarantine.

This is unsatisfactory because it involves, too often, enforced quarantine and smacks of the punitive measures current in this country. Still, it is the only way that the addict and society may be protected.

By recognizing addiction as a disease, the victim will be given adequate medical treatment and eventually, like a TB victim, be released, as stabilized and not contagious, back into society. This medical treatment ought to include the use of proven drugs and extensive psychiatric care.

Naturally, this will cost money, much of it, and will call for courageous legislators, but it is absolutely necessary. We are spiraling ever downward into a problem of plague proportions, and only a massive and complete public health program gives any hope for relief.

DR. KURT RAUDER
Chairman C.U.P. Commission on Narcotics and Addiction
New York, N. Y.

Old-time baseball

Editors:

Lawrence S. Ritter's reporting, his permitting each of the players to tell his own story and their doing this so naturally, was wonderful. [THE GLORY OF THEIR TIMES, August 13.]

EARL B. COYLE
Washington, D.C.

Gentlemen:

One of the finest baseball articles I ever read in my life, and I just turned 74. Modern baseball is disgusting—don't even watch it on television and only listen on radio when there is nothing else worthwhile.

C. C. WEBER
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sir:

THE GLORY OF THEIR TIMES brought tears to my eyes. It is of no purpose to debate whether ballplayers today are better than those of years ago. When you are young all things are better.

LEWIS G. BERNSTEIN
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

I can't possibly tell you how much I enjoyed THE GLORY OF THEIR TIMES, as a baseball fan of over 45 years.

I gave a copy of the article to my father who, at 83, has been an active fan for over 75 years. He gained admission to the old Cleveland ball park in the '90's by carrying the bat and shoes of Chief Zimmer, catcher for the Cleveland Club.

ROBERT BERNSTEIN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Just great! Just great! I am only 18, but I think my measure of enjoyment from reading these stories was just as great as that of the people who can visually recollect the incidents.

FRANKLIN BELL JR.
Hagerstown, Md.

Once upon a time

Dear Sir:

It is quite evident that you did not live in that grand—grand in comparison with the present—age [THE GOOD OLD DAYS, editorial, August 13].

You write only in terms of more wealth and fewer deaths. But there are many things worse than death today—juvenile delinquency, rape, illegitimate births, "dead-beatism," to name a few.

Wealth—in other words, materialism—*is* great. So great, in fact, that it is stifling culture and morals.

Ask every "old-timer" you meet which era he prefers, and you'll find the great majority will say, "Give me the good old days."

LOUIS LOCATELL SR.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Threat of McCarthyism

Dear Sirs:

How much fox-hole time has Arthur Schlesinger Jr. had? These damn intellectuals can make pretty with the words, but I've seen the enemy rape women and abuse little children. I'm not worried about the mental attitude of the American people as long as they are willing to fight for their freedom. [MCCARTHYISM IS THREATENING US AGAIN, August 13.]

JOHNNIE D. WESTMORELAND
Boswell, Okla.

Dear Sir:

What worries me is not McCarthyism, but Arthur Schlesinger Juniorism.

JACK JUELG
Covington, Ky.

Gentlemen:

The late, great Sen. Joseph McCarthy was one of the heroes of our times. He helped try to stamp out the Communist menace in the United States which was then a more terrible blight than it is now.

HENRY LUTHIN
River Vale, N.J.

Dear Sir:

Thank you for printing that pungent article. It is too bad that the tolerance, patience and trust a democracy demands is more than many of us can muster.

REV. TERRY W. KENT
Gilchrist, Ore.

Dear Sir:

Your Schlesinger Jr. article on "McCarthyism" tops! He's the dean of the liberal writers.

CLEMENT A. NORTON
Boston, Mass.

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

Cover: Suzanne Szasz. • 3–Fred Ward (Black Star). • 10–Alfred Gescheidt. • 18–Nancy Sirkis. • 23–O'lie Atkins. • 26–Wide World. • 27–Harris and Ewing from Gilloon, U. P. I. • 28–Wide World. • 29–Wide World, U. P. I. • 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35–Susanne Szasz. • 36, 37, 38–I. C. Rapoport. • 65, 66–Werner Wolff (Black Star). • 83–Brian Reynolds. • 84–Ron Reynolds. • 85, 86–Evan Reynolds. • 87–Brian Reynolds. • 88–Karl-Heinz Schumacher, Wide World, U.P.I.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four isn't too early... ...Eight isn't too late

to discover the fun of BOOKS THEY CAN READ BY THEMSELVES

To introduce you and your child to the

BEGINNING READERS' PROGRAM

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE
Good Housekeeping
GUARANTEES
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

COMMENDED by PARENTS' MAGAZINE AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

we invite you to accept

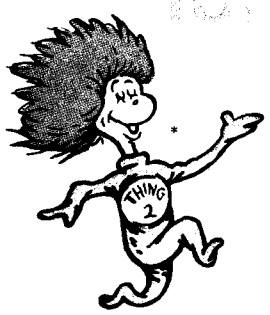
THESE 3 BEGINNER BOOKS for $1.49

with trial enrollment (PUBLISHER'S CATALOG PRICE $5.85)

THE KING, THE MICE AND THE CHEESE
by Nancy and Eric Gurney
In this fine fantastic frolic, a king struggles to keep the mice of his kingdom from eating all of his favorite food. After a glorious chase, the king—and the reader—learn that sharing can solve even this problem.

THE CAT IN THE HAT
by Dr. Seuss
Mommy was out and there was nothing to do until the magical "Cat in the Hat" walked in to entertain Sally and her brother. Then—oh, what a mess! How the cat fixed it all up before Mommy got back makes a Dr. Seuss story your child will love!

I WISH THAT I HAD DUCK FEET
by Theo. LeSieg
Illustrated by B. Tobey
Here are the comical imaginary adventures of a small boy who grows duck feet (so he needn't wear shoes), a whale's spout (to keep cool in summer), and other highly improbable appendages—only to discover it's best to be yourself after all.



Four isn't too early for BEGINNER BOOKS. They're perfect for reading aloud to pre-schoolers, who become even more eager to start reading on their own. *At five, six and seven,* these wonderful books help children actually make the exciting discovery of "I can read it myself!" **Eight isn't too late.** That's when reading problems can arise and create other tensions about school. BEGINNER BOOKS are so easy to read, they restore the relaxed attitude and confidence that are so important to progress.

To appreciate the value of BEGINNER BOOKS, enroll your youngster for a trial period in the BEGINNING READERS' PROGRAM. Start now, and you'll receive for your child the three books shown here—a $5.85 value at the publisher's catalog price—for $1.49.

Books of Adventure, Humor, Knowledge—Written in Words He Already Knows or Can Quickly Learn

The importance of the BEGINNING READERS' PROGRAM goes far beyond the glorious illustrations and fascinating stories. Each book makes reading more fun and easier than ever, because it is written in simple, basic words your child has already learned or can quickly pick up. All are written and illustrated by gifted writers and artists who know where a child's heart is. The stories tell about such wonders as dogs who can ski, a polka-dot animal who wants to get *into* a zoo, and a bird who thinks an airplane is his mother. No wonder TV and comic books soon step aside!

BEGINNER BOOKS are durably designed to live with a small child. Printed in at least three bright colors and large readable type, they're just long enough for a child's attention span. As a member of the BEGINNING READERS' PROGRAM, your child will receive a BEGINNER BOOK every month and you will be billed only $1.49 plus a small mailing charge, instead of the publisher's catalog price of $1.95. After four monthly selections, you may cancel any time.

Our Introductory Trial Offer

We invite you to prove the benefits of the BEGINNING READERS' PROGRAM by accepting the three books shown here—a $5.85 value at the publisher's catalog price—for $1.49. Even this small investment in your child's reading and school progress carries no risk. Ten days' trial must convince you the program will stimulate your child's appetite for reading, or you may return the three introductory books and owe nothing. If we prove our point, have you ever seen a greater bargain? Fill out and mail the attached reply card today, to:

THE BEGINNING READERS' PROGRAM
A Division of Grolier Enterprises Inc.
Dept. Q9, 845 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

READ WHAT EDUCATORS SAY ABOUT BEGINNER BOOKS

"Beginner Books are the most exciting things I have found in my 45 years of teaching...May the Beginner Books multiply and multiply!"
MISS EDITH BARDO
Elementary School Teacher, Bristol, Indiana

"The books by Dr. Seuss have demonstrated their value in leading children to enjoy reading and to find satisfaction in the sounds of words."
DR. PAUL WITTY
Professor of Education, Northwestern Univ.

Illustrations with * © 1957, 1960, 1963 Dr. Seuss

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I HATE THE SUBURBS

By Jimmy Breslin

The author's columns, which have won several awards, are published in major newspapers all over the country.

Move, everybody says. Move out of the cities and into the suburbs and get room for your children. Give yourself a life too. Get away from these cities that are falling apart. In the cities, the buildings climb out of the hot sidewalks and shut out the sky. Cars and trucks turn the streets into barely moving rivers of metal. The few trees wither in the exhaust fumes. The parks are unsafe at night, the schools are falling behind. And there are these people who have colored skin. Their women hang out the windows and the men crowd street corners. Lazy, you know. There is poverty and dope and crime, and a race riot can happen on any hot night.

The people move. From 1950 to 1960, the New York City Board of Education figures show, 1,238,738 whites left the city. At the same time, a total of 381,752 nonwhites came into the city. These figures show us very conclusively that it takes 3.08 nonwhite people to make 10 white people jump on the tailgate of the moving van and hang onto the couch while they go out of town. And this ratio works in other cities.

These people who move spill out of buildings in the cities at 5 P.M. and they head out, until the tall buildings dissolve into these flat seas of shingled roofs that are the suburbs. Now the people are at home. They are on 60-by-100-foot lots with Merion-bluegrass lawns and stained redwood basket-weave fences. The houses have these wonderful model names, the Salem, the Manor, the Mediterranean Court. There are family rooms and patios and reception hallways. "The Meadow School is right behind the houses here," the real-estate salesman says. "The church is just down at the bottom of the hill—and look right over there, right up there is a new supermarket!"

The suburbs offer the things that count to people today. Like barbecue pits and awnings over the patio and these cars with great action names. There is no place in the world like the suburbs, which is why anybody who lives in a suburb when he has a chance to be in the city ought to reach for the razor blades.

For these big, crowded, dirty, creaking cities of ours are the only places in the world where people can live and work and, over the generations, show some kind of improvement as human beings. They are expensive and sometimes violent. They also are the last weapon left to fight against the incredible pasteurization of people and ideas that is going on today. Say what you will about a city like New York. But don't ever say that New York would produce a Ronald Reagan on an election ballot. Give me the choice of standing off a mugger on a dark city street or living out in a lovely town of 21,000 nice people who are getting ready for a Ronald Reagan campaign appearance, and I will show you a Jimmy Breslin in the police station telling the sergeant that he just got belted around and robbed.

I tried living both ways. I was raised in a couple of sections of New York City, none of them too classy. When I got married and had a couple of kids, this fellow I know, Manny Goldberg, a cap manufacturer, told me, "How could you do it to your family? You can't raise kids in the city." Now Manny Goldberg was a very good one to talk. He was raised three in a bed, last one in the house at night gets crammed in the middle. He forgot that he survived and carried with him a quickness to grab at new ideas, which is the big-city heritage. and cashed in on it. I forgot too. I listened to him and I moved out to Baldwin, Long Island.

One morning I woke up in my marvelous split-level house, and I looked out the window and saw the guy across the street walking around his lawn with a broom in his hand. On the flagstone walk the man from the floor-waxing place was bending over to set up his machine.

"What's he doing on the lawn?" I asked my wife.

"He sweeps his lawn every morning."

"And what's the waxer doing there?"

"Polishing the flagstones."

But I had moved out for the kids.

So one evening the front door bell of my terrific split-level house rings, and I go to answer it and here is the guy from two houses up the block.

"Do you know what happened today?" he said. "Your son James tried to strangle my boy."

"He did?"

"Yes. They were playing and they got in an argument and James tried to strangle him. You know little Sheila? She saw it and told my wife."

"The two kids are out in the back playing right now," I said.

"Yes, this happened in the morning."

"Then I'll go right out and give my son a good beating," I said. "After all I've taught him. I taught him how to handle any kid who tries to get smart. Now you tell me all he did was *try* to strangle your son. Well, I'll fix that James."

For some reason, I began not to get along with the people on the block. Once they wanted to build a community basket-weave fence along the backyard. I said I wouldn't go in with them unless we put ladders on the fence so we could get up and shoot over the fence at the people on the block behind us. Then a woman rang the bell and said one of my kids had done a terrible thing. He had dropped the stick from his ice cream right on their lawn. The next day I went to my friend Walter, from the Dazzle Sign Company, and had him make a big sign, painted in blue and orange and red, which said, PEOPLE I'M NOT TALKING TO THIS YEAR. Under that, I had Walter list the name of everybody on the block. I put the sign up on the front lawn. My wife phoned the real-estate agents. Back we came, inside the city limits.

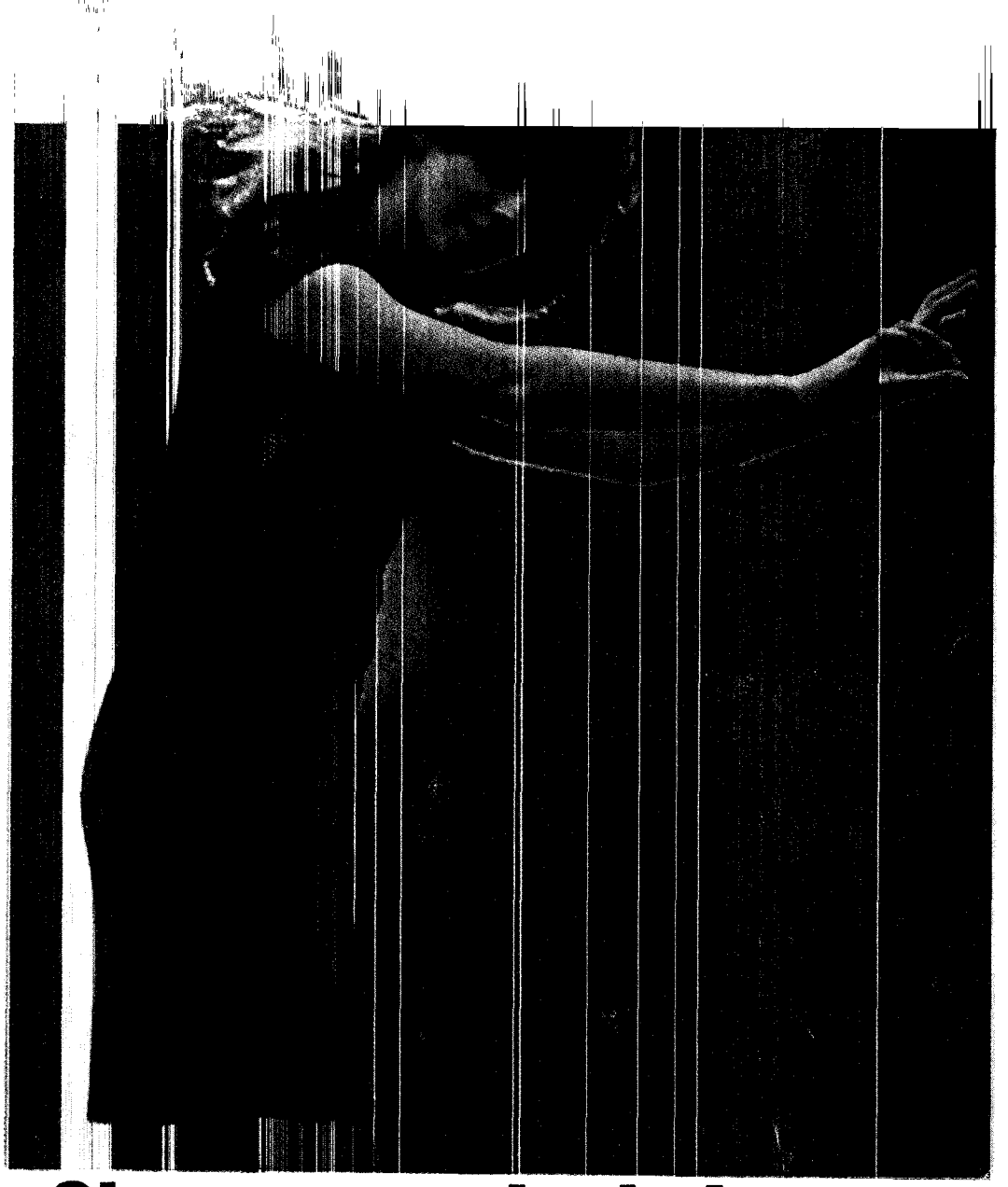
For me it couldn't have been any better. I live three blocks from an express on the subway, which is the world's best transportation. At eight o'clock at night in the city, you can go out and in 20 minutes be at someplace like Sullivan Street, in Manhattan's Little Italy. Sullivan Street is closed for three blocks because it is the Feast of St. Anthony. Colored lights hang from tenements. Stands where they make *calzone* and *zeppoles* line the sidewalks. A Ferris wheel spins in a parking lot. Up at the end of the crowded street you can bet two dollars on dice or a roulette wheel. Out in the suburbs, if you ever go out of the house at night—and I don't think anybody does once they flick the beautiful television set on—the only thing you see is a neighbor inspecting his lawn.

Then, on a hot afternoon, just in case you don't feel like sitting at the beach, you can get the kids and go to someplace like the Museum of Natural History. They have these exhibits of how the Iroquois tribes used to live. Kids drink it up. Upstairs is my favorite, the mounted white bones of the great racehorse Sysonby. For every bit of air pollution and every overcrowded street, and for every dingy apartment, there is a place that gives you more than deodorant commercials. What do you have in the suburbs when the walls close in? I'll tell you what you have. You have a plywood head.

Suburban living is designed for sitting and going nowhere and worrying about possessions and how they look. And out of these atmospheres come the votes for the George Murphys and Ronald Reagans. Not that cities produce such magnificent governmental talent. In New York the most typical politician still is the late Hymie Schorenstein, the illiterate Clerk of Records in Brooklyn. "It don't say *nowheres* that the clerk should be able to read and write," Hymie screamed in court when the opposition tried to knock him out of the job. But at least a place like New York can manage to keep the ridiculous down to a minimum.

Photograph by Alfred Gescheidt

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Charge up, sleek down with Special K

Loaded with sheer animal spirits! Is that you? Or have you been skimping on breakfast? If so, get with Kellogg's Special K Breakfast. Unloaded in calories—a scant 240. But loaded with good nutrition. Crisp, light Special K's loaded with protein. Loaded with vitamins. Loaded with vitality. Feel like a healthy animal.
Charge up, sleek down with Kellogg's Special K.

SPECIAL K

©1966 by Kellogg Company

FAMOUS SPECIAL K BREAKFAST

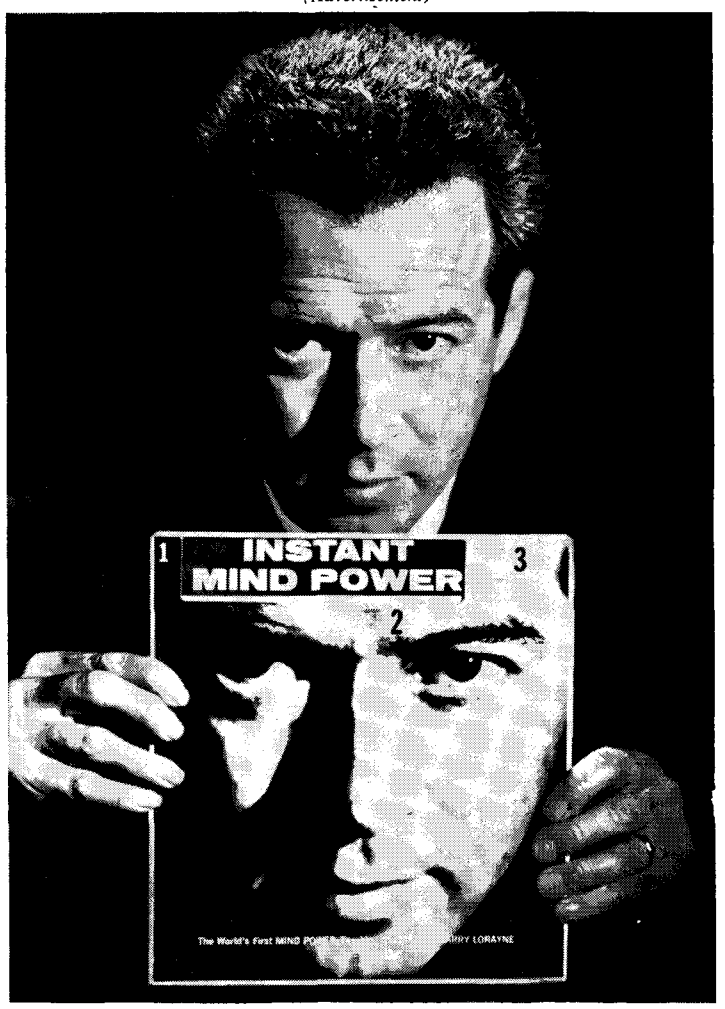
4 ounces orange or tomato juice
—or half a medium grapefruit
1½ cups (1 ounce) Special K
with 1 teaspoon sugar
and 4 ounces skim milk
Black coffee or tea
Only 240 calories

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)

LET THIS MACHINE WORK ON YOUR MIND FOR ONE EVENING...

and I guarantee that your friends will gasp in astonishment at the feats of "Mental Magic" you can perform that very next morning.



By HARRY LORAYNE

For example, which of these seven "Mind Power Miracles" would you like to accomplish—not by torturous study for weeks and even months as you'd do today—*but simply by playing a fascinating question-and-answer game WITH A MACHINE for as little as a single evening.*

Take your choice! You may actually:

1) DOUBLE YOUR MEMORY FOR NAMES AND FACES—in that very first evening alone!

2) MAKE ANYBODY LIKE YOU, from the very first moment they meet you!

3) BUILD A WILL OF IRON, that smashes obstacles right out of your path, skyrockets your earning power.

4) DEVELOP POWERS OF X-RAY OBSERVATION that will astound your friends!

5) MAKE BAD HABITS BREAK THEMSELVES, even if they've plagued you for years!

6) FLASH-LEARN ANYTHING YOU WISH, even absorb whole books in as little as thirty minutes!

7) AND MAKE FEARS AND WORRIES VANISH INTO THIN AIR, *automatically, simply by answering the questions that this machine asks you—almost exactly as though you were doing a cross-word puzzle or carrying on a conversation with a friend!*

Sound Impossible? Not At All! NOT WHEN THE MACHINE TEACHES YOU THESE SIMPLE TRICKS!

Let me explain: If you are a reader of this paper . . . if you can understand these words . . . *then you have brain power RIGHT NOW to accomplish anyone of these seeming "miracles" you wish—without spending more than a single evening to prove it to yourself beyond doubt!*

Why? BECAUSE EVERY ONE OF THESE ACCOMPLISHMENTS IS A TRICK! And using this machine, I can teach you that trick in as little as a single evening!

For example, the secret of building a file cabinet memory *is a simple mental trick!* Using this machine I can teach it to you in approximately fifteen minutes!

The secret of making anybody like you—of towering over others through the power of your personality and your intellect—*is a trick! Using this machine I can teach it to you in less time than it now takes you to watch an ordinary TV Program!*

Yes! And the secret of breaking out of the prison of old habit-patterns that have been crippling you for years . . . of filling every day of your life with irresistible new enthusiasm and self-confidence . . . of doubling the amount of work you can squeeze out of every hour and skyrocketing your income overnight IS A TRICK! USING THIS MACHINE I CAN TEACH IT TO YOU IN AS LITTLE AS A SINGLE EVENING.

Here's why! Here's why I say that this machine teaches you up to TEN TIMES AS FAST as any book you will ever pick up!

Here's why it has you performing feats of mental magic — THAT YOU LITERALLY WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED POSSIBLE ONE SHORT HOUR BEFORE!

15 Minutes Of Pleasure Every Evening—To Build the Powerhouse Mind Of Your Dreams!

For example, let's say that tomorrow night you wanted to actually DOUBLE your power to remember names and faces—*and astonish your friends, your employers, your fellow-workers with that new-found ability THAT VERY NEXT MORNING!*

Then all you do is this —

Simply insert in the machine the first section, on Memorizing Names and Faces! Instantly — automatically — in the small window at the top of the machine — you are shown Secret Number One of developing a "Photographic-Memory"! *A simple five-second trick that lets you "mentally-photograph" anyone's face you happen to meet — feature by feature — till it's almost impossible for you to forget it!*

Then — in that exact same moment — the machine moves on to show you how to take that same person's NAME, *and turn it instantly into a picture!* And then burn that picture-name into your memory so vividly that it will be virtually impossible for you to look at that face without having the name spring automatically to the tip of your tongue!

All this, in minutes! And then the machine moves on again, to let you prove this new-found power to yourself — instantly! Because now the machine introduces you to FIFTEEN names and faces, exactly as if you met them at a party . . . gives you the key to burning each one of the identities indelibly into your memory . . . then shows you the faces again — *this time without their names!*

And when you discover that everyone of those fifteen names automatically pops into your memory the moment you glance at each face again . . . when you realize that you now have at your command the strongest single tool ever invented for winning the respect and admiration of anyone you ever meet — A VIRTUAL "PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY" FOR NAMES AND FACES THAT YOU HAVE ACQUIRED FOR LESS THAN A SINGLE HOUR'S PLEASURE—*then you will begin to sense the incredible power of this new Machine-Method of learning!*

And this is just the beginning!

Now the Machine Moves On! To Build You A File-Cabinet Memory In A Dozen Different Ways!

Now — slip into the machine the sections on Doubling Your Power to Learn . . . on absorbing facts and figures as fast as you can run your eye down the print-page! Instantly, you're shown the secret of turning NUMBERS into pictures, and burning those picture-numbers — telephone numbers, for example — into your mind so perfectly that you can amaze forty of your friends at a party by reeling off their telephone numbers, one after the other, *as rapidly as if they were printed right on the wall in front of you.*

In minutes, you learn how to memorize whole price lists, appointment schedules, shopping lists, speeches, sales presentations, highlights of important articles — all in perfect order, frontwards and backwards, so that when you've finished one point the next point automatically springs to your mind!

And then the machine moves on again, to *put this new memory-power to work in absorbing whole books and conversations for you!* One simple trick alone gives you a virtual "tape-recorder memory" for the spoken word — to let you impress your superiors at work by repeating back to them their most casual instructions, step by step . . . *to win dozens of new friends by quoting, almost word for word, from conversations you had with them months before!*

Yes! And another of these secrets *actually cuts your reading time in half!* Lets you absorb the key ideas of most books in as little as thirty minutes! Burn a magazine article into your memory in five minutes! Flash through a business report in three minutes! *And dazzle others with your mastery of this material that very same night — or as much as five years later if you chose!*

And this is still just the beginning!

Again the Machine Moves On! To Increase Your Power To Bend Others To Your Will!

Now you load the machine with the "Personality Programs!" The four sections loaded with tricks that can:

1) MAKE ANYBODY LIKE YOU, from the first four words that you speak! Gain immediate attention at any gathering, before you even begin to talk! Get other people to listen to no one but you! Avoid the everyday blunders that automatically antagonize people! Handle embarrassing situations, without losing the other person's respect! Turn opponents into friends! Build fierce loyalty to yourself, wherever you go! *Get others to do exactly what you want them to do — and love doing it for you!* And much more!

2) DEVELOP A WILL OF IRON that won't take no for an answer! Smash through obstacles that are impassable to ordinary men! Overcome the memory-chains of past failures that are crippling you today! *Find time to do anything you want, and turn your dreams into reality overnight!* And much more!

3) BANISH FEAR AND WORRY FROM YOUR LIFE! Harness those very worries that are holding you back today — put them to work — get other people to shoulder them for you! Find the "fear-behind-the-fear" and get rid of it! *Turn big "failures" into little successes — automatically!* And much more!

4) MAKE YOUR WORST HABITS BREAK THEMSELVES By using the seven "sneak attacks" that can do away with even the most persistent habits — whether they may be overeating, insomnia, nervousness and all the rest! *Plus a startling new way to weld power-packed NEW habits into your character automatically — make them an automatic reflex, almost overnight!*

HOW WE PACKAGED A GENIUS— TO SHIP HIM INTO YOUR HOME!

This is Harry Lorayne—the man with the most incredible memory in the world—the man who can remember the names and faces of OVER SEVEN HUNDRED PEOPLE in a single evening, after meeting each one of them only once!

Perhaps you have watched Mr. Lorayne on the Jack Paar, Johnny Carson or other television programs! Perhaps he has lectured on Mind Power before your club, or fraternal association, or business firm, just as he had for IBM . . . U. S. Steel . . . General Electric . . . RCA . . . Standard Oil . . . and over a thousand others!

Or perhaps you are one of the over a third of a million people who purchased Mr. Lorayne's two great books on skyrocketing the power of your thought and your personality!

But now Harry Lorayne has gone beyond teaching Mind Power Improvement in a book! Now Harry Lorayne has achieved a breakthrough that may revolutionize Mind Power Improvement for every man, woman and child in this country!

Now Harry Lorayne has taken his COMPLETE Mind Power Course—designed to strengthen ALL ELEVEN vital functions of your mind—and built that course into an amazing Mind Power Machine THAT VIRTUALLY REMOVES WILL POWER or "STUDY" FROM SELF-IMPROVEMENT! That teaches you these secrets simply by engaging you in conversation about them! That lets you "talk" your way to a Bulldozer Mind, in far less time than you ever believed possible!

And that actually works better if you do not try to study or memorize it at all—so that the machine, and Harry Lorayne, CAN DO ALL THE REAL WORK FOR YOU!

Read the thrilling details on this page! Prove it yourself, in your own home, entirely at our risk! Send in The No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Prove It Yourself Entirely At My Risk!

Plus whole sections on creating winning ideas . . . making difficult business and personal problems solve themselves . . . developing powers of observation that tell you hidden secrets ordinary people never even see at all . . . *even the latest executive techniques of making fast, forceful decisions that are radar-right!*

And all eleven courses—in one great machine — yours without opening a single book . . . reading a single page . . . or memorizing a single rule! Only $6.98 complete! Full money-back guarantee! Order today!

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

EXECUTIVE RESEARCH INSTITUTE, Inc. Dept. SEP-11
119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10003

Gentlemen: Yes, I want to try Harry Lorayne's amazing new MIND-POWER MACHINE, entirely at your risk. I am enclosing the low introductory money-back guarantee price of only $6.98 complete. I will use this revolutionary new machine for a full 30 days at your risk. If I am not completely delighted . . . if it doesn't do everything you say, I will simply return it for every cent of my money back.

☐ If you wish your order sent C.O.D. Check Here! Enclose $1 good-will deposit. Pay postman balance, plus postage and handling charge. Same money-back guarantee, of course.

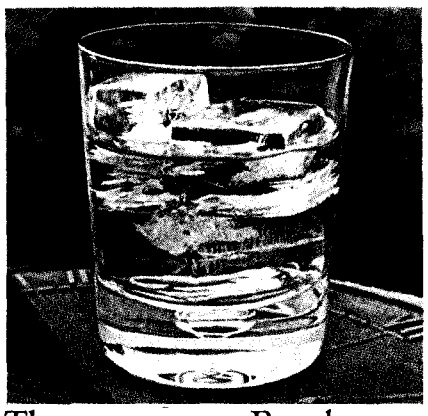
Name _____
(Please Print)
Address _____
City _____
State _____ **Zip Code** _____

© Executive Research Institute Inc. 1966

EXECUTIVE RESEARCH INSTITUTE, INC.
119 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographed in Kentucky at the Old Taylor Distillery



There are many Bourbons, only one Old Taylor. The flavor is no secret: the recipe is.

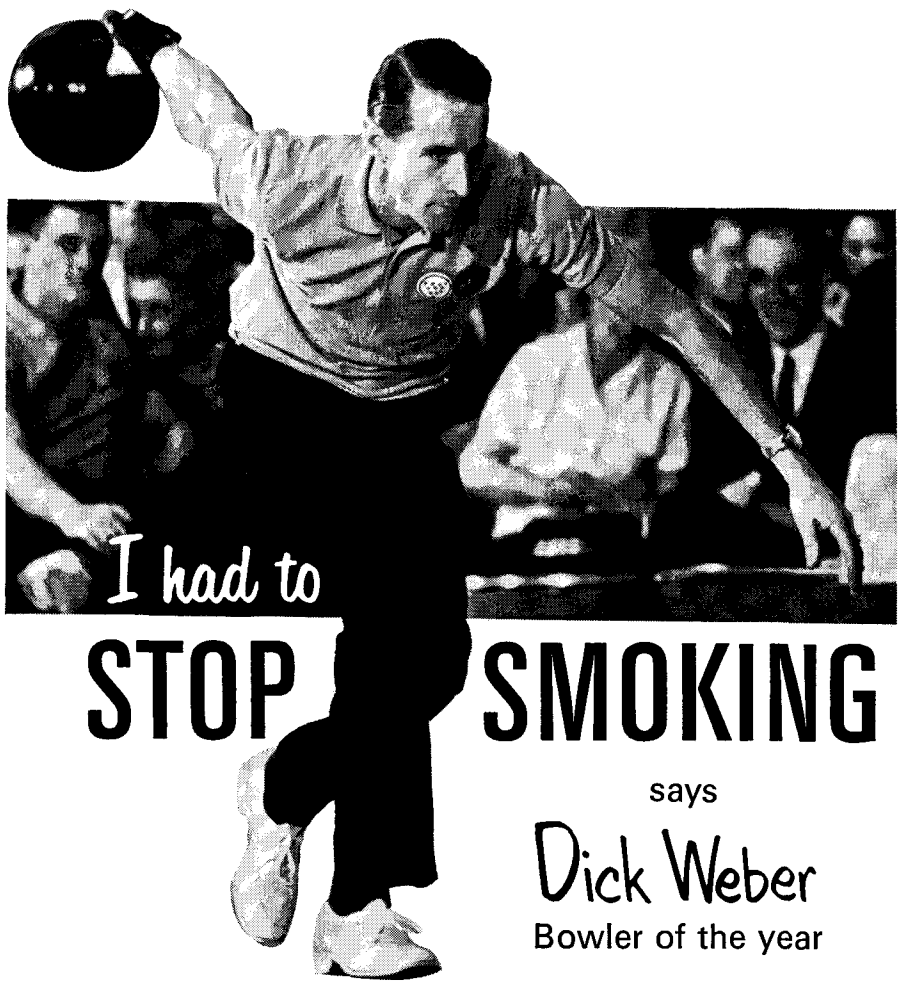
Here in this castle built of native Kentucky limestone, a great Bourbon was created...and continues to be made in the grand tradition. A Bourbon so smooth, so rich, so rewarding that today's moderns, who seek out the best in taste, make it their own. Shouldn't you?

People in the know, know Old Taylor—and prefer it. People in the know always have.

Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor except the people who drink it

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Ky.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



And I did.... with Bantron

I was a 3 to 4 pack-a-day smoker. I hadn't been feeling well and was advised by my doctor to give up my chain smoking habits. It got down to this—either give up cigarettes or give up tournament bowling. Since I was earning my living as a year 'round professional bowler, I decided to quit smoking, though I knew it wouldn't be easy.

I had read about Bantron many times, especially the testimonials from my friends in other professional sports. So I got some and with Bantron's help I stopped smoking completely in just a few days. I haven't smoked for over a year. It was easier than I expected and pleasant to take; it didn't affect my taste for food or anything else. In fact I found my strength coming back, I was able to concentrate on my game better and my cough disappeared.

Maybe you don't *have* to stop smoking, as I did. Or do you?

If you want to quit, take Bantron.

The Bantron formula was discovered by doctors in the research department of a great American university. So startling were the first results obtained with this little pill that further investigation was carried on. For months the research team carefully tested it on hundreds of people. The results showed that 83%—more than 4 out of 5 of all people who wanted to stop smoking . . . did so in five to seven days. Even those who didn't stop completely had drastically cut down.

Bantron simply acts as a substitute for the nicotine in your system and helps curb the desire for tobacco with a harmless, non-habit forming drug called lobeline. The result is that you feel no pangs of withdrawal and no desire to smoke.

My own experience with Bantron had an interesting aftermath: the first professional tournament in which I played after I stopped smoking was held in Houston. I felt so good, *I actually bowled three perfect (300) games and won the tournament.*

Try this amazing little pill. It really works! Bantron is so safe when taken as directed, that you can get it in the United States and Canada at all drug stores without a prescription. It has even been granted a patent by the U.S. government.

Bantron® BRAND Smoking Deterrent Tablets
A CAMPANA PRODUCT

Elect an engaging thief? Certainly. But don't go below that.

But the main reason for living anywhere is the kids. And those kids you have home in the split level, growing up tall and strong, are exposed to a way of judging values that would corrupt anybody. It all centers around what a man has in his garage. Collins, who lived down the street, came home with a new Jaguar. It was an event. Everybody says hello to Collins. Breslin has a 1959 heap. The muffler makes a sound like a gangland killing. Everybody, of course, is embarrassed by Breslin. Big car, big man. Good lawn, good people. This is what you let a kid grow up around?

Of course, kids go to school. These stories about suburban schools being academically ahead of many city schools are true. The public grammar school my two boys go to in New York is an older building, and the schoolwork is not as advanced as it was in Baldwin. This new custom called integration has put a lot of colored kids into this particular public school. Some of them haven't been prodded to learn and they slow the schoolwork pace down.

But then you have this strange thing that apparently can happen in an integrated school. For months my twin boys kept telling me of the speed and prowess of classmate Marcus Feldman. One night they brought the great Marcus Feldman around for dinner and, terrible embarrassment, he was not white. Apparently my kids, at age 11, didn't know that it was important for Marcus to be identified as colored right from the start.

Now before everybody throws up, please be advised this is not the start of a passage on Brotherhood. Too many parked cars are going to have to be hidden under—the safest thing to do in a race riot—to treat the matter stupidly. Also, the kids are going to have great trouble holding onto this naïve approach to living when so many adults can teach them the accepted ways. But it does seem to me that right now, today, if a boy can go to school and learn something about living with people, then I would say the boy is getting the only education worth discussing. Textbook marks? Hell, they sell textbooks in stores, and you can sit at your dining-room table and learn everything in them.

In the city, the pressure of living with so many varieties of people produces a sensible recognition of worth. In one neighborhood in a city, you can have a grocery-store owner, a professor in a college, a doorman who takes policy numbers play, an artist who doesn't shave and wears sandals and lives with a funny-looking girl, a young guy who dresses immaculately, and a thousand other people who do different things. You might find out, by living in the neighborhood, that while the college professor is affable and brilliant, he has a habit about stealing newspapers from the stand in front of the candy store. The doorman is really a sports buff—a nice nut, and very honest. The artist and the girl have absolutely nothing—they're boring. And the young guy who dresses well doesn't work and is a thief of some kind, and they took him away and he got a year in jail, and you can see that he was a sucker with an ego. Then there are all those people who go to work, obey the law, mind their manners, and sometimes are extremely interesting: They worry about Vietnam, their kids, other people's kids, —and, somehow, they can talk about these things so that they become worth thinking about in ways you never imagined. And if you don't happen to like any of the people, you can go someplace else. You do not have to do what everybody else does. There are too many others to choose from. In the suburbs you have to fit in.

There is an old saying in the city: "Hey, don't give me that, I've been around the block." It means you've been through this maze of people and you are not about to listen to a fable. Anybody who would give up this knowledge in exchange for two trees, a patio and six neighbors he will hate is crazy.

Of course a lot of people are chased out of the city by fear. "Why should I let my kid get mugged in a schoolyard?" the parents yell. Then they cite the soaring city crime rate, and of course what they mean is that they are afraid of Negroes.

There is only one thing the matter with this premise. It's wrong. In the cities it isn't your kids who get mugged. It's *their* kids. "Ninety percent of the street crimes committed in this city are crimes that form an additional burden on the already oppressed minorities in the city," Burton B. Roberts, the chief assistant district attorney in New York's Bronx County, says. Burton Roberts has sent more people to jail than perhaps any other prosecutor in the nation. He waves his hand in disgust when this flight to the suburbs is brought up. "The poor people get hurt, and the middle-class whites pack up and run. They hear Barry Goldwater twice about crime in the cities and then they go. Burglaries are doubling and tripling in suburban communities, but it's all right with the people, I guess. As long as the guy padding around your bedroom while you're asleep at night is a nice middle-class white."

Sure there are things wrong with the cities. They can be ugly. But at least you can have a human life there. In a city you have to live more because you're not allowed to live less. There is this extra touch of alertness which comes from getting through a day. There are ideas flowing and people are more ready to accept them. The city is old, and it changes. The suburbs are new, and they are stodgy. Commuting may look leisurely, but it takes pieces out of your life and drops them on the floor of the train. On the bar car of the commuter trains they sell Martinis and take up your time and also make you pay for the ride. Insanity. Two Martinis before dinner when a man gets home from work? If I have to ride a railroad train to get home, I want to have a whole bottle of gin when I get into the house.

Jimmy Breslin

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE

YOU MAY HAVE ALREADY WON

$100 a month FOR LIFE

FREE

"101 Incomes For Life" are reserved for the winners in the all-new, 1966 Longines Symphonette Sweepstakes! Yes, The Longines Symphonette invites you to enter its newest, most exciting sweepstakes ever! Incomes of $100 a month for life! $500 a year for life! $250 a year for life! $100 a year for life! And—other prizes. More than 70,000 chances to win!

Now The Longines Symphonette Society proudly presents

The Famous, Award-Winning

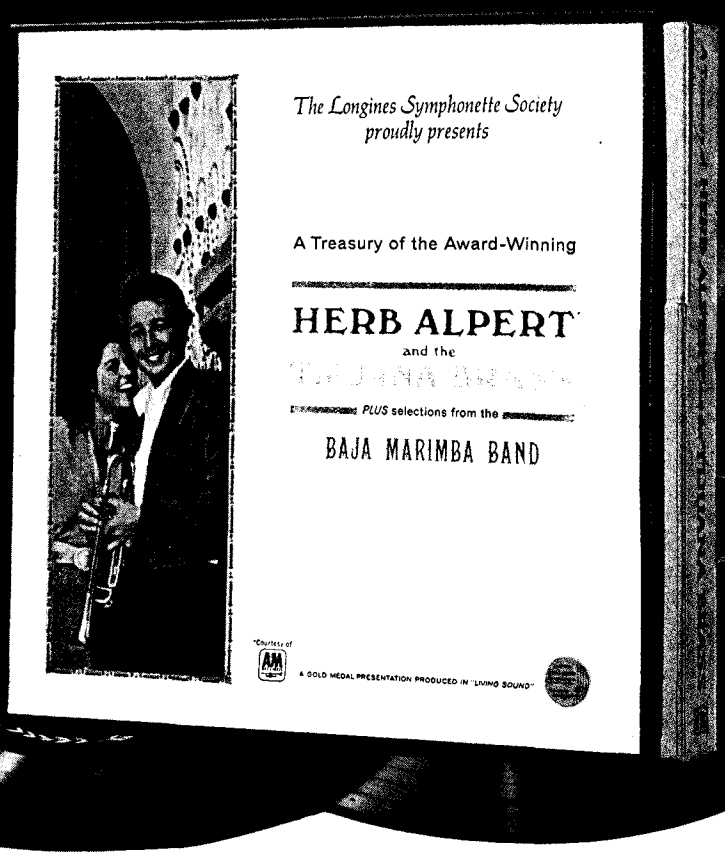
HERB ALPERT*

and THE

TIJUANA BRASS

plus selections from **THE BAJA MARIMBA BAND**

in a sparkling five-record Treasury of songs that have taken the nation by storm! Includes "A Taste Of Honey", the song that won the coveted Grammy Award for "Best Record of the Year"!



EXCLUSIVE
For A Limited Time Only!

LISTEN FREE FOR 10 DAYS

to the most exciting and satisfying melody to come to America in four decades!

Not since New Orleans in the 20's has a new sound swept the nation so quickly . . . never before have a harmony and rhythm claimed so universal a following! If you have never heard Herb Alpert and The Tijuana Brass . . . you have an experience in store for you!

The music of The Tijuana Brass recreates the tempestuous happiness of Fiesta. It conjures up the music of the *Bull Fight* . . . the pageantry of Old New Orleans . . . the emotions of the "Roaring Twenties". But above all—you enjoy sheer melody without cacophony when you hear HERB ALPERT and THE TIJUANA BRASS!

FREE BONUS: TELEVISION'S NEW FAVORITES, THE BAJA MARIMBA BAND! The exciting Herb Alpert Treasury includes 12 performances of THE BAJA MARIMBA BAND *that you've seen and enjoyed on major television spectaculars!*

Yes, 60 great selections in a single five-record Treasury, produced with the meticulous care and hand-inspection that have made "Living Sound" a trademark meaning the finest in modern recording technique!

FREE FOR 10 DAYS—SAVE OVER 50%!

You'd expect to pay as much as 89¢ each for The Tijuana Brass on ordinary 45 RPM records, but this great Treasury enables you to own their award-winning performances for only 24¢ each. Best of all, listen FREE for 10 days, return The Herb Alpert Treasury and owe nothing . . . or send just $5 a month until $13.88 (plus postage-handling) is paid!

LIMITED TIME OFFER—please act at once. Mail card bound in to find if you have already won $100 A MONTH FOR LIFE and to enjoy HERB ALPERT and THE TIJUANA BRASS Free for 10 days!

Less than 24¢ a selection!

ONLY $5 A MONTH

...or $13.88!

STEREO A MERE $1.80 ADDITIONAL FOR ALL FIVE RECORDS!

No extra charge for deluxe presentation case!

ALL THESE SONGS AND MORE ARE YOURS—INCLUDING THE AWARD WINNING "A TASTE OF HONEY"!

Hello, Dolly!	South Of The Border	I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face
Never On Sunday	Desafinado	Let It Be Me
Lemon Tree	Lollipops And Roses	All My Loving
More	Whipped Cream	The Great Manolete
Tangerine	Green Leaves Of Summer	Struttin' With Maria
Limbo Rock	Milord	America
The Lonely Bull	The Girl From Ipanema	

* Courtesy of A&M RECORDS

PLUS 12 songs by The Baja Marimba Band including Moonglow, Red Roses For A Blue Lady and ten more.

60 GREAT SELECTIONS IN ALL!

How sweepstakes works . . . The Longines Symphonette has reserved the described gifts for holders of lucky numbers, selected by electronic computers under the direction of the D. L. Blair Corporation. Each Lucky Number coupon submitted by an adult 21 years of age or older will be checked against the official list of winning numbers. Employees of The Longines Symphonette and its affiliates, or persons less than 21 years of age, shall not be eligible. Your entry must list the official lucky number, and must be checked YES or NO. ("NO" entries may be pasted on *post-paid bind-in card.*) Entries must be received by January 5, 1967. This sweepstakes is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations. Prize winners will be notified by mail. A list of major prize winners will be sent upon request if you send a self-addressed envelope!

MAIL POSTAGE-PAID CARD OR COUPON

R1791-944

THE LONGINES SYMPHONETTE SOCIETY
Symphonette Square, Larchmont, N. Y. 10538

Please send me the Treasury of Herb Alpert and The Tijuana Brass to audition FREE for 10 days. If I am not satisfied I may return it within 10 days and owe nothing, or send just $5 a month until the modest price of just $13.88 (plus postage and handling) is paid.

PLEASE CHECK ONE: ☐ High Fidelity ☐ Stereo ($1.80 more)

NAME _____
(please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ No—Do not give me 10-day trial, but let me know if I have won.

Here is my LUCKY NUMBER _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

The South's Revenge

WASHINGTON:

This month, some 43 million American boys and girls are going back to school. Almost all the white boys and girls are going to all-white schools, and almost all the Negro boys and girls are going to all-Negro schools. In short, as U.S. Commissioner of Education Harold Howe has bluntly stated, 12 years after the Supreme Court's historic integration decision, the attempt to integrate the schools is an abysmal failure.

De facto segregation in the North, as Howe also stated, has been steadily increasing ever since the Supreme Court decision in 1954. Why?

The essential answer is simple, but it is also painful—so painful that most people would rather not face up to it. One who has faced up to it is Richardson Dilworth, former Mayor of Philadelphia, now president of the Philadelphia Board of Education, a longtime member of Americans for Democratic Action, and an undoubted liberal.

He has pointed out the simple, horrifying fact that about a quarter of the Negro children entering schools in big cities like Philadelphia do not speak English. "They may not know what the teacher is talking about when she refers to such things as grass, flowers, living rooms, dining rooms, farms, cows, sheep, or even the moon, the stars or the heavens."

These pathetic children, who do not speak the common tongue, find themselves "in a hostile environment, which the child does not comprehend, and with which he cannot cope." This in turn produces a "hostile reaction" in the children, and the result is "a shambles in which hardly any of the children in the school get educated."

These words explain the main reason why the attempt to integrate the northern schools has been so dismal a failure. Rather than send their children to schools that have been made into a "shambles," the whites flee the cities. The Negro jungle-ghettos spread outward, and more whites leave, in a process that feeds horribly upon itself. Thus our urban civilization is dying, as though of a terminal cancer. The process starts with those sad, small children who have scarcely heard of the grass or the flowers or the stars or the moon. They are the South's belated revenge on the North for having won the Civil War.

An astonishing two thirds of all the adult Negroes in all the cities of the North today were born and raised in the South. These people have taken part in one of history's great mass migrations—the postwar migration of more than 12 million Negroes from South to North.

These people have exchanged their sharecroppers' shacks for the northern big-city slums, wholly transforming the population balance in the cities. The proportion of Negroes in Washington was about one third from Thomas Jefferson's day until around 1950. Now it is close to two thirds, and the proportion of Negroes in other big cities has increased almost as much. If present trends continue, the time is certainly coming when Negroes will be a majority in most of our big cities.

The Negroes who have fled from "the southern way of life" have been educated according to the South's version of the "separate but equal" doctrine. A great many of them are therefore functionally illiterate. In their slums, they have no real contact with the white middle-class society that walls them in—or with Negro middle-class society either. The children who do not know such words as "flowers," "farms" or "heavens" are the sons and daughters of this mass migration.

In some cities the reaction of these pathetic children to their "hostile environment" is so ferocious that they try physically to destroy their schools. There are schools in Washington, D.C., for example, in which every single windowpane has been broken again and again. It is hardly to be wondered at that whites with children of school age flee to the suburbs.

What can be done about it? When they try to answer that question, even such courageous fact-facers as Howe and Dilworth sound rather like doctors prescribing Tums for stomach cancer. To be sure, their answers, which are very similar, make a great deal of sense—up to a point. Both are convinced that it is absolutely imperative to spend a great deal of money, in order, in Howe's words, to "make the schools of the central city such good schools that they attract people rather than repel them."

It is monstrous, obviously, that in this rich country children should go to firetrap schools and be taught by teachers so underpaid that they have to moonlight to live. But what is it that really "repels" white people with children of school age? It is not, basically, either inadequate physical plant or inadequate teachers. It is not even blind race prejudice, for most of them. It is, instead, the fact that the pathetic children of the migration are turning the big-city schools into a "shambles."

There are white shambles-makers, of course, and shambles-makers who are the children of middle-class Negroes. In every public school there is always a minority of alienated children uninterested in being educated or incapable of being educated. As long as the minority is a very small one, it is a familiar problem, which can be handled by competent teachers. The children of the migration make the minority of the shambles-makers too big to handle.

There is an obvious way to deal with the problem—by segregating the schools, not on the basis of race, but on the basis of educability. This means giving the shambles-makers special and separate attention, in order to let the majority, both white and Negro, get on with the business of getting an education.

Project Head Start, which provides preschool tutoring for "disadvantaged" children, is an admirable step in this direction. But the real answer is the "track system," which separates children into different categories according to their educability. All European school systems and all good private schools have the track system in one form or another. The myth that the only "democratic" way to educate children is to herd them all together by age groups, without regard to intelligence or ability, was largely responsible for the mediocrity of American education, even before the Negro migration from the South.

But where the track system has been tried, as in Washington, D.C., the Negro children—thanks to the South's revenge—turn up in the lower "tracks" in disproportionate numbers. The Negro politicians then loudly denounce the system as just another form of segregation. Perhaps there is no practical way of dealing with the problem. If so, the white flight to the suburbs will continue, no matter how much money is spent on the city schools, and our cities will continue to die.

Anyone who doubts that this is so need only ask himself a question: "How would I like to send *my* children to a school which has been turned into 'a shambles in which hardly any of the children get educated'?"

Stewart Alsop

'Head Start' opens up a whole new world for children, helps solve school problems.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If we didn't think Philco had the best color TV in the business we wouldn't show you this actual photo from an actual set.

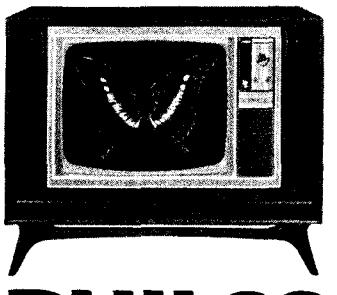
Our brand-new tuning eye makes it easy to tune color like this. As easy as tuning a radio.

We've eliminated the guesswork in tuning the picture. Just turn the fine tuning dial until the little green eye is at its narrowest point, and you've got it. On UHF or VHF. Then it's only a matter of adjusting the color tint to your personal taste.

Another reason the color is as good as what you're seeing here (telecast by WKBS-TV, Channel 48, Philadelphia, photographed from a production model Philco set at 1/15th second on ASA 160 film) is that we've made the vital signal system completely solid state. That means there are no old-style vacuum tubes in those circuits to heat up or burn out. Just cool little space-age miracles that sit quietly pulling in the kind of great color you're seeing here.

We've done other good things, too. But all we're trying to do right here is get you interested. Interested enough to find out more from your Philco dealer. And see some color programs on a Philco for yourself.

Then make up your own mind. We'll take our chances on that.



PHILCO®

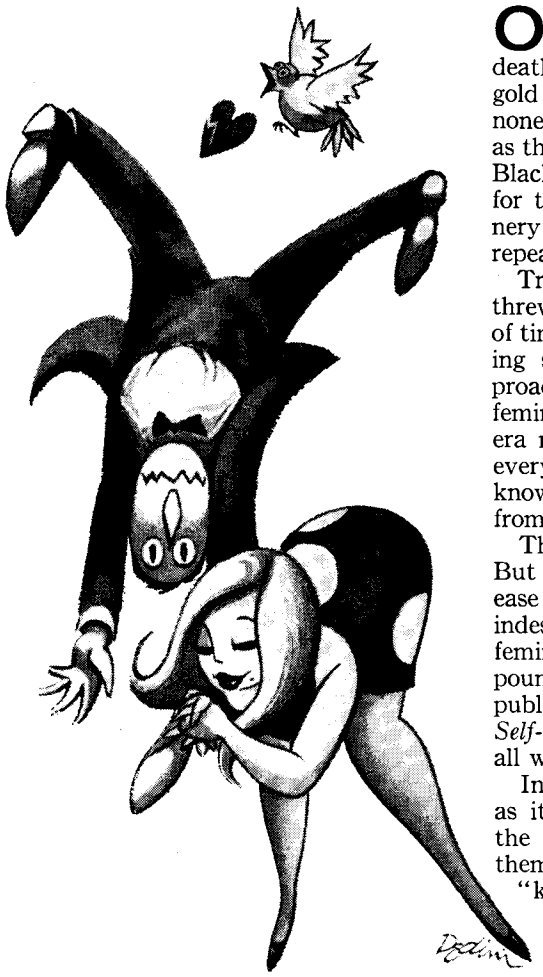
A SUBSIDIARY OF Ford Motor Company

TELEVISION · STEREO PHONOGRAPHS · RADIO · HOME LAUNDRY · RANGES · REFRIGERATORS · AIR CONDITIONERS · FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY WILLIAM K. ZINSSER

Lady be good (and so will I)



Of all the violent moments in all the James Bond movies—all the deaths by frying, by tiger shark, by gold paint and other untidy means—none was so shocking to a male viewer as the scene in *Goldfinger* where Honor Blackman, a slender blonde working for the bad guys, engaged Sean Connery in a bit of judo and threw him repeatedly to the ground.

True, Connery got back up and threw Miss Blackman an equal number of times, until finally, both of them being supine, he tried a different approach and began appealing to her feminine instincts, whereupon the camera modestly withdrew. And that, as every student of the Bond folklore knows, is how Fort Knox was saved from atomic destruction.

That's all very well for Fort Knox. But it doesn't erase the memory of the ease with which a mere girl tossed the indestructible Agent 007 over her frail feminine shoulder. And now, to compound the damage, she has written and published *Honor Blackman's Book of Self-Defense*, revealing her methods to all womanhood.

In this volume, as deceptively slim as its author, she demonstrates with the help of 132 photographs—all of them horrible—such techniques as the "knife-edge blow to the carotid artery," the "lunge punch to the throat," the "jujitsu neck arm-lock," the "stomach throw," the "karate kick to the abdomen" and many other assaults of this kind. Every sequence of photographs ends badly for the man, his face a study in astonishment and pain, while Miss Blackman's expression is, as the old limerick says, the smile on the face of the tiger. She likes the work.

The author claims her book is seriously intended to teach women how to keep a predatory man at bay in this excitable day and age. His motives are not her concern, and she wastes no time finding out. Be he a brutal rapist or merely a genial lecher, he soon is in midair, or crumpled on the floor, or even plummeting downstairs, as in the "nasal-pressure and interior leg throw."

There are three successive pictures, for instance, which prove that a girl need not be afraid of the big bad wolf on a park bench. "If you've asked him to leave," Miss Blackman explains, "and his answer is an overfriendly hand on your knee, he has only himself to blame if you use the 'wrist and elbow lever lock.' Gently, almost timidly (this will put him off guard), put your right hand on his. Then, swiftly, slide your left hand to his elbow and pull his right arm across your knees. Then put all you have into a thrust with your left hand, using the back of the bench for extra leverage. Press down firmly on the elbow joint, and he will be helpless. . . . Incidentally, don't get too carried away by this one: If you use your full force you'll probably break his arm."

What makes the book so dangerous is the warmth of her initial response to the man's advances, the tender acquiescence that lulls him into a false sense of success. Writing of the "young Lothario (who) insists on putting an unwanted arm around your shoulders," Miss Blackman offers this advice:

"As he comes up beside you, circling your shoulders, almost affectionately place your right arm around his waist and continue walking, in step if possible." Now what could be nicer than that? Lothario thinks he's in business. But he has never heard of the "waist hip throw," and in less time than it takes to say "swing your hips against his abdomen," he is out of business.

I bring this up now not merely for the obvious purpose of warning my fellowmen that this sinister book is out, and to be careful with their hands. A deeper phenomenon is at work which ought to be pondered by all of us. For I don't think it is mere coincidence that Miss Blackman's book has come along at the very moment when skirts are higher than ever before, and when bathing suits are not only briefer but generously furnished with peepholes. The brief styles and the book on self-defense are two sides of the same coin: Get one and you have to get the other. Pity the poor man who doesn't know which side of the coin is up. One peep too many and he will have his carotid artery chopped, and if there's one thing that can ruin a whole day, it's a chopped carotid artery.

But I pity the poor woman almost as much, caught in a dilemma of her own devising. "As hemlines continue their upward progress," *The New York Times* noted recently, "getting dressed in the morning becomes a moment of truth to many women and each day is a series of crises." The article quoted designer Anne Klein as saying, "Now I never budge without a scarf, which I try to drape across my knees without looking as if I were setting a table."

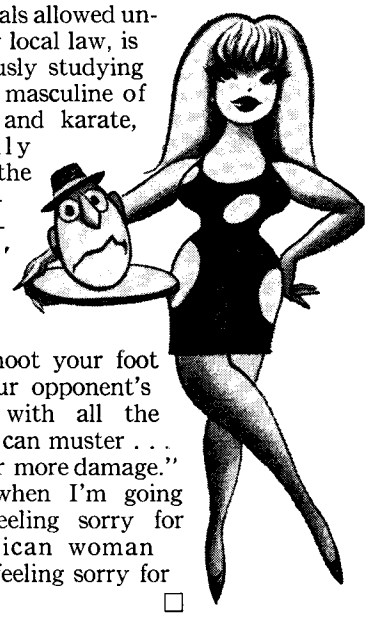
Granted, the ladies have brought this upon themselves, but that's not the point. The point is that American women don't need any more problems—haven't we all read incessantly about the feminine "dichotomy," the eternal tug between home and career? That's dilemma enough for one lifetime, and now come these rising hemlines and peekaboo swimsuits—creating a problem so complex that the only solution cancels out their original purpose.

Talk about dichotomy! A woman raises her skirt to reveal her knees and then carries a scarf to hide them. And I cite Anne Klein's scarf, not as an isolated case but as a symbol of all the props that women will soon be using to cover the anatomy that they were so eager to expose. I see a vision of huge towels wrapped around tiny bikinis, of bandannas draped across vast acres of midriff, of dainty little smocks lowered over the narrow strip of fabric that forms the top of a two-piece bathing suit. I see scarves on every knee. I'd rather see every knee.

There is consolation in the fact that most of Miss Blackman's techniques require two hands. She has not anticipated how hard it would be for an Anne Klein to hold a scarf over her knees while administering, say, the "spinning wrist throw." But there is always the chance of a sequel on "defensive" maneuvers to be performed one-handed by women carrying scarves, towels, bandannas or other pieces of cloth. It is easy to visualize photographs of Miss Blackman running through the "beach towel snap-and-trip" or using a simple silk scarf as a garrote.

In any case, I don't suggest taking chances, for Miss Blackman also tells the ladies how to use their legs and feet. Here, in fact, her style takes on extra zest, a relish for the crippling pain that can be inflicted. Therefore if any man should be so sun-struck or gin struck as to pluck at the scarf or the dainty little smock, let him remember that the war of the sexes has escalated.

Surely the game has come full circle when the American girl, stripped to the most feminine essentials allowed under state or local law, is simultaneously studying those most masculine of arts, judo and karate, and is only awaiting the right moment to deliver the "side kick to the solar plexus." Simply "shoot your foot toward your opponent's abdomen, with all the power you can muster . . . or lower for more damage."



That's when I'm going to stop feeling sorry for the American woman and start feeling sorry for myself. □

Drawings by Dedini

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One monthly check
pays for your Travelers Life Insurance. (Ask about Travelers Money-Back Life Insurance that can pay you back every cent it's cost you—and more.)

The same monthly check
can cover the contents of your house or apartment if you have a fire, or if burglars break in and steal.

The same monthly check
can include Travelers special low-cost coverage on cherished possessions—paintings, antiques, stamp collections and the like.

The same monthly check
can also take care of health insurance on your family. (Ask about Travelers Major Medical policy that's guaranteed renewable.)

Now cover everything with just one check a month.

Travelers new Umbrella Plan combines all your insurance—personal *or* business—into equal, easy monthly payments. Nothing's overlooked. Nothing's over-insured. One man takes all the worries off your back.

Your Travelers Man

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's just as good in jelly jars. Because Coca-Cola has the taste you never get tired of. Always refreshing. That's why things go better with Coke after Coke after Coke.

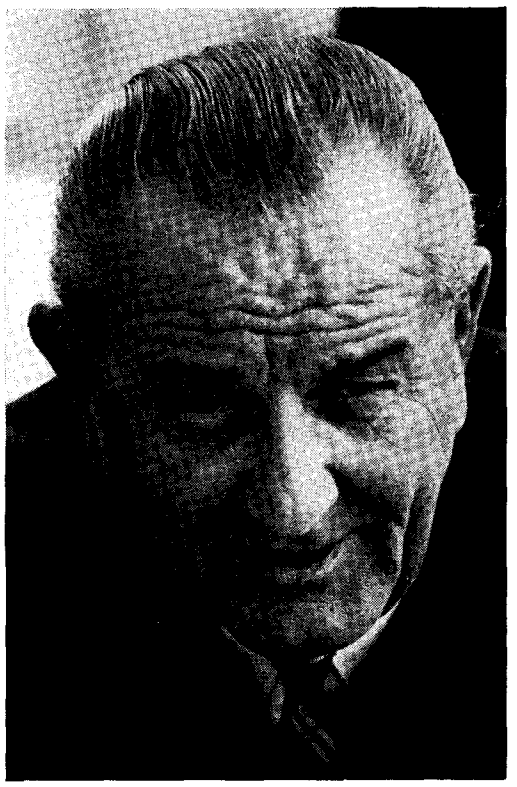
TRADE-MARK® TRADE-MARK® TRADE-MARK®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST

The face of the President 1966

By STEWART ALSOP



A close look at the Lyndon Johnson the public never sees, when he is simply being himself—a professional working at his job.

I wish more people could see the President when he is just being the President," one of his more reflective aides said recently. "When he is what he is—no hominess, no smiles, just a great professional with immense experience—he's very impressive and very reassuring. It's when he tries to be what he isn't that he gets into trouble."

Lyndon B. Johnson has been President for 34 months—the same length of time that John F. Kennedy served—and he is in trouble. In fact, he is in very serious trouble. Kennedy had his problems too—more than most people now remember. But three of the problems which confront President Johnson are more dangerous than any that President Kennedy faced.

The first of these three problems is, of course, the war in Vietnam, which was primarily a Vietnamese war while Kennedy was alive. It is now becoming primarily an American war—with no end in sight. The second problem is the threat of uncontrollable racial violence, a threat confined to the South in Kennedy's day, which now endangers the whole urban North as well.

The third problem, which vastly complicates the other two, is that a lot of people—a constantly growing number, according to politicians of both parties—do not much like or altogether trust the President of the United States.

Lyndon Johnson has been under close observation in the White House for going on three years now. Those who have observed him most closely are his White House aides, past and present. By talking to men in both categories it is possible to get a vivid and unvarnished picture of Lyndon Johnson when he is "just being President." It is also possible to discern the chief qualities which he brings to bear on the great problems with which he must somehow deal successfully if his Presidency itself is to succeed.

One of these qualities is simple differentness: It is hard to imagine a less ordinary man, or a man whose daily routine is less like the normal routine of the average American.

"Eccentric? Sure, he's eccentric," says one of his aides. "All great men are eccentric. Look at Lincoln. When little Willie died, Lincoln locked himself up in his bedroom for four days and wouldn't see anyone. Imagine the headlines if Johnson locked himself up for four days."

This is doubtful history (the record shows that Lincoln saw several members of his cabinet within four days of Willie's death in 1862), but the point is valid. We have had a number of eccentric Presidents, and Abraham Lincoln, the greatest man this country has produced, was certainly one of them. But it is hard to recall a President more eccentric than Lyndon Johnson. Consider the odd work habits which permit him to crowd two full working days into every 24 hours.

The President's two-day day begins at 7 A.M. He spends the next three or four hours in pajamas in his bedroom, surrounded by the current favorites among his staff, like Louis XIV attended by courtiers at his daily levee. Sometimes he spends most of the time propped up in bed. More often, he strides about the big room, dressing by stages, giving orders, reading reports, telephoning. He goes down to his office at about 11, and quite often he will work straight through until four in the afternoon, skipping lunch entirely.

When he does have lunch, it is often a very late snack, at 3 or 3:30. One of the President's minor idiosyncrasies is this ability to go for many hours at a time without feeling hungry. The President himself has advanced the scientifically dubious theory that his stomach stores up food the way a camel's hump stores up water. A less exotic theory is that the soft drinks he consumes one after another still any hunger pangs.

At four or thereabouts the President goes back up to his bedroom on the second floor of the White House, gets back into pajamas, gets into bed and sleeps for an hour or more. Unlike most afternoon sleepers, when he wakes up he does not feel as though he had been dining on old rugs. Instead, he is fairly bursting with energy from those "extra glands . . . which ordinary men simply don't have," of which ex-aide Jack Valenti spoke in a much-derided eulogy.

Thus the President's second working day begins. As in the afternoon, he eats very late, if no formal dinner is scheduled. An exhausted aide is always in danger of being co-opted for dinner at 11 or later. On occasion, especially during a crisis, the President has been known to sit down to the evening meal at one in the morning. At 1:30 or 2 on most mornings, while the rest of Washington sleeps, the President is still at his "night reading," going over his papers, scribbling in comments like "see me about this," or "don't get it," or simply "no," and quite often picking up the telephone to call a sleepy subordinate.

The Kennedys' French chef is supposed to have resigned because the President prefers such dishes as skinned catfish (which is very good) to *quenelles de brochet*. But the President's habit of eating only when he feels like it would be enough to drive any self-respecting chef out of his mind. Lyndon Johnson has an obsessive drive to do things his own way, on his own time. He does not want to work or eat or sleep when other men are working or eating or sleeping—he wants to do what he wants to do when he wants to do it, and not a moment before or after. He wants to make a campaign trip, or a major appointment, or a crucial decision, when *he* wants to do these things, not when some other persons, or even a great many very important persons, want him to do them.

The President has, in fact, a deep and instinctive resistance to being committed, fenced in—this is another of his chief characteristics. He insists on "maintaining his options," whether the question at issue concerns when he will eat or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'He is as cautious as an old coyote.'

what he will do next about the war in Vietnam. "He wants always to be able to move right or left or backwards or forwards," says Jack Valenti, who for more than two years spent just about every waking hour with the President. "So did Franklin Roosevelt. So did Napoleon on the battlefield."

In order "to be able to move right or left or backwards or forwards," the President refuses to make up his mind until the last minute—and even then, after the last minute, he is likely to change it. This does not make life any easier for his staff. Another ex-aide recalls seeing Valenti scurrying along the pillared corridor outside the President's office, oblivious to his surroundings and looking very much like the White Rabbit in *Alice in Wonderland*. But instead of muttering, "Oh, my ears and whiskers," he was muttering, over and over again: "*Why* can't he ever make up his mind? *Why* can't he ever make up his mind?"

Because the President refuses to make up his mind until the last moment, he often has to make it up suddenly, and this has contributed to his reputation as a rash, impulsive fellow. In fact, he is precisely the opposite. "He's as cautious as an old coyote," a Texas friend has said. "He'll lift his muzzle to the wind and sniff, then he'll trot on a few feet and smell the spoor, and lift his muzzle to the wind again."

The President's feral resistance to any avoidable commitment has its drawbacks politically. Any foray into the hinterlands leaves a trail of angry politicians, miffed because the President showed up where he wasn't expected, or failed to show up where he was expected. But there are ways in which it is useful to have as President a man who is "as cautious as an old coyote."

A disaster like the Bay of Pigs is unlikely while Johnson is President. Indeed, he is much less likely to risk an avoidable disaster than to over-insure against it, as when he sent 20,000 men into the tiny Dominican Republic. But an obsessive resistance to commitment can be as dangerous in some ways as an excessive willingness to take risks.

The President's coyote-caution, his fear of commitment, explains much that otherwise seems mysterious about his conduct of the war in Vietnam. He has often seemed to be doing one thing, and saying another. For example, in March, 1965, the President first took the irrevocable step of committing U.S. combat troops to Vietnam. For three months the White House kept insisting that there had been "no change" in the American military mission in Vietnam. Within a few months there were more than 200,000 U.S. soldiers and marines there.

Thus the President seemed to be tricking the United States into a ground war in Asia by a process of "little steps for little feet." In fact, Lyndon Johnson was not trying to fool the country. He was trying to fool himself. As soon as the first platoon of combat troops dug in around Danang, the United States was inextricably committed, and the President, who is anything but a fool, knew it in his bones. But for months Lyndon Johnson, with his horror of being fenced in, refused to admit it even to himself.

Another of the President's major characteristics is his compulsion to manage people and control situations. This compulsion helps to explain the almost total turnover in the White House staff.

All the Kennedy men have gone from the White House, of course—O'Donnell and O'Brien and Salinger and Sorensen and Schlesinger and Powers and Dungan and Clifford and Goodwin and Bundy. A lot of Johnson men have gone too—Jenkins and Busby and Reedy and Valenti. Of the entire White House staff in the first months after Lyndon Johnson became President, there is just one survivor—press secretary and general factotum Bill Moyers. In his lonely eminence, Moyers is like the boy who "stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled."

There are, of course, a number of reasons why so many have fled the burning deck of the White House—money, hammertoes, a nervous breakdown, laudable ambition. But in almost every case, the President's highly idiosyncratic attitude toward the people who work for him has been a major factor.

One current White House aide has, rather oddly, remarked that the President's relationship to his staff is like Jehovah's to His prophets. It might be more accurate to compare the President to a Victorian paterfamilias, and his staff to his vast brood of children.

Paterfamilias Johnson can be thoughtful and even sentimental—he remembers birthdays, and has more than once offered to pay hospital bills. When Jack Valenti first advanced the possibility that he might become president of the Motion Picture Association of America, Johnson irritably brushed the whole matter aside. Then Valenti's pretty wife, Mary Margaret, who was once the President's secretary, sent Johnson a touching little note asking him to give her husband back to her. Immediately the President relented, and even lobbied the Hollywood moguls to get Valenti his $150,000-a-year job.

But paterfamilias Johnson can also be very stern and demanding. His slightest word is law. "He'll tell you where to eat," says one disgruntled Kennedy man, "and when to eat, and even *what* to eat." Different staff members are, of course, treated in different ways. The President is unfailingly polite to cabinet Secretary Robert Kintner, brilliant ex-head of N.B.C. and a near contemporary. Walt Rostow, foreign-policy expert and resident intellectual, is also in a special category. So is Bill Moyers, who has a license, within limits, to talk back to the President.

"The President doesn't make demands on you that you're not willing to make on yourself," says Moyers. This is no doubt true enough, but to work for the President in the first place, a man must be willing to make very heavy demands on himself. The heaviest demands are made on appointments secretary Marvin Watson and man-of-all-work Jake Jacobsen. They alternate on "late-night duty," staying with the President until his daily second working day is finished. Neither has any private life to speak of. The other members of the White House staff, like Joe Califano, Harry McPherson and Douglass Cater, work almost as hard, arriving not long after dawn and rarely getting away before eight in the evening—sometimes, when collared by the President, much later.

But cruelly long hours are only part of the price the White House staff men pay for the excitement of being at the center of events. The President can be very rude indeed to his subordinates. "He doesn't blow about the big things," says one aide, "but he blows sky-high about the little things—a door that slams, a car that's late, a memo that rambles. You've just got to learn to take it—he forgets all about it in a few minutes."

One witness of the evanescent nature of the presidential wrath was a recent visitor to his office. The visitor found the President in a benign mood. The President chatted amiably for a few minutes, then glanced at a paper on his desk, excused himself, picked up a telephone and gave some nameless subordinate on the other end of the line a brutal dressing down. Then Johnson pleasantly resumed the interrupted conversation.

"You know," recalls the visitor, "whoever it was on the other end of the line must have been worried about another heart attack, the President sounded so angry. But I doubt if his blood pressure went up a single notch."

Those who know him well believe that the President uses his famous temper quite consciously as an instrument of persuasion and pressure. But the pressure is no less real for that. Ex-aides call the White House "the pressure cooker," and one of them swears he suffered a case of the "psychic bends" after he left. Another, who always carried on his person an electronic instrument which would buzz whenever the President wanted to summon him to the telephone, says, "I never realized how I hated that damn thing until I got rid of it."

The presidential personality is so overwhelming that it has an oddly draining effect on those around him. "He can make you sweat buckets, no matter how well the air conditioner is working," says one ex-aide. Another describes the President's way of listening to a subordinate who questions or criticizes some presidential policy or proposal:

"Does he listen? He listens so hard it's deafening—it's like being at the bottom of a lake, the pressure's so high. He sits slumped down and stares at you—he hardly ever blinks, you know. Then if you're just rambling on, and you come to a lame conclusion, he says, 'Therefore?' and you say, 'Therefore, we ought to do thus-and-so,' but you'd better make it sound convincing or he just looks at you and sort of shrugs you off."

This kind of pressure is too much for some men to take. "There are two kinds of people," says one former aide, "those who like action for the sake of action and prestige for the sake of prestige, and those who can't stand running around in circles at a furious pace for no sensible reason. The second kind has left the White House."

Those who have not left the White House are no mere varlets bowing bare backs to the presidential lash. They are, for the most part, able and likable men. They are also tough men. To work for Lyndon Johnson requires a certain inner toughness, and all those who have stayed the course in the White House pressure cooker have one thing in common—they have had to "learn to take it."

The pressure which the President exerts on those around him (often quite unconsciously) he also exerts, in sharp and painful focus, on himself. For Lyndon Johnson's eccentric work schedule, his horror of being fenced in and his compulsion to manage those around him are matched by a fierce need to succeed.

The mere thought of failure is utterly abhorrent to him. In his Senate days he once told this reporter of the time he had lost a debate in Texas, when he was in his teens. "When that last judge voted against me for the state championship," he said, "I was so disappointed that I went right into

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the bathroom and was sick." He said this without the ghost of a chuckle—the memory of that failure was still very real and painful to him.

Again and again, on the President's forays among the voters in recent weeks, the same sentences have recurred: "We're not going to tuck our tail between our legs and run out of Vietnam. We will persist. We will *succeed*." The emphasis on the last word is always heavy. Anyone who supposes that Lyndon Johnson is likely to preside willingly over America's first great defeat should bear in mind that boy who threw up in the bathroom in the shame and horror of losing a debate.

There is one other thing to bear in mind about Lyndon Johnson, as he faces up to his terrible trouble in Vietnam. It is suggested by the queerly old-fashioned words he spoke during the Dominican crisis: "I have seen the sunrise on Mont Blanc, but the most beautiful vision these eyes ever beheld was the flag of my country in a foreign land. . . . Where American citizens go, that flag goes with them, to protect them."

Undoubtedly the President dredged up these phrases from a distant memory—one sees in the mind's eye a lanky, jug-eared boy, twiddling his bare toes in the dust, his heart beating faster as he listens to the sonorous sentiments of some Fourth of July orator in Johnson City, Tex. Today, such expressions of patriotism may sound naïve and jingoistic. But among those who know him really well, not one doubts that Lyndon Johnson's patriotism is a perfectly real emotion, which also makes an American defeat in Vietnam inconceivable to him.

Yet there are a great many people who firmly believe that Lyndon Johnson, the "manipulator" and "master politician," is quite incapable of any genuine emotion; that his patriotism is just one of the many masks he wears. There are also a great many people who are convinced that the President is a maskwearer, a hypocrite, as he tries to deal with the second of his terrible problems, the racial crisis at home.

More than any other one man, Lyndon Johnson has been responsible for the great series of civil-rights acts of the past decade. He has often said that his greatest ambition, as the first Southern President since the Civil War, is to bring the Negroes into the mainstream of American life, and at the same time to heal the scars left by the Civil War. Again, those who know him well believe he deeply means just what he says. But millions of his fellow Southerners regard him as a cynical turncoat, who has sold out the "Southern way of life" for votes. And he gets precious little countervailing credit from the Northern liberal-intellectuals or the Negro civil-rights leaders—especially the new hucksters of "black power."

The time may come when the President will have no choice but to take stern measures to control looting and arson in the Negro ghettos. If that time comes, white liberals and Negro leaders will both be only too ready to believe that he is simply reverting to type, as a Southern reactionary, a second Simon Legree.

This willingness to believe the worst of the President is the third of his great problems. Some of his subordinates insist that it results wholly from what one of them calls "the communication gap." Lyndon Johnson has conspicuously failed to achieve the human contact with the mass of the people which Franklin Roosevelt achieved with his fireside chats, for example, or John Kennedy with his live television press conferences.

In his rare televised press conferences, the President has performed competently enough, but his transcripts show that his sentences are almost always grammatical, whereas John Kennedy, like Dwight Eisenhower before him, was constantly getting lost in impenetrable syntactical thickets. Kennedy and Eisenhower spoke spontaneously, conversationally, taking chances with the language, and they owed much of their popularity to television. But Lyndon Johnson hates taking chances. That coyote-caution of his gets in the way of spontaneous communication, making him slow and stiff and dull on television.

Another of his chief characteristics—the urge to manage, to control—is chiefly responsible for the mutual hostility between the President and the press, which further widens the "communication gap." No President has ever tried harder to manage the news than Lyndon Johnson. When he fails—as he inevitably does, for a free press is inherently unmanageable—he is furious. It is not surprising that Johnson (like most Presidents before him) resents the press, for the press is sometimes inaccurate and sometimes grossly unfair. But it *is* surprising that, after all his years in Washington, he still does not really understand what the press is all about.

"This President is convinced," McGeorge Bundy once remarked to a reporter who had enraged Johnson by correctly predicting the size of his foreign-aid program, "that a reporter can only get a story like that by stealing secret papers or suborning a Cabinet officer."

Nothing enrages the President more than accurate reports of his future plans. Such reports, his subordinates explain, "pre-commit" him, and the reporter is thus guilty of the unforgivable sin of fencing the President in. Last autumn, to cite one example among many, Philip Potter of the Baltimore *Sun* wrote an accurate advance report of the President's generous plans for averting starvation in India. The President was so furious that he seriously considered canceling the whole program, to prove Potter wrong. And for more than six months he angrily refused to acknowledge Potter's existence—this although Potter is one of his oldest personal friends and one of his remaining admirers in the press corps.

Political writers tend vastly to exaggerate the political impact of what they write. Even so, the mutual hostility between the President and the press has had a seep-down effect, which has made the "communication gap" more difficult to bridge. But what has made the gap almost impossible to bridge has been the President's constant itch to "try to be what he isn't."

The President seems oddly dissatisfied with himself as he is, and he often tries to pretty up the surface of Lyndon B. Johnson—as in his ludicrously futile attempt to herd the White House photographers onto his left side, which he considers the handsome side of his face. For a long time he hated to admit that middle age had forced him to wear reading glasses, and on television he wore contact lenses, which hurt his eyes, made him irritable and fooled nobody. There was also a period when he used two TelePrompTers on television, to seem to be speaking extemporaneously. Instead of spontaneous, he looked sneaky as he shifted his eyes from one to the other.

Sometimes, in his speeches and television appearances, the President seems to want to emulate John Kennedy, but when he quotes from some literary source, in the Kennedy manner, the quotation often sounds wrong, and quite often it *is* wrong. At other times he seems to be trying to adopt the conversational style best suited to the television age, but he can no more change his basic style than an old golf pro can change his, and instead of conversational he sounds whispery and querulous.

Sometimes he alternates between the stump-loud style of the country politicians of his boyhood, and the preacher-low style of the country pulpits. In this latter mood he clasps his hands in front of him, in a praying-mantis gesture. But this is not really persuasive in a man everybody knows is a tough professional politician.

Our great Presidents have all been tough professional politicians—and proud of it. But this President's itch to "try to be what he isn't" arouses the latent distrust which most people feel for professional politicians. Could not a man who tries to fool people with TelePrompTers and contact lenses try to fool them in more important ways? Too often the President has seemed to be doing just that.

Recently there have been some signs that he is beginning to shake off that itch. Bill Moyers, who is in a good position to judge, says that "the President has come to terms with his job," and another aide testifies that the frenetic quality which used to mark the Johnson Presidency has disappeared—"he no longer hates being alone." The President himself has said that "trouble is what Presidents are for. The only way to avoid trouble in this town is by saying nothing and doing nothing, and that means you wind up being nothing." An old friend who recently visited him after a long lapse in their friendship compares Lyndon Johnson to a powerful horse, a long time in the breaking. "He used to kick over the traces, and rear, and smash the dashboard, but now he's settled into the collar, for the long pull."

A man is what he is. Lyndon Johnson is not very young anymore (he has aged a lot in the last three years), and he is not very handsome (from either side). He does not easily speak the special language of the intellectual or the Eastern Establishment man. In short, he is not Jack Kennedy. But he is a man of very great intelligence and ability, genuinely dedicated to the national interest as he sees it—a big man, a strong man.

Perhaps he is too strong. The late Felix Frankfurter, talking about an old adversary, once began a sentence: "His weakness was. . . ." Then he paused, seeking the *mot juste*, and concluded triumphantly: ". . . was weakness." Weakness is the weakness of many men, but not of Lyndon Johnson. His weakness is strength. He is so powerful, his power is so visible, and he uses it with such implacable relish, that many people instinctively fear him. Fear and dislike are twin brothers, and this is certainly one reason, perhaps the chief reason, why dislike of Lyndon Johnson is now unquestionably widespread.

Yet if Lyndon Johnson can employ the power he loves in such a way as to achieve an honorable peace in Asia and to avoid uncontrollable racial violence at home, he will certainly go down in history as a President of the very first rank. Then such matters as his small vanities, and his itch to "try to be what he isn't," will be consigned to history's footnotes. □

'He listens to you so hard that it's deafening.'

A vivid political biography of L.B.J. starts next page ▮

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LYNDON B. JOHNSON:
The Exercise of Power

By ROWLAND EVANS AND ROBERT NOVAK

Beginning a major new book about the President's fabulous political career. Part One—Johnson in Congress.

To make the most of power for himself, a President must know what it is made of.
—Richard E. Neustadt in Presidential Power.

No man in American history became President with a greater relish for power or with more experience in its exercise than did Lyndon B. Johnson. Nor did any President assume the office with a prospect so spectacular in its opportunities and so difficult by the very nature of his assumption.

"Men . . . love their martyrs," Dostoevski wrote, "and honor those whom they have slain." On November 22, 1963, Johnson became President, but it was the martyred John F. Kennedy and the Kennedy legend that men loved. Kennedy left Johnson a plan in domestic affairs that was only partially completed, and this plan, energized by a national longing to atone for Kennedy's assassination, gave Johnson his matchless opportunity. With the same grasp of political genius that marked his earlier years as the Senate's Majority Leader, Johnson completed Kennedy's plan. Then, in unprecedented partnership with Congress, he carried it far forward with a plan of his own, the Great Society, a social and economic blueprint for a unified, prosperous America that excited and impressed the American people not only because of its audacious sweep but because so much of it became law.

The difficulty was the memory of Kennedy that still haunted Lyndon Johnson many months after he had been elected President in his own right. Thus, in the late spring of 1966, fully two and a half years after Kennedy's assassination, Johnson told a group of senators in the White House one evening: "They say Jack Kennedy had style, but I'm the one who's got the bills passed."

That was a typical Johnson reaction to criticism, and it contained a flash of self-revelation, exposing several truths about Lyndon Johnson: his ego, his hypersensitivity, his intensely personal reaction to his critics, his lack of taste in slighting the dead President, and his fierce sense of competition with everybody—including John Kennedy.

But there was another, far different Lyndon Johnson. In August, 1965, the new President dropped in unexpectedly on a birthday luncheon at the Capitol for Sen. George Aiken of Vermont, the much-beloved senior Republican of the Senate. All the Senate leaders were there, and for Johnson it was a triumphal homecoming.

"A few months ago," he told his colleagues, "we lost our beloved leader and colleague of many years, Jack Kennedy, in a terrible tragedy. He left partially finished many things he thought were in the best interests of our country. I happened to be called upon to pick up the torch that he had to leave. I want on behalf of this country, and on his behalf—watching us from heaven—to thank every member here for your help in carrying on some of the things he was leading us toward, especially the leaders at this table. I know he thanks you."

There was nothing contrived in those words. They were, in fact, an essence of the sentiment that marks the other Lyndon Johnson, spoken in the direct and unsophisticated idiom of the Texas hill country. Johnson is *both* men: the detractor of Kennedy and the keeper of Kennedy's memory, and herein lies part of the secret of his command of power. Johnson has shed many tears for himself, and he has shed tears for others. Johnson has cursed his friends behind their backs and showered them with presents. Johnson has unmercifully berated his closest White House aides in the presence of others, and has shown infinite tenderness when the occasion fit his mood.

Johnson is bigger than life—bigger in both the good and the bad. This is part of the contradiction that conceals the inner man. He hungers for affection, but his ego constantly intrudes. He preaches humility, but often subverts it with his own exuberant arrogance. In a deliberate exaggeration, one of his admiring counselors says: "Ninety percent of what he does is right, and ninety percent of the way he does it is wrong."

The conflict between objective and performance, between the public posture of the President and the private manipulations of the politician, is the essence of the Johnson paradox. The lofty

© 1966 by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak. Serialized from the forthcoming book, "Lyndon B. Johnson: The Exercise of Power," to be published by The New American Library, Inc., in October.

Franklin D. Roosevelt interrupted a vacation cruise to congratulate Johnson on election to Congress in 1937.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shortly before entering politics, the young New Dealer from Blanco County, Tex., posed for a camera portrait.

goal and the hard use of power to achieve it are essential components for any successful Presidency, but Johnson often overstates the goal and overuses his power to achieve it. Sometimes these characteristics have been self-defeating for him; sometimes they have produced greater accomplishments than he had any right to expect.

The theme of power unifies all of the contradictions of Lyndon Johnson. Whether exhibitionistic or unpretentious, whether considerate or insensitive, the single thrust of his long career has been the acquisition and the use of power. Johnson was born with the instinct of power, and long before he reached the White House he knew exactly where it rested, how to obtain it, and, most important, how to exercise it—sometimes with restraint, sometimes without. This ponderous, protean Texan, with the forbidding look of a chain-gang boss, knows more about the sources of power in the political world of Washington than any other President in this century. He can be as gentle and solicitous as a nurse, but as ruthless and deceptive as a riverboat gambler, with the veiled threat in his half-closed eyes. He has come a long way to the White House, and there is no harder road to travel anywhere in the world.

The contradictions that are Lyndon B. Johnson begin with his politics, which have vacillated between conservatism and liberalism throughout his entire career. In part, at least, Johnson's political ambivalence may be traced to his particular social and economic heritage as a Texan.

Johnson grew up in the rugged, poor, hill country near Austin, where for decades people had been forced to struggle to eke out a living. Johnson's political heritage was Texas-style Populism (his grandfather had been elected to the legislature as a Populist), a political creed that was less concerned with the theories of the class struggle than with a dollars-and-cents fight against Wall Street. Texas then was still cotton Texas. And cotton Texas was under the financial control of the powerful eastern money centers for its banking, its insurance and its export financing.

Yet the young Johnson was not simply a hill-country boy who hated the moneyed classes. Sam Ealy Johnson, Lyndon's father, was a member of the gentry in the Texas hill country. He served in the state legislature before and during World War I, when the membership was limited to those who could afford to live in Austin during the biennial sessions. By Blanco County standards, Sam Johnson had made and lost good-sized fortunes in agriculture, insurance and real estate before his financial condition began a steady decline in the agricultural depression of 1921. Those lean years for the Johnson family were Lyndon Johnson's formative years, but the Johnsons were still gentry in Blanco County. Accordingly, Lyndon Johnson did not seethe with the class struggle or scorn wealth—but he did harbor a fierce ambition to achieve the financial security that his father had lost.

In 1931, at the age of 23, Lyndon Johnson went to Washington for the first time as secretary to Congressman Richard Kleberg, a part-owner of the fabulous King Ranch. Kleberg was an archetypal Texas plutocrat with political views to match. Yet Johnson, for all his Populist background, spent four apparently happy years working for him. Then, with that sense of opportunism

Former Pres. Harry Truman, party chairman Mitchell and Sen. Johnson gathered at 1954 fund-raising dinner.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Texan showed a talent for collecting political IOU's.

With Lady Bird at his side, Johnson awaits introduction to the Texas Democratic convention—and nomination for Senate—in 1948.

that served him so well in later years, Johnson switched sides in 1935 and joined the ranks of the radical New Dealers.

He went back to Texas to take a job as the state director of the National Youth Administration (NYA), a post he got with the help of Sam Rayburn, a political ally of Sam Johnson.

In 1937, at the age of 28, Johnson resigned his NYA job to become one of the seven major Democratic candidates who entered a special election for a congressional seat. All of the other candidates were anti-New Deal. Testing here and there, Johnson quickly found that the more he praised Roosevelt the more he gained on his opponents.

Johnson even dared to back Roosevelt's bitterly controversial plan to enlarge the Supreme Court so that he could pack it with New Dealers. When Johnson swept to victory, Roosevelt was more than gratified. He interrupted a vacation cruise in the Gulf of Mexico to meet Johnson in Galveston the day after the election.

From this special election, and the beginning of his unique relationship with Roosevelt, flowed a cornucopia of political favors. The electric power and water needed for his dry, resource-starved district came from the New Deal. Through Roosevelt's help, Johnson landed a seat on the House Naval Affairs Committee.

But most important, the doors were opened to the great and near-great—to the princes of the New Deal who usually didn't come within miles of a freshman congressman. In separate conversations, Roosevelt remarked to those two feuding chieftains of the New Deal, Harold Ickes and Harry Hopkins, that here was the kind of young man Franklin Roosevelt might have been—if he hadn't been saddled with a Harvard education! Further, the President added, young Johnson could well become the first President from the South since the Civil War. Ickes and Hopkins got the message and began introducing Johnson around and doing him little favors.

The Johnson those powerful men came to know and admire was a tall, lanky, black-haired young man with a thin, straight-line mouth between two unforgettable features—a chin that jutted far out and slightly up from the lower jaw, with a deep cleft in the middle, and a large overhanging nose with wide nostrils. The face was long and thin in those early days, and it was flanked by two very large ears with long, hanging lobes. Entirely dominating this angular landscape were the eyes: dark, intense and slightly menacing. To those he courted, such as Roosevelt's bright young men, Johnson was ingratiating, gay, cocksure and, on occasion, hilariously funny. To the rest of the world his manner changed with his mood, and his mood was frequently overbearing. He chain-smoked, he combed his glistening hair straight back, and he fancied gabardine suits a cut too big for him, with the trousers worn long. He wore shirts with extra-long collars and exotic ties with small, hard knots.

Above all, Johnson loved to talk—but his only topic was politics, the affairs of government and power. Exuberantly self-confident in dealing with the mightiest of the New Deal, the freshman congressman betrayed his nervous energy by his inability to sit still and his insistence on doing something, going someplace, seeing someone. Soon much of Washington was hearing from him. At Christmastime government officials who scarcely knew the young couple from Texas were amazed when fat holiday turkeys arrived from Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson.

One of Johnson's typically clever coups was a birthday surprise he planned for Sam Rayburn in the late 1930's. Johnson convinced White House staffers that it would be politically profitable for Roosevelt—and a mighty nice thing for Rayburn—if Roosevelt were to give Rayburn a new hat for his birthday. Where? In the President's Oval Office, of course. Roosevelt said yes, and Johnson bought the hat and invited the major committee chairmen in the House and a few Texas congressmen to attend the affair. According to plan, Roosevelt phoned Rayburn, fibbing that he was in a frightful jam and needed help at once. That drew Rayburn into the Oval Office for the surprise party.

The net gain for the young congressman from Texas: a front-page newspaper picture showing him in the Oval Office with Rayburn and Roosevelt; a debt of gratitude from Rayburn; a pocketful of political IOU's from the congressmen that Johnson had slipped into the White House; and a growing conviction in the Washington power structure that here was an operator.

This fast-moving, gabby young Texan fascinated the White House inner staff. But Roosevelt's men had no illusion about his ideological commitment. Johnson, they suspected, was a young man of infinite practicality, unencumbered with theory. His admiration for Roosevelt—as viewed by Roosevelt's staff—was regard for action and power, more than for ideology. Roosevelt was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Johnson's idol. Johnson consciously began to imitate the President's imperious manner and colorful speech patterns. He studied with fascination the way F.D.R. played off subordinates, one against the other.

Why did Johnson turn to the White House rather than to Sam Rayburn, his fellow Texan, and the most important man in the House? Simply because Johnson's future, as he already had it measured and mapped, did not lie in the House. The tortuous climb up the seniority ladder, some 20 years' apprenticeship at Sam Rayburn's knee, were not for Johnson. The Senate was his goal—and, for a statewide race, Johnson knew that Roosevelt's political charisma was worth even more than Sam Rayburn's patronage.

Johnson's friends in the House knew from the beginning he was waiting for his chance at the Senate, and that chance came when Sen. Morris Sheppard of Texas died on April 9, 1941. A special election to pick his successor was set for June 28. The White House was militantly behind Johnson, and the pro-Roosevelt tone of the campaign was reinforced when Johnson announced his candidacy from the very steps of the White House.

But, by accepting the President's blessing, Johnson also had to accept Roosevelt's policies. His speeches took on a somber, preachy tone, with the young congressman admonishing both labor and business to stand behind Roosevelt in a time of national emergency. Johnson's lack of fire contrasted sharply with the brassy campaign of his principal opponent: demagogic, isolationist Gov. W. Lee (Pass the Biscuits Pappy) O'Daniel, an undereducated grain salesman from Kansas who had been elected governor eight months earlier on a lurid program of pension promises. Now, campaigning from a flatbed truck with a country band whooping it up behind him, Pappy O'Daniel played to the rising conservatism of Texas. He flayed the New Deal as a "gang of back-slapping, pie-eating, pussyfooting professional politicians who couldn't run a peanut stand."

Although Johnson led by 5,000 votes the day after election, the margin steadily shrank as "corrected" returns poured in from rural counties. Four days later, O'Daniel was declared the winner over Johnson by a margin of 1,311 votes (out of approximately 600,000 cast). When Johnson returned to Washington, Roosevelt needled him. The first thing *he* had learned in New York politics, he said, was to sit on the ballot boxes until the ballots were counted. Johnson learned that lesson himself from his 1941 defeat—but he also learned a deeper lesson: to run in Texas as a devout Roosevelt New Dealer was becoming less and less a political asset. The fact that he had learned this lesson he kept to himself.

After a seven-month leave from Congress as a U.S. Naval Reserve officer immediately following Pearl Harbor, Johnson was reelected to the House in 1942, his fourth straight victory, and earned respect for his fair and skillful direction of a subcommittee set up by Carl Vinson to investigate the progress of the war.

Johnson was to become a veteran of Vinson's committee, with a slightly terrifying self-confidence and a brashness that did not diminish as he grew older. When a hostile witness testified on a major military bill, Johnson occasionally would set his alarm wristwatch to sound off at a moment calculated to deflate the speaker.

While serving on Vinson's committee, Johnson also displayed two of (*Continued on page 70*)

Much of Johnson's success has come from his ability to make political allies of such congressional leaders as Hubert Humphrey and Richard Russell (left and right in top picture) and (receiving kiss) Speaker Sam Rayburn.

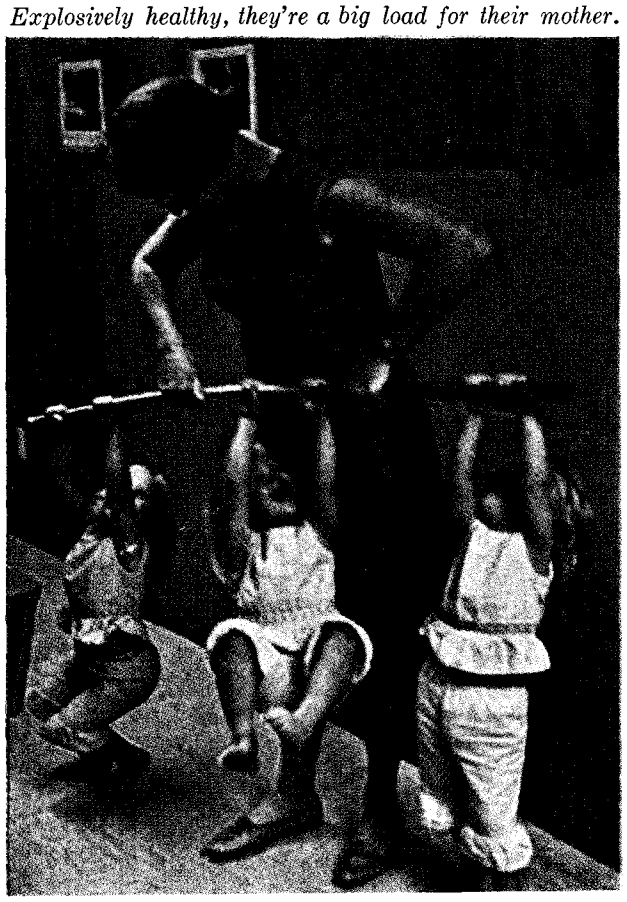
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

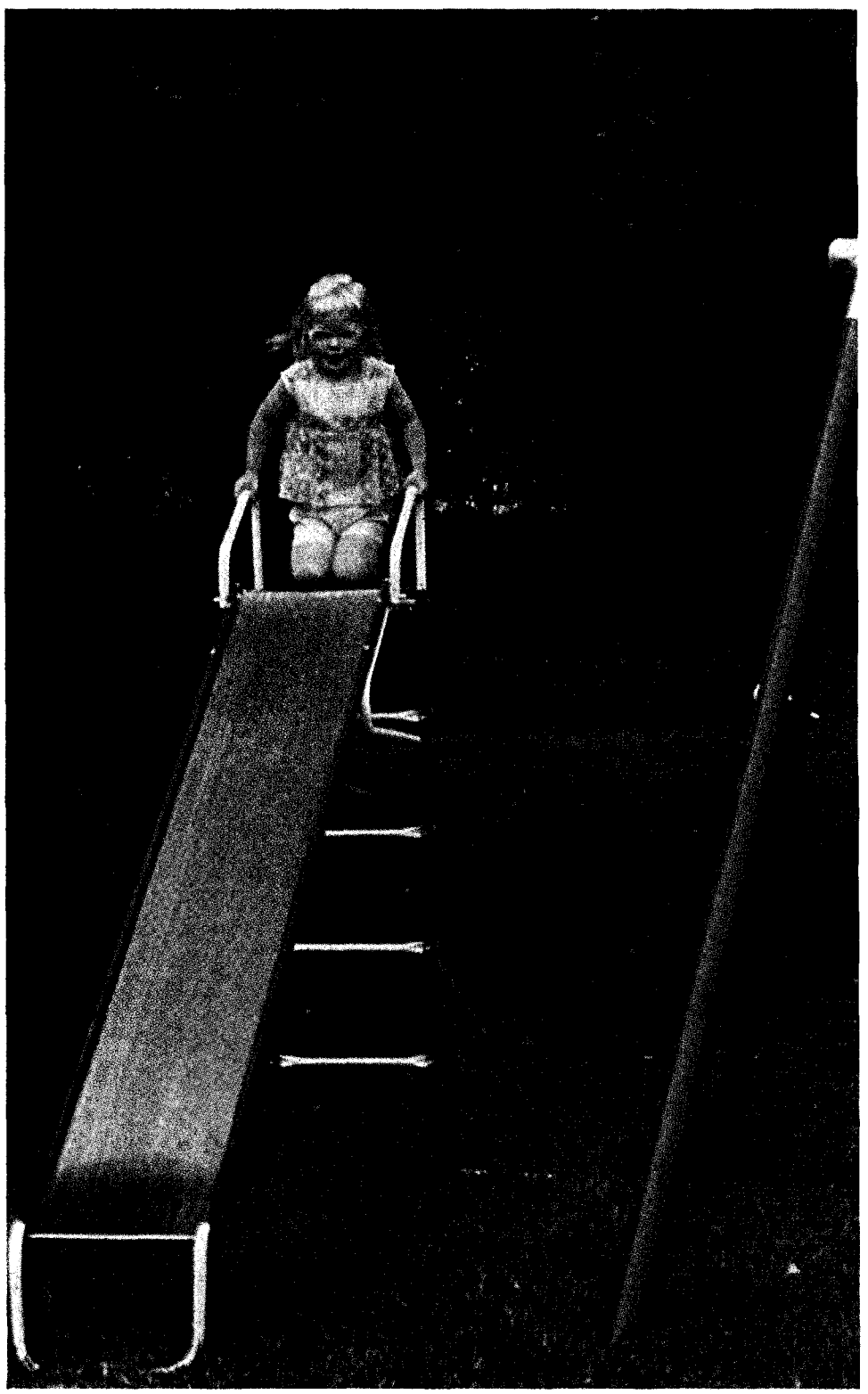
AND NOW THEY ARE

The Fischer quints are developing lively personalities and imaginative new ways to keep their

Mary Ann and Andy Fischer of Aberdeen, South Dakota, talked optimistically of having a "quiet" family-style birthday party. But quietness is rare in their household now. The Fischer quintuplets, three years old on September 14, have exploded out of their toddler phase and reached what some mothers think is the hardest-to-handle phase of all. Threeness dominates the Fischers' big farm home. The quints and their two-year-old sister Cindy keep the house thundering with noise and action. Indoors, where they have learned to turn doorknobs, their patient 10-year-old brother Danny keeps his toys locked away. Outdoors, they like to climb on their father's farm equipment and pick their mother's flowers. Mary Ann has now had to hire full-time help. "You look away for a minute," she says, "and one of the quints is gone."

Explosively healthy, they're a big load for their mother.





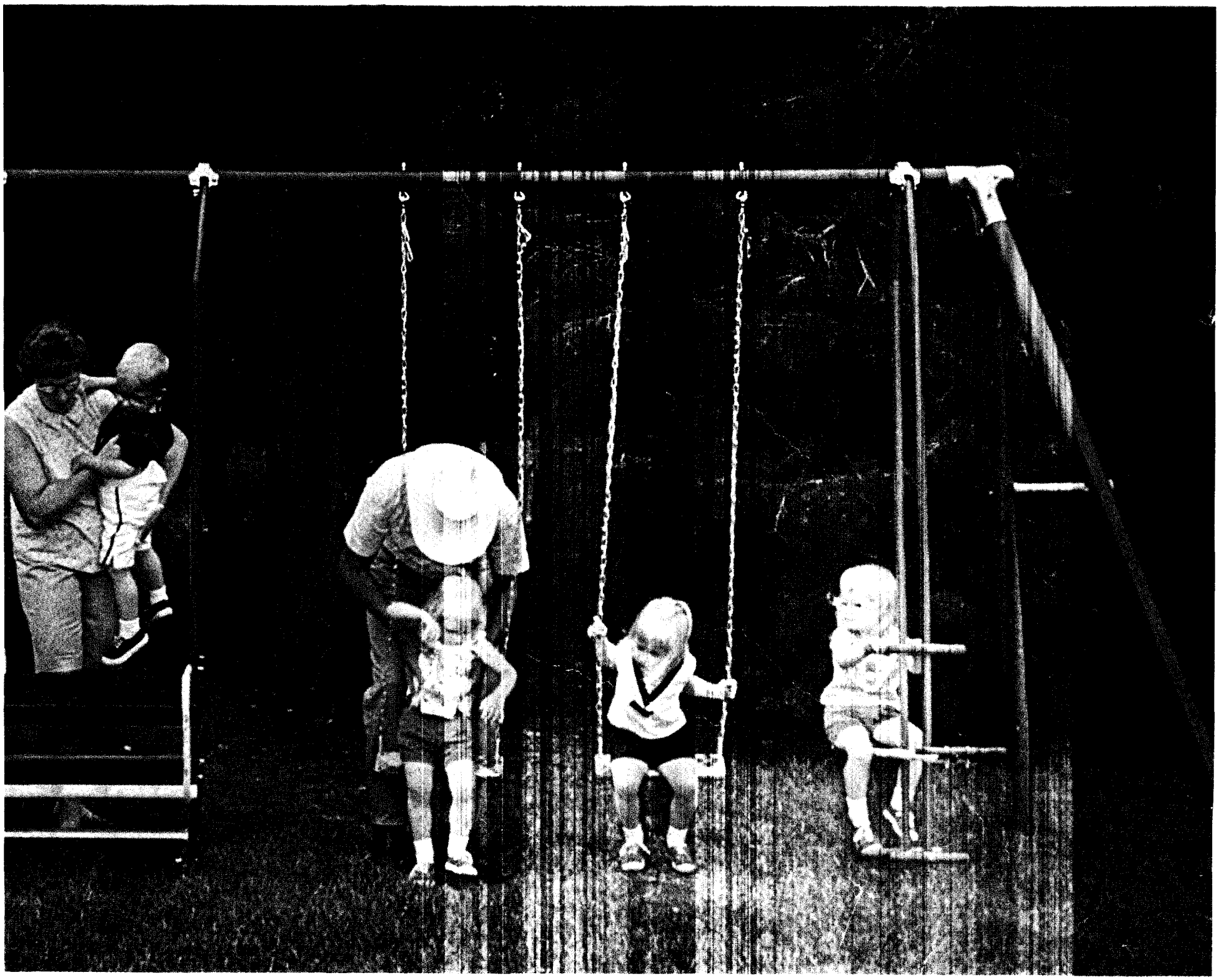
Photographs by SUZANNE SZASZ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THREE

parents busy.

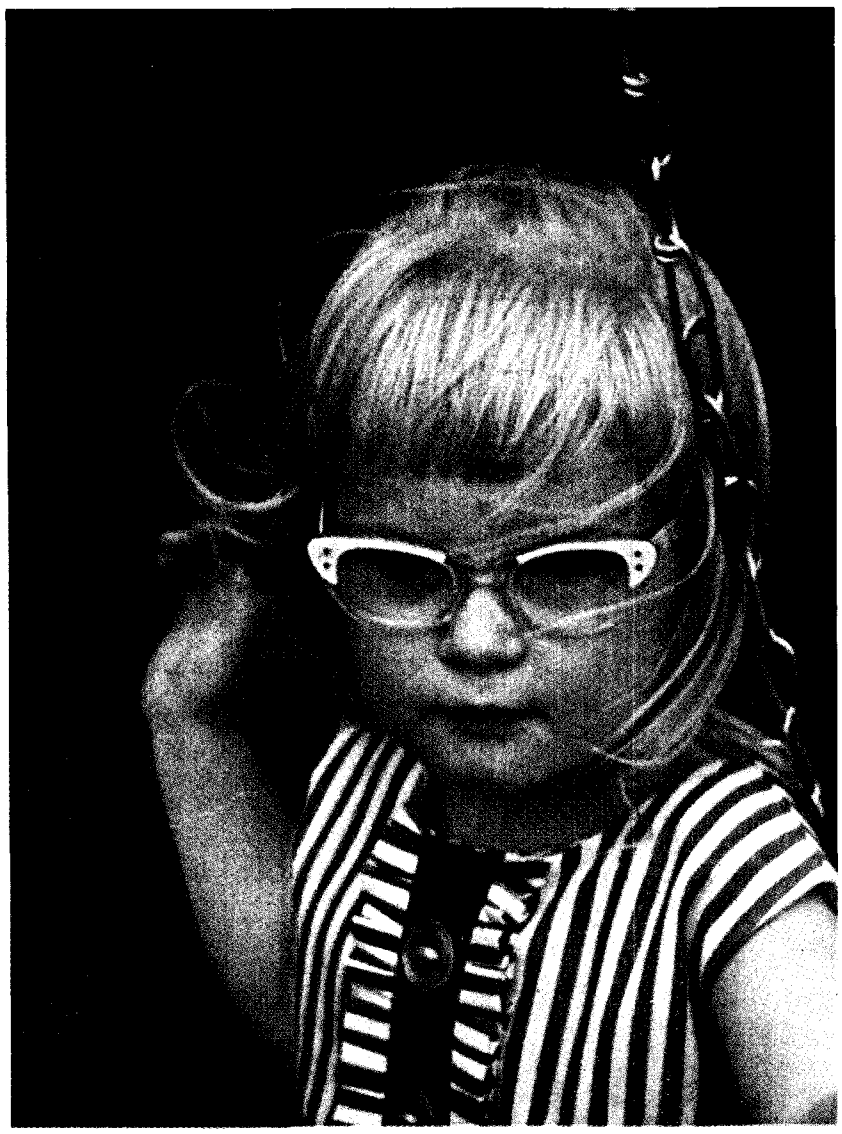
Mary Ann counts heads constantly outdoors. Little Cindy [illegible] as now a member of the gang.



***The** quints play at their grandparents' farm. They have many toys to keep them busy, but they get equal delight from non-toys. They play around the family car or watch their older brother dig for worms. "Sometimes," says their mother, "they all go in different directions."*

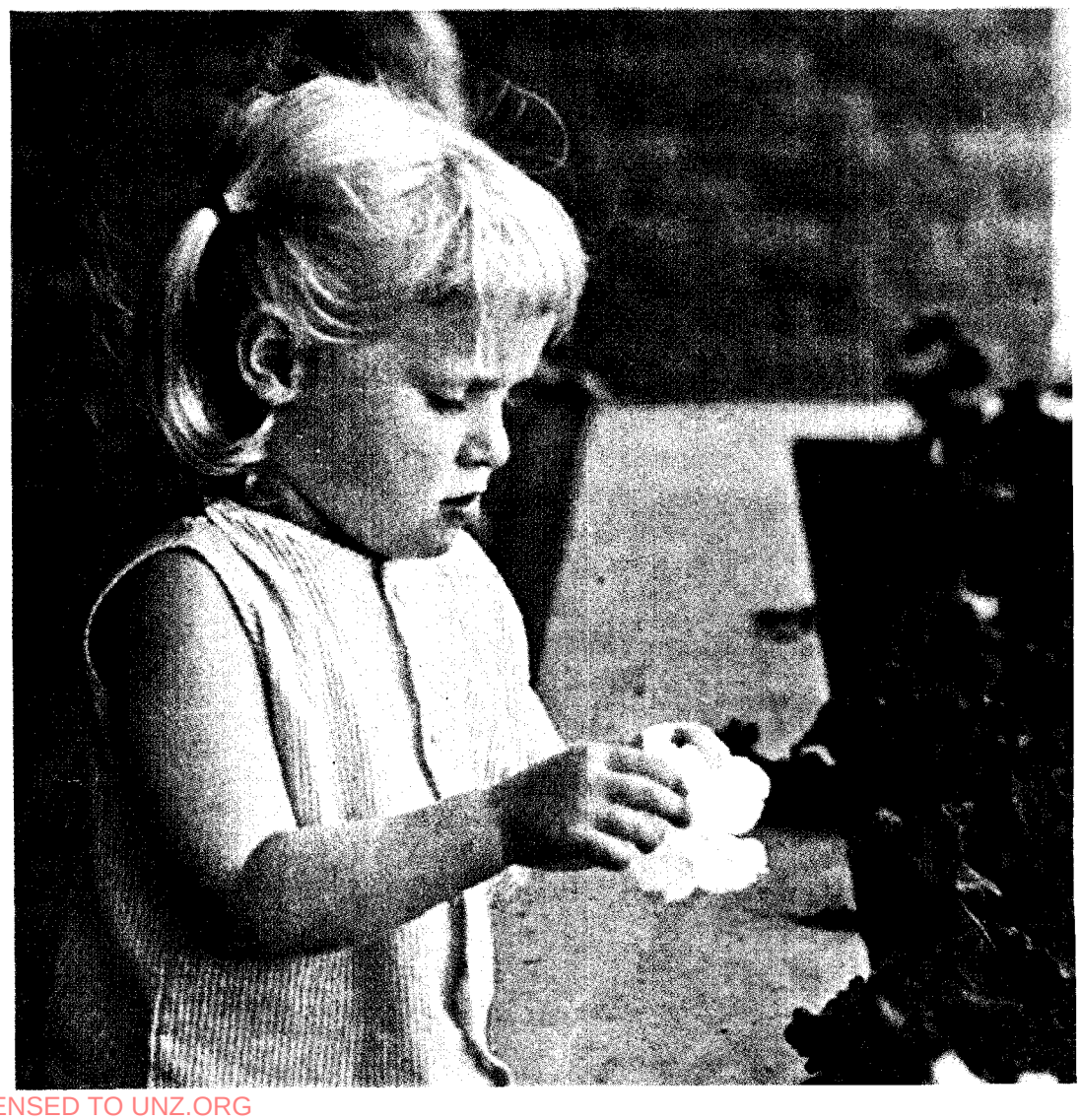
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAGGIE



MARY ANN

Mrs. Fischer:
'Just take the
problems mothers
ordinarily have
with three-year-olds,
multiply by five. . . .'



CATHY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

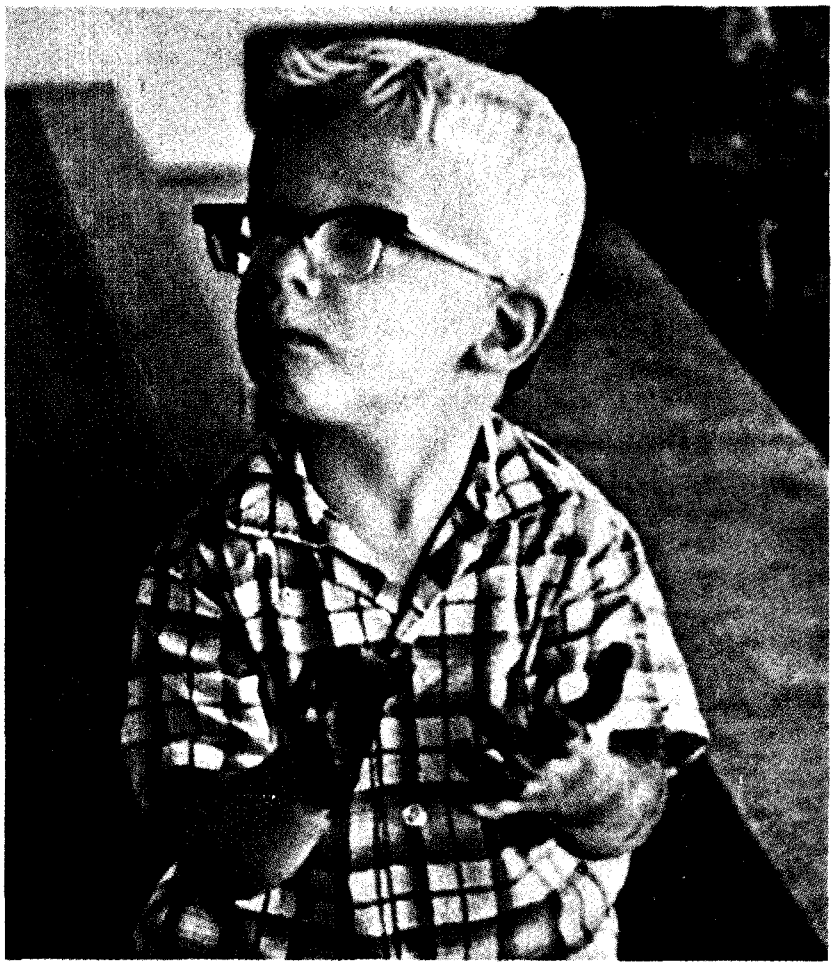
MARGIE

The quints are developing individual personalities. Jimmy, in particular, spends less and less time with his four sisters—and in turn they sometimes bar him from their games. Yet the five still think much alike. They have been slow in learning to talk, probably because they can communicate among themselves without words.

The five still look alike, too, though differences in size are growing more apparent. Jimmy is the biggest (he weighs about 34 pounds), and Cathy and Mary Ann are the smallest—about the same size as their "little" sister Cindy. Their mother says she can always tell the quints apart, but their father sometimes mixes up Maggie and Cathy.

Their health has been robust since the early weeks of struggle after their premature birth. Three wear glasses to correct weak eye muscles—a common condition in premature babies. All three have adjusted to the glasses comfortably.

With the Phase of Three comes toilet training. "I went downtown and bought two dozen pairs of training pants," says Mary Ann, recalling the first day of the lesson. "Before the day was over I might just as well not have had any."



JIMMY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'They can be little angels one minute. Then. . . .'

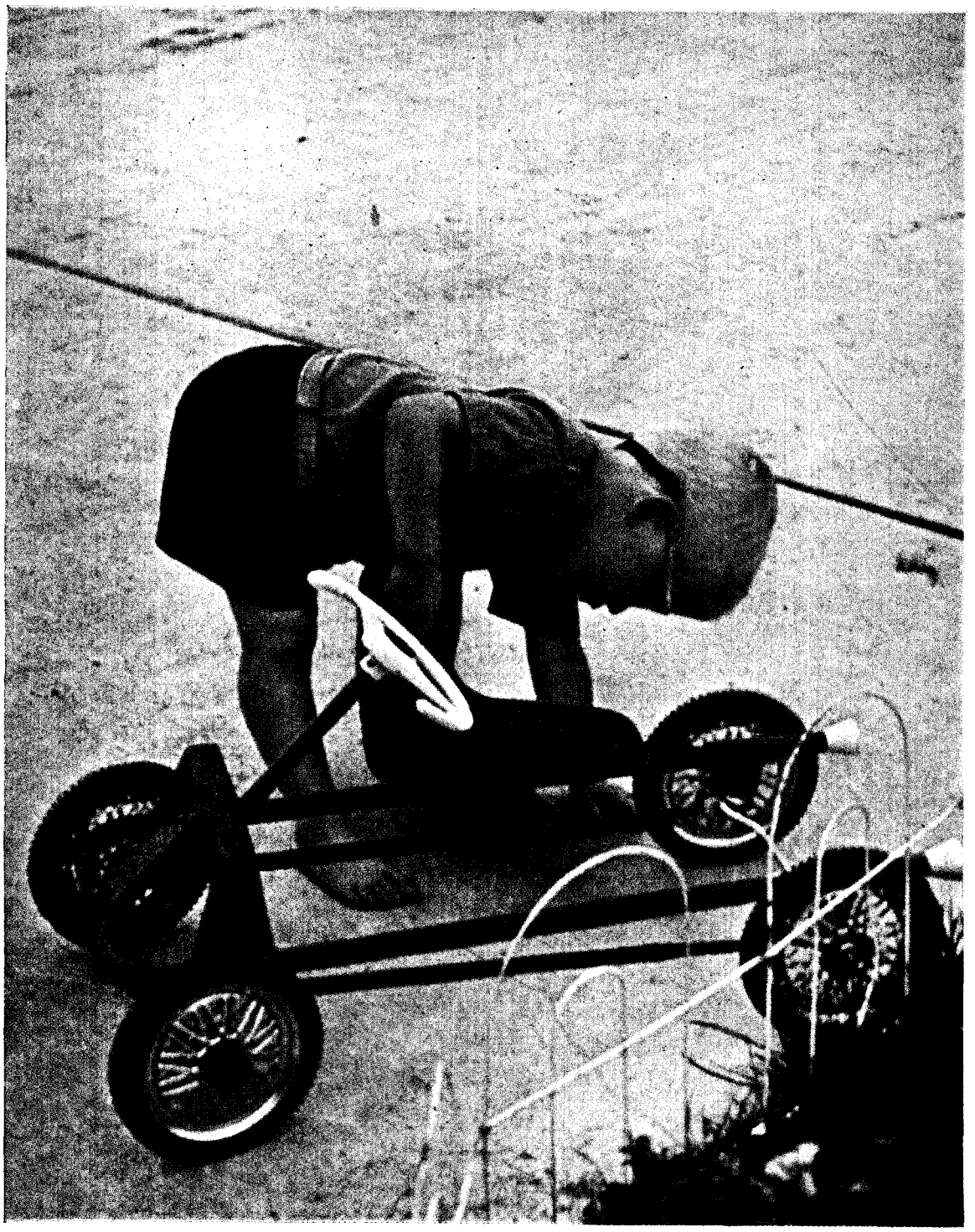
At about 6 A.M. the quints begin to prowl the house—and Mary Ann's nonstop day begins. She dresses them, sometimes in identical clothes—because it's easier, not because she prefers to see them that way—and they go down to breakfast. The quints eat in high chairs. When they graduate to the family table the 13 Fischers will have to eat in shifts.

After breakfast Andy goes out to work the 800-acre farm, where a herd of 120 Hereford cattle is thriving. Sometimes the quints and their mother visit him in the field, but most often they are to be found around the house. Mary Ann sometimes worries about their seclusion ("The babies have had a feeling of being penned up"), yet she hesitates to take them on many trips away from the house. She feels uncomfortable when people stare at her and the quints.

She sometimes tries gardening while watching them, but it's difficult. Recently she looked up and found three quints missing. They were ambling down the road by the house. "I spanked them all the way home."

The house is quiet when the quints are asleep, but their after-lunch nap is getting ever shorter. At night they are put to bed at about eight o'clock—"for the first time," says Andy. Peace finally descends upon the house and the tired parents at about 9:15.

"Patience," says Mary Ann, with a sigh. "That's the big word."



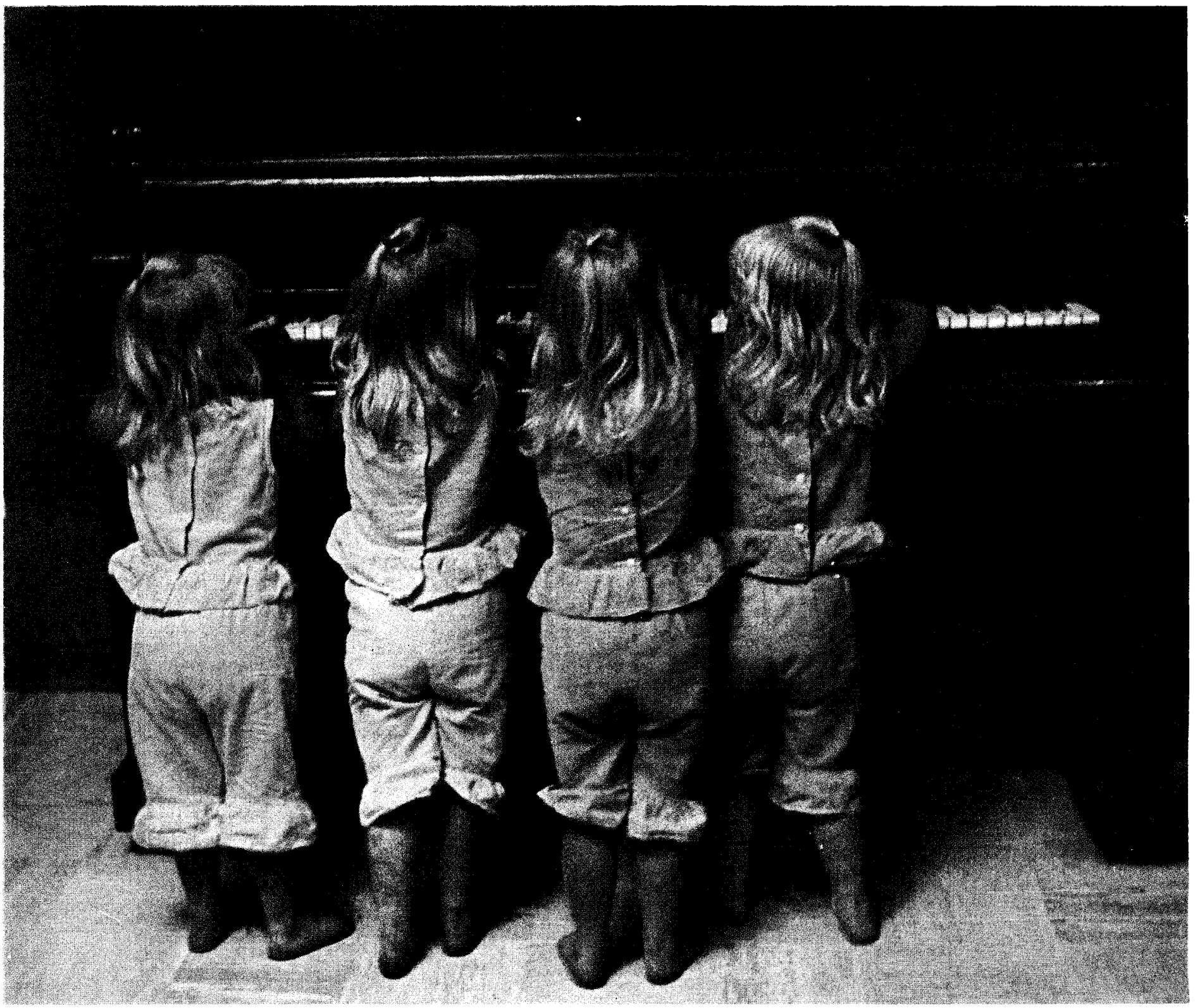
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Left) Once a week Mary Ann gives her children a shampoo in the kitchen, where she finds the dish sprinkler handy for rinsing.

(Right) Jimmy helps a sister on with her shoe. The quints' four older sisters often help get them dressed in the mornings.

(Lower left) Jimmy plays alone more often than any of the girls. Sometimes the girls gang up on him, though not usually for long.

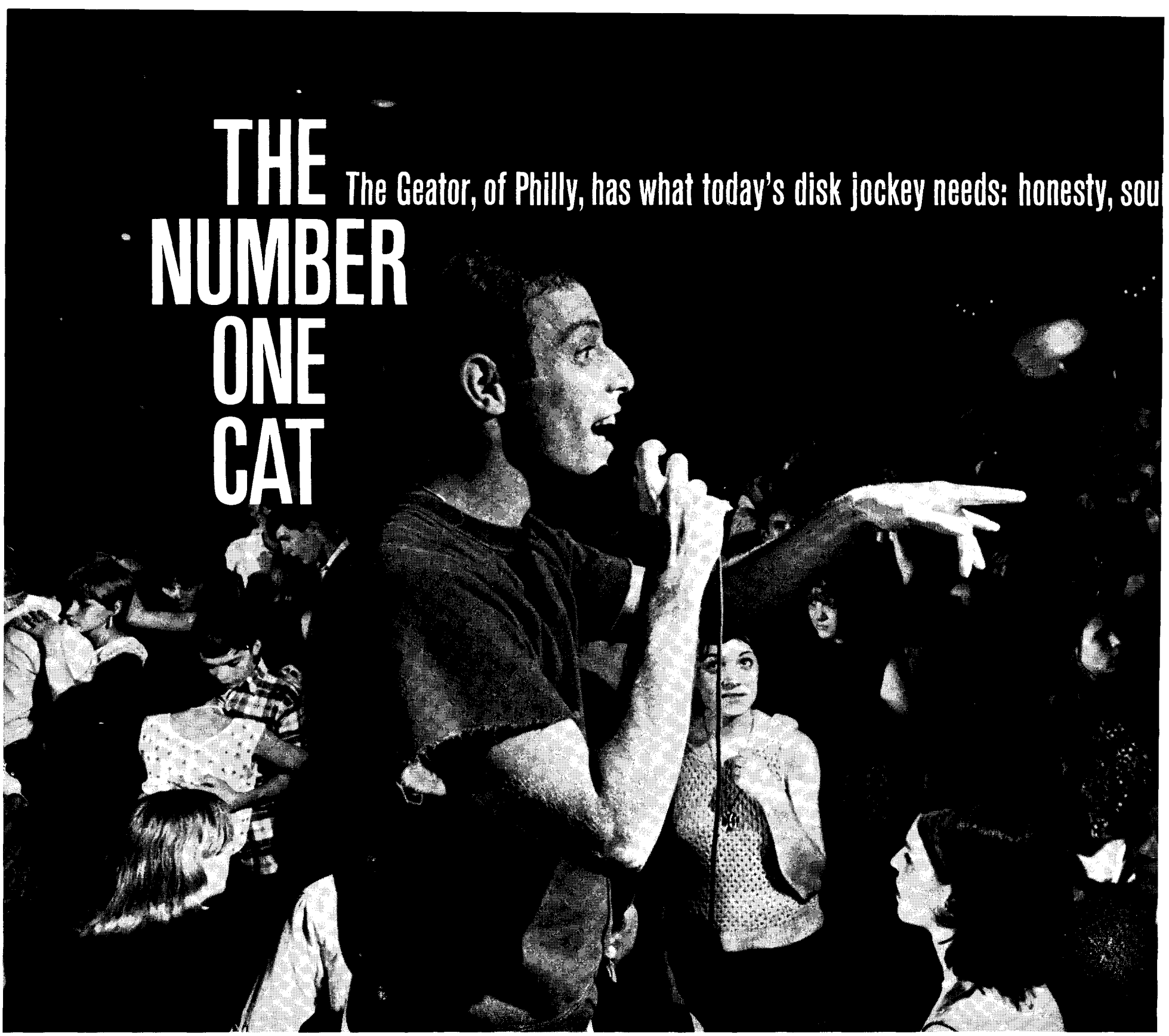
(Lower right) The girls pound the piano before going to bed. They've had an active day, but they hate to admit they're tired.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NUMBER ONE CAT

The Geator, of Philly, has what today's disk jockey needs: honesty, sou



By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

There is no shortage of active disk jockeys in most good-sized American cities, but among popular-music *aficionados*, there is only one per city who is really the *man*, the No. 1 cat. He may not have the greatest number of listeners and his may be one of the smaller stations, but he is the only one who digs, who really *knows*. In Miami, the man is Butterball; in Baltimore, Fat Daddy; and in Allentown, Pa., you have to give it to Frantic Freddy. For a number of years the fastest rock-'n'-roll gun in New York City was B. Mitchell Reid (Big B.M.R.), and in Philadelphia today—known as a "Break-out Town" for new rock-'n'-roll songs and dances—all the marbles belong to a remarkable young 24-year-old named Jerry Blavat, the "Geator with the Heater," the "Boss with the Hot Sauce." Typically, his 1,000-watt station, WCAM, is puny alongside some of the Philadelphia giants, and his foxes (young girls) and coyotes (boys) must practically put their ears inside their transistors to pick the Geator's sound out of the static. You can't get him in a bathroom and you can't pick him up on the Schuylkill Expressway bridge; if you live in South Jersey, forget about it. But there are 500,000 teen-agers in a 15-square-mile area of Philadelphia who manage to tune in on him and would gladly form platoons and follow the Geator in a triple-time Bug-A-Loo all the way to Upper Volta if he so much as suggested that's where the action was.

I am not really sure who "They" are, but in the deejay business, just as in novel-writing and even army-commanding, "They" don't allow you simply to go to the station and play records anymore. If you are any good at all, the idea is to become a personality, to do record hops, make personal appearances, lead parades, to get yourself a local TV show. The word "national" then comes into the picture, and the hope is that you will go all the way and become Dick Clark and Lloyd Thaxton and Murray the K with your own national TV disco show and your own fan clubs. "They" insist on it. All of this is now happening to the Geator, who adapted his name from 'gator, or alligator. His income from the radio show is $28 a week and he does it mainly for publicity, but the hops and the appearances and the albums and the TV show put him in the $135,000 bracket, and the feeling seems to be that the Geator is ready to "go national." His radio show was on WHAT in Philadelphia when I met him, but a couple of weeks ago he switched to WCAM, which is in nearby Camden, N.J., and serves the same area. The reason he switched was that WHAT wanted him to broadcast live instead of on tape, and that would have interfered with his record hops.

A short while ago the Geator was just a pleasant young man with a smooth style and a microphone serving up the Versatiles, the Silhouettes, the Drifters, telling the kids at Bishop Neumann High how to stay out of the jackpot (trouble), breaking up a rumble or two on Aramingo Ave., and, between Golden Oldies, telling his young listeners that he, too, knew what it was like to be in love

Photographs by I. C. Rapoport

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Geator, Jerry Blavat, gives out with his special patter for the foxes (girls) and coyotes (boys) at a North Philadelphia record hop.

During another record hop (right), the Geator dances on stage with delighted fans. Most hop records are too jumpy and raucous for radio.

chords that made it all so appealing at the start.

The "honest foundation" for the Geator is his radio deejay show, and it is above his Wynnefield garage (where he often prerecords his broadcast) or wedged inside a castle of records at the station that he seems most comfortable. In his seat he does the Wagner Walk or the Boomerang or one of the other new Philly dances; his eyes glaze over, he makes sensual faces, strange, woofing, barking, jungle "soul" cries, and for two to four hours he "feels" his teen-age audience, feeding them two from the fast pile, one from the slow, sometimes vice versa, guiding their mood as though he were at the controls of a giant, swinging, teen-age bomber. All talk on the show must have a beat ("Kings and queens, yon royal teens, this is your Geator with the Heater coming to you on Big-Tahm Thursday where we rock the big tick-tock, where we got the class to beat all of the blast from the past") right down to the commercials ("Pick up your heels, pick up on wheels . . . at Bob-O-Phonic Bob Zimmerman's Used Car Emporium. . . .") and so closely is the Geator tied to his control board, so firmly is his style hooked into the Big Beat that you begin to think of him after a while as just another rocking, grooving stereo component. He built the show by regularly playing Oldies (records which at one time or another were on the best-seller charts), by playing the "flip" sides of many hits (which turned out to be better than the hits), by tuning himself in to the musical taste of Philly teen-agers which, for some reason, is a little different from that of other teen agers (there's never been that much admiration for the Beatles, for example), and in some way getting him self accepted by the teen-agers as a peaceful, trustworthy emissary from the adult world. (When a Philadelphia teen-ager runs away from home, becomes pregnant, gets busted by the fuzz, his or her first phone call will often enough be to the Geator.) He talks effectively over records (an insufferable practice when tried by other jockeys), has fought a one-man crusade against format radio (that style of broadcast in which you simply do your jingles, sports, and play records from the Top 40). His main thrust has been the delivery of advice to teen-agers on love (take the good with the bad) and growing up (you are what the cat above made you, man), which is bone-chillingly clichéd but recognizes that to be a teen-ager at all is to be, by definition, a living cliché, and that any kind of recognition at all, from the adult world, is priceless nectar.

and to be out there mackin' in a chariot with your fox and then to wind up taking a lump. But now a new kind of army has begun to gather; there are the kindly old agents and the hot-shot, tuned-in new ones, tax accountants and P.R. men and soft-drink salesmen and network execs, and if you show up on the scene and have a pleasing style, the Geator will only half-kiddingly offer to put you on the payroll for six bills a week. There's been a move from South Philly to a 22-roomer in fashionable Wynnefield, and there is an entourage and hangers-on with word from Vegas that Frank and Joey B. and Dino and Don Rickles are all "highly aware" of the Geator. But despite all the action, the Geator is nervous, vaguely unsettled, not quite himself. What he senses, of course, is that he is at that critical stage in the American Success Story; you have begun with something fine and rich and sound, extended it because that is the national style, are about to "make it," and then you realize with a kind of glum poignancy that you have got to "pay the man"; the price almost always is that you lose touch for all time with those early, honest

Doing what he digs most, the Geator tapes a radio show at the studio above his garage in suburban Wynnefield.

The kids buy it, and the proof is that when another deejay slips into this pattern, the kids stone him to death. But it is not enough, of course, and the Geator is about to go "really big."

One of the Geator's new acquisitions is a public-relations expert named Warren Weiner, a worried-looking fellow of indeterminate age, who picked me up in a rainstorm at the Philadelphia train station, apologized for being late and told me that nothing had been engineered, and that I would see the Geator as he really is. "If Jer wants a beer, he'll order a beer. If it's schnapps, he'll order schnapps, straight out." He said that the Geator was taping a TV show and that I should be on the alert for two Jer's, the one who would come on strong during the taping and then the real Jer, the way he is at home with Mrs. Geator and his four daughters, the Geatorettes. "His relationship with the kids is beautiful." Weiner listed the many stars who had come out of South Philadelphia—Chubby Checker, Bobby Rydell, Frank Fontaine, Fabian, Eddie Fisher, Gretchen Wyler, Mario Lanza—and said

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that now there was Jer. "He's Dick Clark, up to date, for today's teens. It's no longer enough to be a deejay with a pretty face. You must be involved with them and speak their lingo. They want *themselves* up there and that's Jer." Weiner explained that the Philadelphia kids had rejected a go-go style and invented their own dances, the Slow Fizz, the Twist, the Philly Dog, the Discaphonic Walk. On the way into the station, Weiner leaned over and whispered, "Secretly, I don't dig any of it and I'm a Glen Gray man. What can I do?"

On the sound stage, the Geator was standing in a group of teen-agers he uses as dancers on his TV show, and for a few minutes it was hard to pick him out of the crowd. Warren Weiner said the kids were nonprofessional, that the Geator had recruited them from his record hops and given them names such as Plastic Legs, South Philly Lil, the Dugan Kid and Bern-a-phonic Bernie. A problem with these "movie stars" is that they would get fan mail from viewers and start to preen about on camera. "But they're part of Jer's Gestalt," said Weiner. "Watch how he handles them. He'll be one of them, keeping just enough distance, then suddenly flail out and say, 'Stay out of the jackpot.'"

The Geator came forward and introduced himself, an appealing young man with a warm smile; he carries his chin high at first, but gradually lowers it as he gets to know you. He said, "Hi, Bruce-a-phonic," and explained that he was having his hands full working the Clara Ward Gospel Singers into his teen show. But he'd had that with Dizzy Gillespie, too, until he'd said, "OK, Diz-a-phonic, never mind the adult schticklach, get on the yon teen scene. Yon is from Shakespeare."

The Clara Ward Singers seemed quite bored and out of sorts, as though they had waited too long for a bus. The Geator warmed them up a little by saying, "Hello, ladies, you're only the greatest and touch my tambourine." He then leaped into a lighting man's arms and got a snicker from Clara Ward herself. "He makes himself one of them," said Warren Weiner. "The Geator gimmick is something he thought up one day, shaving in the mirror, and let me tell you it can sell the hell out of Pepsi." The Clara Ward Singers then did their number, a frenzied version of *Dry Bones*, turning the whole studio into a rocking, stampeding revival meeting. "That stones me, man," said the Geator, greatly relieved and passing out hugs to the girls. "I have seen the light. There are only a few of us left."

We took a coffee break, the Geator leading an entourage consisting of Bob Olander, his TV director, Warren Weiner, Plastic Legs and Bern-a-phonic Bernie. There were always a few teen-agers in close attendance, and it seemed to me they were invariably kids from broken families. The Geator, too, had been from a broken family, and they seemed to smell it on him. A woman came over to the table for an autograph, and he said, "OK, but only if you sign yours for me, because I love you more than the sun, the moon and the stars." At the table the Geator seemed anxious to block out the TV show and talk about radio. He said he had built his show by digging out Oldies that had never made it, with sayings such as "Fresh from the hot heater (car heater)," by standing firm against format radio, and most of all by sensing the special musical appetite of the hip Philadelphia teen-ager. "If I don't dig it," the Geator said, "it could be my father out there grooving on the record and I won't play it." It had been hell during the Beatle reign, when there had been much pressure to get on the bandwagon. "But I sensed that it just didn't have enough soul for my kids. The Stones, yes, the Beatles, no. So I'd go up to Fonzo's Restaurant and the upper-class kids would say how come no Beatles and I'd say it's just not my schticklach, not my groove, not for my kids. So I finally gave in and played a few, and I got bombarded by phone calls saying 'Geator, what you doing, man?'"

"Don't ever be subjugated," said Bob Olander, the TV director.

"'Where the *re*-action is' might very well serve as his slogan," said Warren Weiner.

"A kid can spot a phony," said the Geator. "He won't lie to you, but an adult will speak with forked tongue. I'm just a little cockroach kid myself."

"He's a sincere, honest guy," said Bob Olander, "and big kids, little kids, they're all the same to the Geator."

Back at the station Warren Weiner introduced me to a station executive named Virginia Lundgren, who said, "If ever there was a guy who epitomizes his generation, it's Jer."

"How's that?" I asked.

She looked peevish, as though I had hit her with an unfair multiple-choice question, a real stumper, and then she tried "His get up and go," waiting apprehensively, as though I were going to check her reply on an answer sheet.

A cluster of new teen-agers, released from school, had washed into the studio, some to dance with the Geator on the show and others to sit in the audience. The boys were a curious mixture of English mod and Pennsylvania coal mine; the girls, for the most part, wore braces and had uncertain complexions, but their features were pretty and I noticed that the television camera blotted out their defects and added at least 60 percent to their appeal. For some mysterious reason, the favorite rock-'n'-roll dances in Philadelphia are not those solitary non-connected affairs you see on both coasts, but rather the "line" dances in which great groups of kids line up in formations to dance in a military-communal style. The Geator organized a few of these, was swallowed up in them; and although they were far from precise in their execution, they struck me as being more fun to watch than the more professional *Shindig*- and *Hullabaloo*-style dances.

"The theater of the mind isn't enough for today's kids," said Warren Weiner. "They have to *see* the deejay on TV. The Geator gimmick is enormous, and as I see it we may even get a Debbie Drake thing out of it—pens, shirts, albums, the works."

I talked to some of the teen-agers in the audience who said they liked the Geator because (1) he was rich, yet didn't wear fancy clothes; (2) he was really one of them; (3) you could really call him if you were in trouble; (4) he really knew what it was like; (5) he was much better than their folks to talk to; and (6) he stood up against the English thing.

"I don't talk like him," one boy assured me, "but my friend Killercycle Pete does."

The Geator finished taping and told me, "It's true most of these disco shows have probably had it, but there is no other Geator with the Heater, no Boss with the Red Hot Sauce." But he said it almost beseechingly.

We got into his Geatormobile, a

At the wheel of the Geatormobile, his custom-designed Buick Riviera, the Geator passes out pleasantries and advice to a cluster of "my yon teen-agers."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Elegant Bisque of Tomato Soup makes a family lunch that's company good!

This is the creamiest, most elegant tomato soup you ever tasted. With succulent pieces of summer tomatoes in a smooth, rich, tomato-cream purée. So different, so delicious . . . Campbell's Bisque of Tomato Soup makes a special occasion of the simplest family meal. Want to treat *your* family like company? Reach for the Campbell's. It's right on your shelf.

You always eat better with Campbell's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Does Your Dog Have Roundworms?

Just Mix Sergeant's® Worm-Away® in His Food.

As a matter of fact, that's the way to keep your dog free of large roundworms throughout the year. Every three months, add some Worm-Away to his food. That's all. Safe enough for puppies six to eight weeks old. Complete information in each package. Only 98¢ at drugstores and pet counters.

Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE

FREE DOG-CARE BOOK:
Packed with facts on feeding, training, ailments. Send a postcard with your name and address to Sergeant's, Dept. 105, Richmond, Virginia 23230.

WHY NOT EARN MORE?

YOU can easily earn extra money by selling magazine subscriptions in your spare time. Thousands of our representatives made their start by asking for our generous commission offer. No obligation. Address a postal today!

MOORE-COTTRELL SUBSCRIPTION AGENCIES, INC.
Dept. 423, North Cohocton, New York 14868

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch—Relieves Pain

New York, N. Y. (Special)—For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and relieve pain—without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by a doctor's observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where a doctor's observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—the discovery of a famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on many parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment form* called *Preparation H®*. Just ask for Preparation H Suppositories or Preparation H Ointment with special applicator.

custom-designed Buick Riviera packed with stereo equipment, and drove to Geatorsville, Blavat's new $50,000 home in Wynnefield. On the way a woman drove up alongside us and hollered, "Hi, Jerry Blabbermouth," and the Geator smiled thinly. "I'm tired, Bruce-a-phonic," he said. "It's hard trying to sell a TV show."

The Geator cheered up once we got to Wynnefield. He patted his house and said, "I'm glad I bought it before the frauds and phonies gathered." Inside, he greeted his wife, a pleasant, homey young woman, who said, "Evening, Geator," and we sat down to dinner in a gathering that included Lou Marx, a tiny comedian just in from Las Vegas, and Doo Doo, the Geator's brother-in-law. Deep-fried Italian blowfish were served, and the Geator said he had two grandmothers, an Italian one named Bubba Capuana and a Jewish one named Bubba Kravitz, both Geator fans, but competitive about his favors. "I have it all cooled, though, and rock the clock with both bubbas."

Lou Marx said he had just been with Frank, Dino and Joey in Vegas and that Frank had become annoyed at Louis Prima for saying, "C'mon out here, Pope." So Frank had passed along the order that nobody in his party was to move. "When Frank says that, you just stay there, paralyzed," said Lou Marx. "Anyway," he said, putting his arm around the Geator, "the point of the story is that they know this kid," meaning that Frank, Dino and Joey know of the Geator and like his work.

Doo Doo told an anecdote about having gone to see two Italian fighters named Al Martini and Al Victoria and having them turn out to be colored.

"It's hilarious around here," said Lou Marx.

Doo Doo told me that such show business stars as Kitty Kallen, Al Martino and the Four Aces all hailed from South Philly, and Warren Weiner said, "He knows that already."

After dinner we drove to Station WHAT so that the Geator could do his nightly deejay show. It had been bothering him that Plastic Legs, one of the TV show teen-agers, had been putting on airs during the telecast, standing around in a show-offy way. "What has the Geator got?" he asked a few teen-agers who'd hitched a ride with us.

"You're with us," they said in chorus.

"And when you step out of line?"

"Crack!" they said in unison.

"And who's been stepping out of line?"

"Petey Plastic Legs."

"They always know," the Geator said with a smile. "That's your teen-age mind."

"Keep rockin'," he hollered to some ladies in an adjoining car, "'cause you only rock once."

"I'm proud as hell of my city," said Warren Weiner.

Philadelphia seems to have a rock-'n'-roll, teen-dance heritage that no other city has. Fourteen years ago there was a radio program called the *950 Show* which was the first in the country to invite kids to come down and dance in the studio. This turned into the WFIL-TV *Bandstand* (Bob Horn)—the first TV teen-disk dance show in the country, which in turn slid into the famous Dick Clark *American Bandstand*, originating, once again, in Philadelphia. At the time of the Dick Clark and Bob Horn shows, the whole record-industry apparatus was wired into Philadelphia. At any given time, half of the people in the record business could be found in their permanent hotel suites there, trying to get their records pushed. There was a kind of momentum established that continues to this day. A Philadelphia record or dance will always be given some sort of an edge in the record business, I'm told. The mothers are wary about complaining that their daughters watch the Geator or some of the other disco shows, since the moms themselves date back to the old *950 Show*. Even though the Clay Cole-Thaxton-style show is now on the wane all over the country, Philadelphia still has six teen-TV dance shows, competing ones, which is the most in the country. On Saturdays you can go nonstop with these shows from noon to seven at night.

Every week the Geator listens to 200 new records which are mailed to him by distributors, manufacturers, often by new and untried groups trying to break in. Because of copyright dangers, he will not play an "amateur dub" but in at least one case, that of *There's a Moon Out Tonight* by the Capris, he sent an untested arrangement to a record promoter in New York, and it made the top ten in the country. He listens to the week's new records on Saturday nights and feels he can tell after 20 seconds at the most whether it's for him and for his audience. Getting four playable ones out of the 200 is considered a good haul. If his taste has any bias, it is strongly in the direction of rhythm and blues—which puts him in line, at least for the moment, with the only discernible current trend in popular music.

At WHAT the Geator slipped behind a microphone, sat in his deejay's chair and seemed more comfortable than he had all day. All wedged in by piles of records, he closed his eyes, and somehow made his face shine. It was a Catholic-school holiday, and he asked the Catholic schools how it felt to have a day off and then quickly told the public schools not to worry their cotton-pickin' heads because they'd be getting one, too. Then he played rhythm-and-blues records, wounded ones about los loves, many of them obscure tunes by fringe groups that somehow had got big around Philadelphia and never amounted to much nationally. During the rhythm sections, he talked over the records, doing little ecstatic woofs and cries, inviting listeners to take their dancin' feet to his record hop the next night at Chez Vous—and while they were at it, to open a teen charge account at Berg Brothers. A Temptations record ("If I have to cry to keep you, I don't mind weepin") slipped off the track and began repeating, and he punched himself, saying. "There goes the goddamned mood," but he recovered and read a letter from a fan who wanted to get started as a deejay himself. "Go learn a board," the Geator advised, meaning a control board, "practice selling products from the ingredients on bottles, and most of all, babe, never lose your desire."

"That's soul," he whispered to me, during *Sweet Thing* by the Spinners. "I may not be the best jock in the world, but I've got my own built-in excitement meter."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Geator nudged me then and had me pay strict attention to the main feature of his show, the Lovers' Portion, in which he interwove records and his own commentary to make points about growing up and teen-age love. The feature had helped to give his show its major position, and a *For Lovers Only* album had sold more than 100,000 copies. The Geator told a story about a boy and a girl who'd been very happy until the boy, grooving along very nicely, decided to pick up on a new Amazon. He tried it for a while, then attempted to come back to his first fox, who wasn't having any. ("Tear a petal from a rose . . . and the rose may die. . . .") The Geator said the boy had a good thing and lost it, but that it was part of growing up ("Just to see you and to hear you . . . your voice alone . . . means everything to me"). Then the Geator, in summary, advised the first fox that if the boy truly loved her to take him back ("This is a lovely way . . . to spend an evening. . . ."). The Geator wound up the story by saying that whether it hurt or was a groove, it was all part of young love and that it was hard to find someone who dug you for what you were. It was difficult to follow him all the way down the line, but a few teen-agers in the studio seemed touched by the story. So did Warren Weiner, who said, "What you've just seen is a rebel against the system."

At 10 minutes before 12 we drove to a fish restaurant where the Geator ordered a hamburger and then began to sweat out the clock, hoping the burger would arrive before midnight so he would not have to switch over to fish—since midnight would make it Friday, technically. The Geator said he had got religion after being fired from a radio station and being out of work four months. Before that he said he had been generally fooling around and acting swell-headed. "I spent four months on my knees, working the rosary beads in church and praying for one more shot at radio so I could get another chance at doing some good." He had said that another jockey had reportedly taken payola, and as long as he had mentioned the forbidden word, I asked the Geator what he thought the state of payola was. He said that by the time he had got rolling in radio—in '59 and '60—the Alan Freed scandal was going by the boards and the stations had begun controlling deejays by the introduction of format. If a deejay had to stick to playing records from the Top 40, there was not much margin for fooling around or for graft. "Of course it still goes on," he said, "but it's much trickier now. And some things *look* bad, but they're really not. Say I dig you not only as a person but as a performer. So I play your record and people say, 'Oooops, look what he did.' But I've played the record for a completely legitimate reason. Am I supposed to *not* play the record because I happen to know the performer and he's great?"

What about those "deejay girls," the ones who allegedly made their way from jockey to jockey? "We got 'em," said the Geator. "But I say, 'Uh-uh, babe, not me; I'm the Geator and you're my yon teen-ager.'"

Some teen-agers came into the fish restaurant, and among them was Plastic Legs, the one who had been preening about on the Geator's TV show. The Geator allowed him to have some fish—his own hamburger had arrived in the nick of time—but said they would have to have a talk later. It brought him back to teens once again, his favorite subject. "Ten years ago you had no astronauts, no Vietnam, no bombs at the bottom of Spain and no real need for the Geator. Wholesome types such as Pat Boone and Dick Clark were fine, then. But this is a hip teen-age time. Dad tried to buy his son a ninety-five-dollar suit, and the kid says, 'I'm sorry, dad, it's not hippy.' The Geator understands. The Geator remembers how it was. He remembers a girl and going away to Houston and writing her 'You're my girl' letters and having her answer every one—and then coming back and finding out she'd been a zinger with all the guys in South Philly. So the Geator really digs when he tells a kid, 'This too shall pass.'"

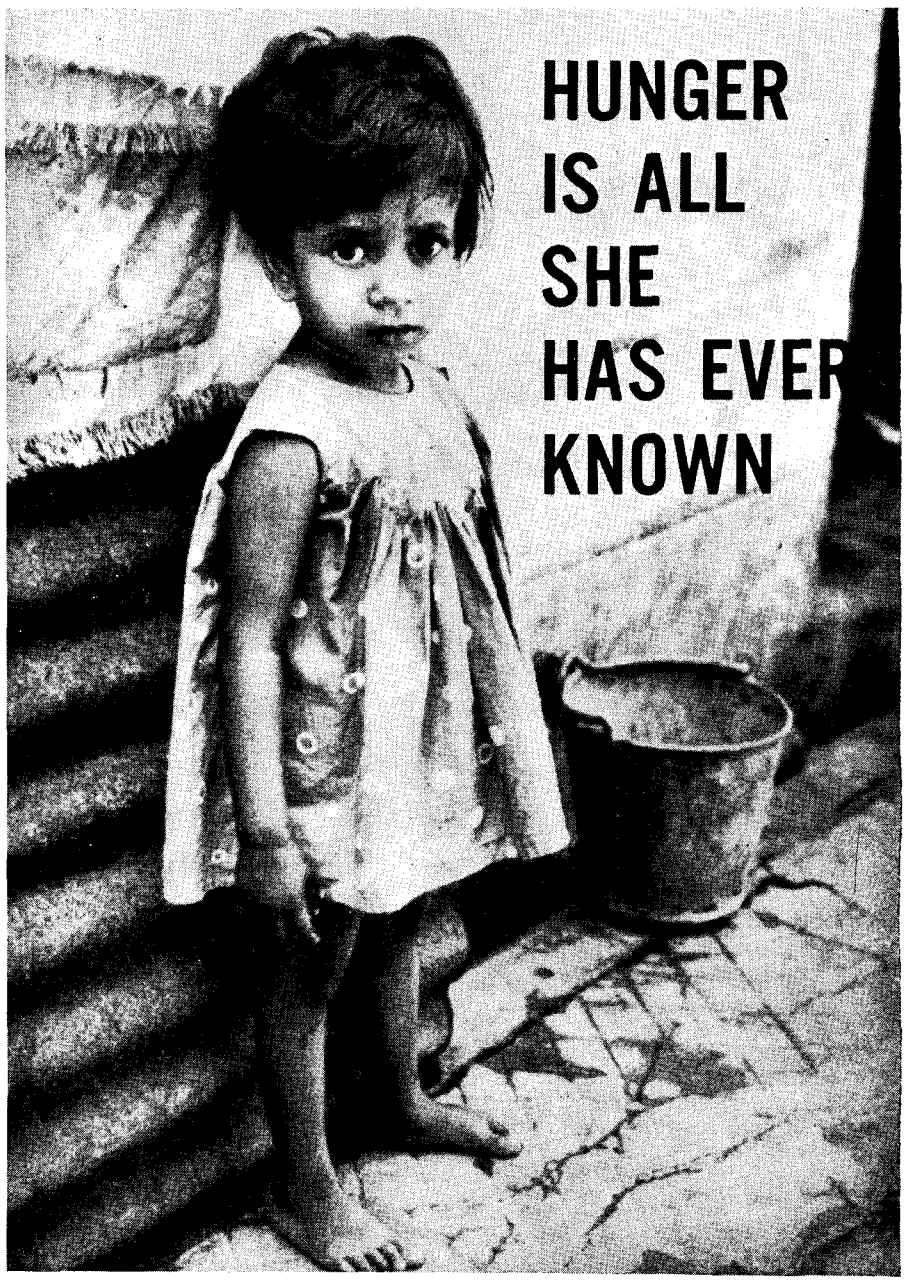
Outside the restaurant the Geator finally caught up with Plastic Legs. "Anyone here know why Arthur Godfrey fired Julius LaRosa?" he asked a group of teen-agers. No one could recall. "Because he didn't have humility," said the Geator. He reached into the group, thrust a long finger into the offending youngster's face and said, "Don't you forget that, Plastic Legs."

When we got back to the Geator's home, Mrs. Geator and the Geatorettes were fast asleep. The Geator was all wired up from the day's activities—an average day, incidentally—and felt a need to keep flinging out views, information, tidbits, snatches of songs, to keep "rocking." He spoke for a while, with surprising erudition, about Indians, favorites of his, likening their sense of freedom to that of the teen-agers. "Scalping wasn't their idea, either," he said. "It was a French bit." He said he did not care for the "protest" records ("Kids don't need anything added to their minds") and then enlisted me in a debate over whether Sinatra was "real." He said he did not care for the New York Pop World, but was very proud of his remark to Joan Collins at a Jane Holzer party ("They shouldn't have let you die in *Land of the Pharaohs*"). Later he asked, "Tell me, just for fun, how do you think the Geator would go over in Manhattan?"

I said you never knew about things like that, and he quickly began to sell my flip-top sunglasses, the way he would on radio. "Yon teen-agers, you're sailing along in a convertible, got your favorite fox, but the sun's hitting on your eyes. Take a tip from the Geator and try these clip-on, flip-on, big-tahm glasses, worn by my friend here, Bruce-a-phonic Bruce. . . ."

The next day the Geator did a commercial that was to be spliced into his TV show, sitting on a Benelli motorcycle and looking very uncomfortable about it. I sat with a lovely short-skirted girl named Tish who'd materialized from nowhere as a member of the Geator's staff. She said she had spent a year in England and been a girl friend of a Stone because it was a giggle.

Plastic Legs showed up at the studio. He told me his folks were separated, that he was a dropout, and that he liked Philly but that it was useless trying to get something new in suede shoes there. A group of us got a lift back to the Geator's garage where he was going



Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending. For only $10.00 a month, you can sponsor her, or thousands of other desperate youngsters.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938 American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors are urgently needed this month for children in Korea, Formosa, India, Brazil, Japan and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Richmond Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most.

I will pay $10 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____

Send me child's name, story, address, and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____

☐ Please send me more information SEP96

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Government Approved, Registered (VFA-080) with Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible.

Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Looking for a bargain?

Well, there's no greater bargain than an owner's policy of title insurance from Lawyers Title Insurance Corporation.

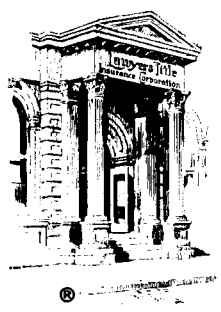
One low premium . . . paid just once . . . protection for the homeowner and his heirs for all time.

Title losses do happen. There are a great many title defects that can place your property in jeopardy . . . that can threaten your homeownership. Lawyers Title paid out nearly $2,000,000 in claims last year. Protect yourself with an owner's policy of title insurance from Lawyers Title Insurance Corporation.

Then, you are protected against financial loss because of discrepancies and irregularities which may not be uncovered in a routine search of land title records. The protection also covers the most dangerous type of title defect — the **hidden** one, which cannot be discovered even by the most thorough title search. Some of these are fraud, forgery, missing heirs, rights of divorced persons, impersonation, to name only a few.

Ask for a Lawyers Title Owner's Policy — no better protection . . . no greater bargain.

A card requesting our booklet "Questions and Answers About Title Insurance" will receive prompt attention.



Lawyers Title Insurance Corporation

Home Office ~ Box 6-J Richmond, Virginia

TITLE INSURERS TO THE NATION

to pre-record the evening deejay show. The Geator thought Plastic Legs got into the car too quickly and asked him if he knew what the word "presumptuous" meant. Plastic Legs didn't. "It's when you presume in doing something," said the Geator, waggling a finger at him. I had gotten to like Plastic Legs and thought the Geator was being too hard on him and might be wrong in some of his life-shaping criticisms. But all during the deejay show, atop the garage, Plastic Legs remained inches away from the Geator, mesmerized, enraptured, dancing furiously and with great skill.

That evening I attended one of the Geator's record hops. Some 1,500 to 2,000 teen-agers show up at each one, paying a one dollar admission, and the Geator will run as many as six in a single weekend. This one was held at a rather broken-down ballroom called Chez Vous, advance publicity having gone out via the Geator's deejay show. As we approached the ballroom, its very windows seemed to bulge with music and generalized pandemonium. The Geator's father, known as "The Gimp," greeted us at the door. He is in charge of a 20-man "security" force and said there was very little trouble at the hops. Alcohol was what you had to watch out for. "I smell the breaths of these macaroni kids, and if there's something on it, out they go." The hops last two hours, during which time the Geator plays only "hop" records, ones that are a little too jumpy and raucous for radio and TV. *Shortnin' Bread* by the Blisters and *Bile* by the Versitones are examples. The Geator introduces the records from a small stage and then dances with as many as 15 teen-age girls during one number. They compete hungrily to get onstage with him, one girl doing her little bit and then, seconds later, being banged on the shoulder by the next eager performer. The teen-agers seem starved for heroes, eager to applaud almost anything. The Geator introduced me, asked me a question which I did not hear; I answered "sensational," the first word that came to mind, and was almost borne aloft on dancing shoulders, a new teen-age idol.

I noticed that many of the girls danced with other girls, and kindly Nat Segall, the Geator's hop manager, said, "Give them eight bars and they don't know what they're dancing with." Toward the end of the hop, Segall distributed a bagful of small change to teen-agers who were without carfare for the ride home. A new girl straggled in, more heavily made up and better dressed than the other teen-agers. She hid behind the Geator and said "The Gimp" had smelled liquor on her breath and was out to get her. It turned out that she was 19, and the feeling was that she was an outcast, over the hill, ready to be discarded by the teen-age world. I remembered Tish telling me she did not attend the hops either, because she was 21 and they made her feel like a "dirty old woman."

After the hop we took a ride back to the TV station where the Geator would witness the final editing of his weekly TV show. We gave a lift to some hop girls who argued in the back of the Geatormobile about a friend of theirs named Camel Chest and whether she was mature enough to hang out with them. At the TV station the Geator ordered baked hoagies and beer for all. He gave a hoagie to the film splicer and said, "Thank God for the workers, not for the frauds and phonies of the world." The film on the local late-night TV show was *The Spirit of St. Louis*, and everyone kept hollering for Jimmy Stewart not to fall asleep at the controls. "Stay awake, you dodo," shouted Bob Olander. There were a few horrifying moments when a serious-looking girl on the station staff began to speculate about the Geator's true age. She decided he had to be at least 29 and, before she could be shushed down, had him up to 45.

At four in the morning the Geator's show was finally completed. At the Marriott Motel we had some steak and eggs and were joined by a group of prom kids from Roxborough High, joking about their school's publicized drug-addiction problem, but actually a little downcast about it. The Geator told them it was nothing to joke about, but that they would weather it through and that Roxborough was still the greatest. They seemed cheered by this insight and thanked the Geator as they left, saying, "We can really talk to you." Then we were joined by a boy who really gave the Geator a chance to show what his patter could accomplish. The boy had swallowed enough bennies to fill the emergency ward at Lenox Hill; his eyes were half out of his head. He was a wealthy kid and his idea was to get into his Ferrari and shoot down to the Jersey shore to watch the sun come up. He had about as much chance of driving half a mile as I'd have flying a trolley car to Neptune. The Geator let him wise off, insult everyone at the restaurant counter, and then spoke to him in that embarrassing fake-hipster talk that always seems a year and a half out of date. The fuzz were out, all over the highway. Checking every car for boozers. The really hip thing was to *say* you went to Jersey, not actually go. Yeah, the kid said, that was the really hip thing. He walked home, went to bed, and it seemed likely that the Geator had kept him from killing himself.

After the Ferrari kid left, a stout man named Buddy Nolan took a seat at the counter and turned out to be James Brown's road manager. Nolan brought regards from James Brown, and both agreed that Brown had given the performance of his life on the Geator's show, much better than his work on the Ed Sullivan telecast. Nolan said he was quitting the business after he finished up with James Brown, and the Geator said he was right, that you had to take the loot and scoot. "Out of bed and get the bread," said Nolan, and the Geator said you better believe it because "as soon as you make it, they're out to get you, babe." They talked for hours about great deejays of the past, and when there was nothing left of the night, Nolan told the Geator to make sure to answer the phone every time it rang because you never knew who it was. The Geator asked, "What if it's the frauds and phonies?" and Nolan said the Geator didn't have to worry because every town had only one cat, and in Philly, "You the man, babe." The Geator chewed on that awhile, decided it made sense and then thought it would be a good idea to go home and get some sleep. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The mark of excellence

This is the General Motors mark of excellence. Within a short time, it will appear on all General Motors products–from automobiles to refrigerators, from trucks to aircraft engines.

We will use it in the same spirit with which craftsmen, through the centuries, have used a personal mark to identify the products of their skills: We are proud of the things we make, and we want our customers to be able to identify them easily and to know that we stand behind them.

Whenever you see this mark of excellence, you can be certain that it represents our very finest in design and engineering …that it has been built with care and dedication…and that it offers all the quality, reliability, safety and value that you have come to expect from General Motors.

We hope you will get to know this mark–that you will learn to look for it–and that you will come to recognize it as a symbol you can trust.

It is the mark of General Motors, and it is our way of promising you our very best.

Chevrolet · Pontiac · Oldsmobile · Buick · Cadillac · GMC Truck & Coach · Fisher Body · Frigidaire · A.C. · Allison · Detroit Diesel · Electro-Motive · Euclid · United Delco

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Assassin

Now he was in Berlin, pursued by his enemies, turned away by his friends. He had a gun, money, and a false passport—and an outside chance of reaching his goal.

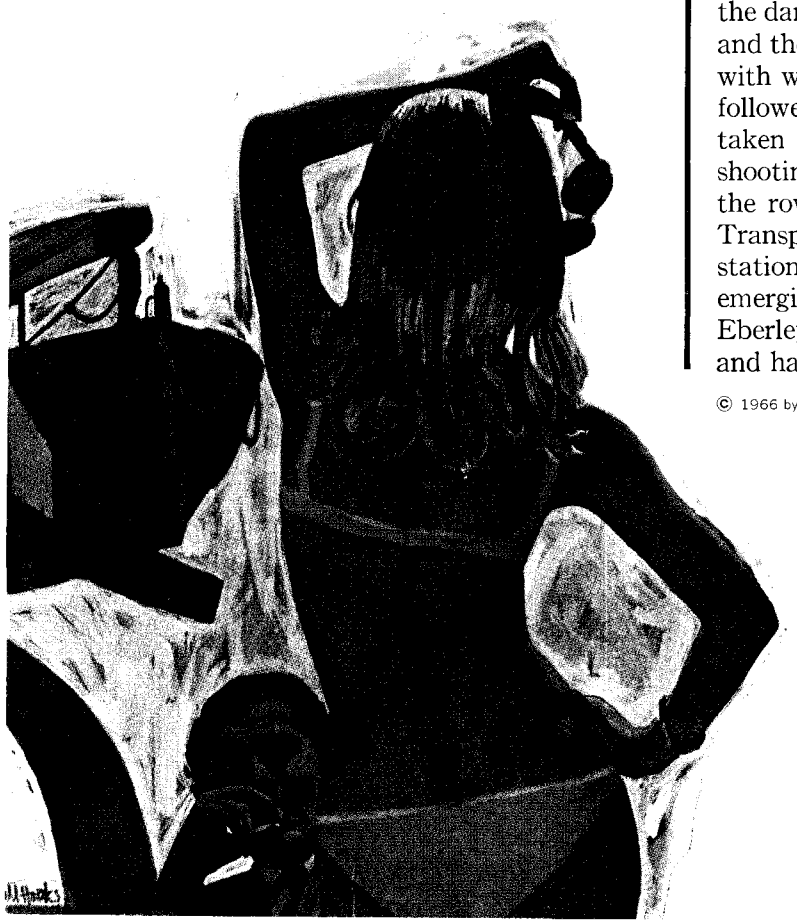
BY DEREK MARLOWE *Illustrated by Mitchell Hooks*

Part Two

Three of their agents had been murdered, and British Intelligence was determined to get the assassin. They had identified him as a Russian named Krasnevin, believed to be in Berlin. During a high-level meeting at the country estate at Selvers, Frazer, the commanding officer, gave the assignment of finding Krasnevin to Alexander Eberley. It was the last job in the world that Eberley wanted. Because Eberley and Krasnevin were the same man. The Englishman with the dull desk job was actually a double agent, the Russian assassin. Eberley had been assigned to hunt himself down.

The meeting at Selvers was coming to a close. Emmanuel Gatiss, the British agent Eberley most feared, looked coldly at him. "Confident, Eberley?" he asked, then walked away, smiling to himself.

Eberley looked from man to man—Frazer, Quince, Colonel Flowers. The one bright spot was that the British didn't know what Krasnevin looked like. Then Frazer said, "I want you to see something. It's a photo of Krasnevin." And Quince took Eberley's arm to guide him to the projection room.



Caroline gave a low chuckle. "Fancy seeing you," she said.

Come along, Eberley, there's a good chap," said Quince. "It's only downstairs." Eberley walked dumbly, his mind filled with a thousand things. He had been so innocent, so unsuspecting. Emmanuel Gatiss himself had told him not to trust anyone, no one at all, and here he was, being led by this grinning, ridiculous clown into the web prepared by British Intelligence, ready to be eaten.

His footsteps resounded loudly in the narrow corridor, down steep stone steps toward an open door at the bottom.

"Just in here. There we are. Just here."

He was in a low cellar, lit only by three gooseneck lamps on small tables, and empty except for a screen and six folding chairs. Frazer was standing by the screen, talking quietly to Colonel Flowers, ignoring Eberley.

"Take a seat. We won't be a minute," Quince said, then hurried over to Frazer. Eberley studied the three faces before the screen for any sign of their intentions. There was none. Finally Flowers and Quince sat, one on each side of him, and Frazer said, "The film of Krasnevin reached our files only recently. I think you might find it very interesting, Eberley."

Frazer nodded to a projectionist hidden in the darkness. There was a whir of machinery, and the six-by-four screen was suddenly filled with white light, and then reversed numbers followed by the film, shaking as if it had been taken by a hand-held camera. The camera, shooting wild and low, was focusing across the rows of people queueing at the London Transport bus terminal at the Victoria train station, and attempting to pick out a man emerging from the depths of the station itself. Eberley's heart raced. The figure was blurred and hazy. Then the camera cut in closer and onto the face, and the picture froze. The man's head was turned, one hand a streak of gray, as if he had been hailing a taxi. Eberley stared at the enlarged, black-and-white, still face before him on the screen and his heart sank. For he had underestimated the British. All the careful Russian planning and cover was breaking apart. The face before him, unmistakable, terrifyingly clear, belonged to Pavel, his friend, his contact with the East.

Half an hour had passed and they were sitting in the long room again, curtains drawn around the table once more. The Four Musketeers. Frazer looked across at Eberley. "I hope you feel more confident about tackling Krasnevin. Do you think you can handle it?"

"I think I might surprise you."

"Good. Good. Well, we ought to go through your cover now."

Frazer crossed the room to a chair and brought over a thin, black briefcase with the initials R.R.F. embossed on the front, and set it down on the table. Unlocking it, he pulled out a sheaf of neatly typed papers, carboned twice. The words CONFIDENTIAL and TOP PRIORITY were stamped on each of the forty-three pages. He handed a carbon copy to Eberley and set one before himself.

"As you see from the first page, you will be traveling under the name of George Dancer and your occupation is agency supervisor for National Oil. You are in Berlin on your three-week holiday and, since you are interested in cars, are going to make a special point of watching the Berlin Grand Prix, which takes place on the twenty-ninth of August. Two weeks' time. You are unmarried and will be staying at the Kleist Hotel in Leitzenburgerstrasse. Modest room. I'd like to put you in the Bristol Kempinski, but neither we nor

© 1966 by Derek Marlowe. Published under the title A DANDY IN ASPIC by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A pistol was rammed under his jaw, knocking his head back, and Pavel said quietly, "Stand just exactly as you are."

Dancer could afford it. Any questions so far?"

"What exactly is it that an agency supervisor does?"

"Nothing much, really, as I understand. The agency works on this principle: An oil firm will control a number of garages throughout England, say, and any commercial company whose vehicles obtain petrol from these particular garages can have a contract with the oil firm concerned. This means that the drivers do not pay for their petrol in cash but sign an invoice, which is then sent to the agency. The agency then reimburses the garage and bills the contracting company. Pure paper work done by a lot of wretched clerks. The supervisor, therefore, looks after the clerks and answers queries, bad debts, etcetera. It's all there. Page five, I think."

"How much does he get paid?"

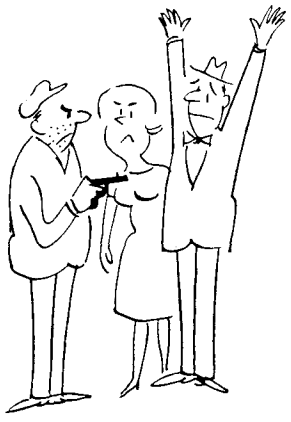
"Ten fifty a year thereabouts. Clerks get seven fifty. That's there, too. Of course, the difficulty of this cover is that you have only three weeks, but I want that to be sufficient. If there's no success in that time, you come back to England and we think again. Here is your passport. It's seven years old, and your occupation is listed as accountant, since you were promoted only five years ago. As you see, you've been to France twice, in '59 and '60, and Berlin once in '61, but that was only for one week."

Eberley flicked over the pages of the passport. He now had *three* names—Eberley, Krasnevin, and Dancer. The permutations were infinite. The Eberley Trinity.

"How much do you pay for your suits, sir?" Colonel Flowers asked. "A man like George Dancer couldn't possibly afford clothes like that. You will have to wear something cheaper and not so well cut."

"I do not possess a suit that is cheaper or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

not so well cut, Colonel," Eberley replied, "but I appreciate your question. I will dress the part, however demoralizing."

There was a brief pause, then Eberley turned back to Frazer. "How do I contact you, sir?"

"Simply by writing letters, airmail, to a girl friend. We've chosen your secretary, Heather Vogler, and you will write love letters, New Code D5, to her at her private address. The first one, of course, should be harmless so that we can see if it has been tampered with on its way over. Sorry about the love-letter bit, but Dancer would do it. Anyway, Vogler will write back. Here's a snapshot of her for you to keep in your wallet."

He handed over a small photograph of Heather Vogler, standing in a bikini on a beach, smiling into the camera shyly, one hand posed on her left hip. It was gauche and self-conscious, but Eberley liked it.

"Here are a couple of old letters we asked Vogler to write to you, and in one she talks about your first night together—her idea—so assume you are lovers. The letters are dated six months and four months ago when you went north to Glasgow on business."

The letters were passed across the table, and Eberley wondered who she had in mind when she wrote them. Her former lover, Gatiss? He hoped not.

"If we are lovers, I mean Dancer and Vogler," Eberley inquired, "why isn't she in Berlin with me?"

"Impossible. She is an actress and is committed to finishing a film."

"I see."

"Now. Company-stamped ball pen, two old theater tickets, and a few visiting cards. Couple of other character pieces and a checkbook. By the way, we're going to allow you an emergency fund of six thousand in American dollars, but don't touch it unless you really have to. Are you happy so far?"

Eberley nodded.

"Any questions?" asked Frazer.

They talked for another two hours, until Eberley's stomach begged to be fed. And then, eyes pained by the concentration and the cigarette smoke, he said good-bye to the others and went downstairs and outside. The chauffeur who had brought him to Selvers was waiting by the Zodiac sedan. "I've been asked to drive you the whole way, sir."

Arriving in London, Eberley told the chauffeur to drop him at Grumbles Restaurant in Churton S'reet, where, like a just-released convict, he ordered too much, left half of it, and finished it off with a cup of coffee that nearly uncoated the lining of his stomach. Sitting, satiated and despairing, in the small, half-lit restaurant, he considered his role as Dancer. It was all too fantastic—an assignment to track down himself. And on top of it, the British had the wrong man pegged as Krasnevin. Eberley had to get to Pavel and warn him that the British were looking for him.

Eberley paid the bill, left the restaurant quickly, took a taxi straight home to South Street, and in ten minutes discovered that his rooms had been searched.

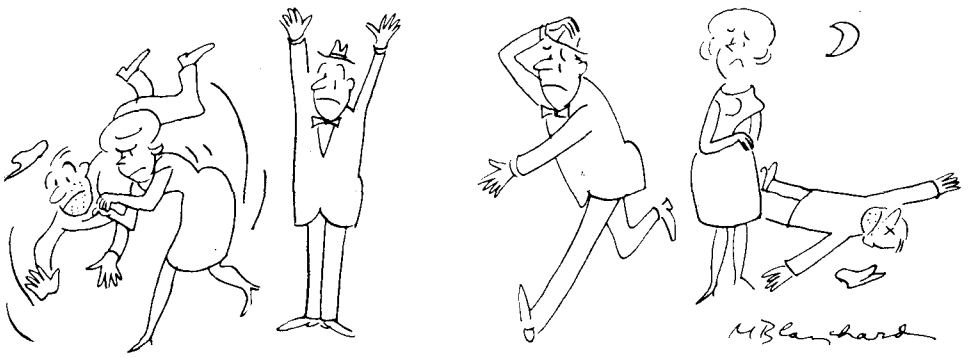
Pavel was in bed but not asleep when Eberley arrived two hours later, feeling like a fool as he deliberately avoided the elevator and crept like a burglar up the emergency stairs—thirteen floors—of the apartment house. The backstreet, hushed-voice, night-prowling pantomime of undercover contact had always irritated Eberley's sense of style. To him, it was vulgar, and it was for that reason he preferred his own role of assassin, living a life of his own choosing for most of the time, and only sneaking around undercover on those rare occasions when the heat was on.

Eberley didn't dare to risk knocking—he didn't know who might be behind the other doors on the floor. The lock of Pavel's door was easily opened, and Eberley stepped into the dark stillness of the flat. There was no sound. He noticed a faint haze of light under the door on his left and crossed the thick carpet to it. Holding his breath, he turned the handle and stepped into the blue-painted bedroom as a pistol was rammed under his jaw, knocking his head back, and Pavel said quietly, "Stand just exactly as you are."

Eberley did. Pavel's arm holding the gun was straight as a ramrod, as he glanced out into the hallway, and then, with a forceful jab in the jaw, he pushed

"SHOW ME A FILTER CIGARETTE
DELIVERS TASTE AND I'LL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Eberley into the center of the room and closed the door. Pavel moved behind him, ran his hand quickly over Eberley's clothes, and then said, "Are you alone?"

"Yes."

Pavel dropped the pistol onto the bed. "Let me take your coat."

"I can't stay," replied Eberley. He perched on the edge of the bed and looked up at the thin, balding Pavel—hardly anyone's idea of a master Russian spy—standing in blue pajamas near the door.

Eberley noticed that the room was as hot as hell, though without the charm. "Do you mind if I open the window?"

"Yes, I do mind," was Pavel's curt reply.

"Well, may I turn off the fire?"

"No. You're not supposed to be here."

"Understatement of the year. I'm being sent to Berlin to kill Krasnevin."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"There is a solution."

"Good. But if you go to Berlin, you won't try to get back to Russia, will you?"

"Why do you say that?"

"They don't want you in the East. Remember that."

Eberley shrugged and stood up. He glanced at Pavel, puzzled. The man looked ill. What did he need the bloody gas fire for? The room was already stifling with central heating. "Are you all right?" he asked. "You don't look well, Pavel."

"I think you'd better get out of here."

"Don't you understand? *They want me to kill myself.*"

"How amusing. I must get some sleep, so do you mind ——"

Eberley crossed to the door. "Did *you* search my rooms tonight?"

Pavel had lain down on the bed, facing away from the door, one arm hanging over the edge of the bed. Fingers hovering over the carpet. "No."

"Then it must have been the British."

"Of course it must have been the British by the simple fact that you discovered the search."

Eberley gave a cynical grunt and moved nearer to the bed. "Oh, really? I suppose if *you* had searched the rooms, I would never have noticed?"

"Well, we searched your rooms three days ago. But perhaps you were too drunk to notice."

"Good God."

"Oh, dear, Eberley, you're getting awfully irritating. You and your histrionics. You're nothing more than a stand-up tragedian."

And Pavel laughed. Eberley swore to himself and picked up the pistol from the pillow. He held it in his hand and pointed it toward its owner.

"It's loaded, dear boy."

"You amaze me," remarked Eberley, disdainfully, and thrust the gun under the pillow, out of sight. There was a light clink of metal against metal. Puzzled, Eberley moved the pillow and revealed the long, disturbing shape of a hypodermic needle resting next to the gun. There was a gurgling laugh and Pavel said, "Well, now you know the reason for my odd manner. It ought to teach you not to go bursting in everywhere unannounced."

"They have a film of the man they think is Krasnevin," Eberley said quietly.

"Obviously not of you."

"No."

"Why, that's excellent," cried Pavel, sitting up. "All you have to do now is find the man in the film and kill him, then announce him to the British as Krasnevin. Couldn't be better."

Eberley didn't reply. Pavel smiled broadly and added, "Did you know the man in the film at all? Recognize his face?"

Eberley paused, then said, "Yes. It was you."

A frightening stillness entered the room. Then Pavel looked unsteadily at Eberley. "What—what are you going to do about it?"

"What would *you* do, Pavel?"

"I'd kill you."

"You'd have to."

"Yes. Yes, I would. I'd have to kill you. After all, it's your life or mine."

"Something like that."

Eberley picked up the pistol again and held it in his hand.

"I wouldn't use that," said Pavel. "The man upstairs complains bitterly if you make a noise after midnight."

For a full minute Eberley stood there, holding the gun, and then suddenly he threw it on the bed, turned on his heel and walked to the door. "Get out," he snapped to Pavel. "Get out of the country. Do it now."

"You're a fool," said Pavel.

"I'll find another way, but you've got to get out of sight."

He opened the door, glancing back at the other man for a moment.

"Thanks," said Pavel, self-consciously.

"Don't be so damn melodramatic," shouted Eberley. "You make me sick."

He closed the door behind him and hurried silently down the stone corridor and darkened stone stairs of the building, down to the courtyard below. He walked rapidly toward the dimly lit street by the railway line, almost colliding with a black Buick that emerged

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suddenly from the depths of the bridge, lights out.

Eberley had just reached the corner of the street when he suddenly stopped in cold realization, and turned and began to run, run back up the road. He was committing suicide by walking away, and he knew it. He had to kill Pavel, even though he was his friend, and he had to do it now, before the British got to him and discovered that he was not Krasnevin. Breathing hard, his coat flapping around him, he ran to the entrance and saw gratefully that the elevator was waiting for him. He slammed the gates and pressed the thirteenth button and the small, room-for-four lift was surging upward. Eberley no longer cared about caution or secrecy as he threw open the lift gates on the thirteenth floor and hurried to Pavel's apartment. The door was closed but unlocked, and he burst into the bedroom, but it was empty. A chair had been knocked over and the bed blankets dragged to the floor. Anxiously Eberley threw aside the pillow, but the gun was gone and the hypodermic was smashed. He moved to the window in the darkness and looked down toward the car park. The Buick was standing there, motor running.

In no time, he was in the corridor again and into the lift. The time seemed endless before he arrived on ground level. And then he was running out into the dark yard and across the concrete toward the Buick, which was now turning. The engine was already racing as Eberley reached it, his hand groping for the door handle. For a brief instant he caught a glimpse of two men in the front, and the car was away and Eberley knew it was too late, for he had seen Pavel on the car floor, lying crumpled in the thin pajamas, his face distorted and dead above the bruised gape of the throat.

Eberley walked back toward the bridge. The Russians would take Pavel's body away so that it would never be found, and there would be a reshuffling in the hierarchy. His own particular problem wasn't eliminated, but all he wished now was to sleep.

The next morning was the wettest August day in seventeen years. To Eberley it was a fitting farewell to London, for on the next day he was to fly to Berlin as George Dancer, baggily trousered, narrow-minded, and distasteful.

He spent most of the day conferring with Frazer and Flowers, reviewing his new role as Dancer and collecting last-minute necessities. They insisted that Eberley take a gun, and led him to the armory to select one. He chose a Browning Model 1922 32-caliber ACP, a Belgian gun, and signed for it, though he said that firearms disturbed him. He was assured that he would probably never need to use it.

Later he took Heather Vogler out to dinner, and they talked about themselves and about their respective roles in the next three weeks, after which Eberley took her home and kissed her good night like a schoolboy, and then returned to his apartment to reread the Dancer file and pack his valise. He knew now exactly what he would do in Berlin.

The Kleist Hotel was just off the Kurfürstendamm, tucked behind a barrage of glossy restaurants and shops. It was brown and old, having survived two world wars intact. The service was bad and the plumbing worse. Eberley was shown up to his small room on the second floor and left alone with the striped wallpaper. He unpacked and spent the following four days fulfilling his role as George Dancer, visiting with overt enthusiasm all the few tourist attractions in the city.

On the first day, he had sent a picture postcard to Heather Vogler with the words:

Having a wonderful time. Just arrived. Wish you were here. Love and Kisses,
George

P.S. How's filming?

The next day he received a long, passionate letter from Vogler that overpowered him, and he read it three times before he realized it was a vacuous, impersonal message and threw it away in disgust, and wrote an even more passionate letter in reply, pouring out ridiculous statements of desire and ignoring completely the code agreed upon. In the four days he wrote five such letters for the sheer fun of it and as a release from the tension and boredom of the situation. That Saturday a coded telegram arrived from the Ministry that, deciphered, read simply: WHAT CODE ARE YOU USING? CANNOT COMPREHEND MESSAGES.

By this time, Eberley didn't care, for he had decided that by Monday he would have given himself a long-enough safety margin, and would quit the West. It was a simple solution to it all. He would just get on a train and return to the East and damn them all.

And then he saw Rotopkin.

He had waked up unusually nervous on Sunday, the eve of his departure day. He had decided to visit the lakes, and had walked the few hundred yards to the Zoo station. It was about eleven in the morning when he entered the cool, dark hallway of the station and crossed to the counter to buy a ticket for the S-Bahn. Eberley happened by chance to glance back toward the newsstand, twenty yards or so away, near the entrance. The man in the Madras jacket at the kiosk turned away quickly and studied some books in a far window, but Eberley had seen his face. It was Rotopkin. Here in Berlin. Following him. He tried to catch sight of the man again, but his line of vision was obliterated by a crowd of visiting schoolchildren. When he moved away, farther down the hallway, the man had gone. The chances that it was Rotopkin trailing him were strong, for the Russians were hardly likely to allow him to wander around Berlin unobserved. He hurried upstairs to the elevated-train platform and in three minutes was sitting in one of the cars of the S-Bahn.

Though the train traveled farther than Wannsee, Eberley had to get out whether he liked it or not, for it was the last stop in West Berlin. He strolled leisurely out of the station and across the road into the forest and down to the small jetty on the lake. The queue for the Havel lake steamer was small for such a fine day. Eberley was one of the first on board, and he chose a bench at the bow, with his back to the others, and an uncluttered view of the water and the villas surrounding it. The boat went nowhere in particular, just back and forth over the Havel, which suited him since he wanted just to sit and think, and idle away his last day.

The steamer eased away from the small jetty and set off straight across the water. Eberley had found this a pleasant journey before, during an earlier stay in Berlin. And so he sat quietly engrossed in his own thoughts, smoking a cigarette, until halfway across the lake he was disturbed by the sound of English voices coming from behind him, high-pitched feminine giggles and chatter breaking the quiet of the scene. A pair of suntanned legs appeared beside him, and he saw out of the corner of his eye the lavender triangle of a bikini bottom, and heard a voice saying, "Hello."

He assumed the wretched tweed jacket and the cravat had betrayed him as British. Heart sinking, he looked up at the smiling face of the girl.

"Fancy seeing you," said Caroline Sue Hetherington, smiling down at him through enormous sunglasses. "I could hardly believe it when I saw you getting on the boat. I knew we'd meet again. I felt it the night we met at my party in London. Isn't it super?"

She gave a low chuckle and tugged up the bra of her bikini. "Holiday?"

"Yes," Eberley said.

"Us too. Tour of the Continent and all that. I must introduce you to Susan. You'll like her. Pots of money. I'll call her."

Eberley grabbed her arm and pulled her down to him. "Look, Caroline, don't ask questions, but my name is George Dancer and I work for an oil company. All right?"

He could see flickers of indecision and puzzlement in her eyes, and then she bit her lip. The other girl was approaching now.

"Fancy, and fancy," Caroline said, and then, taking hold of the other girl's hand, added, "Susan, this is George Dancer. He's in oil."

The beach at Nikolassee was crowded, as was to be expected. Looking around him and seeing the hundreds or so stripped-down sun worshipers in varying costumes, Eberley felt much too overdressed in his heavy trousers and shirt, and so buried himself deeper in the obscurity of the basket chair. Caroline and Susan were in the water, out of sight, somewhere near the diving pier. The three of them had left the boat together and had driven around to the beach in Caroline's MGB. Now he had been sitting on the beach for an hour, drinking a bottle of wine bought on the way over and getting quietly plastered.

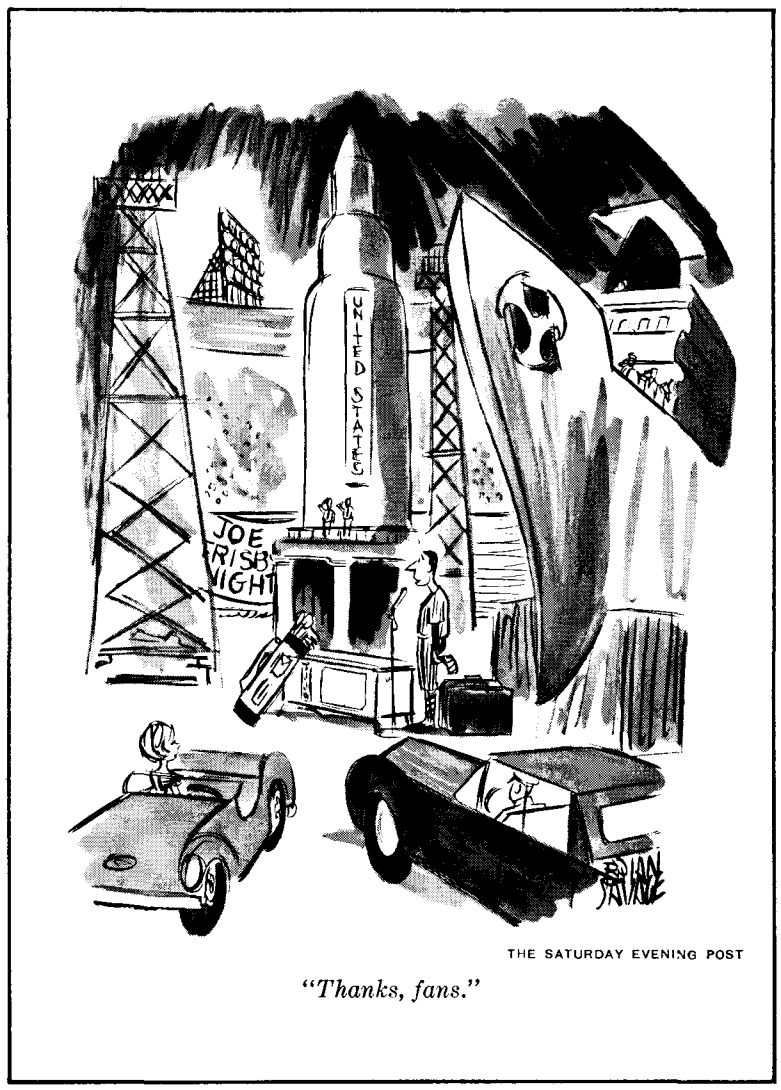
"Wooee!" There was a shriek, and Eberley saw Caroline running out of the water, legs splayed clownishly as she jumped over recumbent sunbathers. All eyes turned toward her, and Eberley felt smugly possessive. Caroline collapsed in a wet huddle in the basket chair beside his. "It's just dawned on me. My clothes are in the trunk of the car. I'll have to stay in this wet bikini till we go."

"Where's Susan?"

"Oh, I don't know. Floating around somewhere. Fat thing."

Eberley shook his head in mock disapproval. "I think you ought to join

America, America



"Thanks, fans."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

your friend Susan, don't you?" he said.

She tugged childishly at the loose straps of the bikini top and went into a pouting sulk. Eberley waited. "I suppose you think I'm just a silly little child," she said finally.

"Yes," he answered blandly.

"Well, it's just that I've been so bored tramping around Germany with Fat Susan, and then all of a sudden I meet someone nice like you and I suppose I behave a bit silly. I've just *got* to get away from Susan for a little while."

Eberley smiled and touched her arm. "Come on. Let's go back to the car."

They both got up and collected their few belongings. Then they crossed to the stone path and made their way up the three flights of steps to the lawns above. As they reached the top, a short, bald man emerged from the shadow of a beer stand and hurried away.

At the car park, Caroline took a sweater and a pair of jeans from the trunk of the car and put them on.

"I'll drive," he said, and sat behind the wheel.

Eberley reversed the car, drove slowly down a maze of lanes till he found the Avus, the speedway built by Hitler, got onto it, and headed toward the center of the city. He turned sharply off the Avus and cut down a side street. "I'm going back to my hotel. You can change there."

He parked the car in the next street, and they walked to the hotel. Eberley ignored the stare of the receptionist and casually took the key to his room. Once inside the room, he locked the door and lay down on the bed and rested his head on his arms. Caroline took off her sweater and jeans.

"Towel?"

"In the drawer. Bottom one."

His eyes strayed to her as she bent over and fumbled in the drawer and pulled out a white and-blue-striped towel. Then, standing in the middle of the room, she took off the bikini.

"What on earth are you doing?" said Eberley.

"The bikini's wet, and there's no other room." She smiled and looked at him, then at herself in the wardrobe mirror. "I don't mind you looking at me."

"That's hardly the point."

Eberley watched her as she finished drying herself, after which she sat by him on the bed.

He cocked an eyebrow at her. "Won't you catch cold?"

"Immune to them." She leaned down and kissed him on the cheek. He ran his hand over her stomach so that she gave a shuddering sigh until he brought his other hand back and slapped her hard on the bottom.

"Ow!"

"Get up and put some clothes on. It's late and I've got things to do. Go on."

She got up, rubbing the sore spot, and slunk over to the window and stared out at the street. Eberley walked over to her, took hold of her shoulders, and pulled her away from the window. "Look, Caroline, I'd be delighted to seduce you right now, but I'm here on business and this is my last day. So make it easier for both of us by putting on your clothes."

He scooped up her things and dumped them in her hand. Keeping deliberately quiet, Caroline pulled on the jeans, zipped them up carefully, and slipped on the V-neck cashmere sweater.

"What made you come to Berlin?" Eberley asked her, leaning casually against the mantelpiece.

"Just wanted to see it."

"Is that all?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Where are you staying?"

"At the Bristol Kempinski. Why all these questions?"

"How long are you staying here?"

"I don't know. Look, I'm not following you, if *that's* what you think."

The wet bikini was lying in a damp heap on the carpet. Eberley picked it up and laid the parts over the windowsill. "You can collect these later if you wish."

Eberley moved rapidly as soon as Caroline had returned to her hotel. He gathered all his belongings together and sorted out only essential objects he wished to take with him into East Berlin. He intended to leave his suit-

this is a recorded announcement
this is a recorded announcement
this is a recorded announcement

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY © ETDC 1966

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First in Quality!

NUNN BUSH

ANKLE-FASHIONED SHOES

Once you have found them THEY'RE IN YOUR LIFE TO STAY

If you haven't worn Nunn-Bush Shoes, you are missing one of the great pleasures life affords. Give them a month and their superiority becomes obvious . . . especially when you change off to your previous shoes and then back again into your Nunn-Bush Shoes. Only Nunn-Bush Shoes are ANKLE-FASHIONED. Ingenious patterns and extra hand operations create a physio-mechanical affinity between foot and shoe, giving a "live-with-the-foot-in-action" fit and superior comfort.

Most Styles $19.95 to $40.00

Edgerton Shoes $14.95 to $22.95

LEFT: Style 075 — Brown Amall Grain Calfskin uppers. Shadow Antique Finish. Vented Leather Lining. Also in Black. Leather Sole and Heel. *RIGHT: Style 065* — Hemlock Brown Monona Grain Calfskin uppers. Hand Antique Finish. Vented Leather Lining. Also in Black Leather Sole and Heel. Nunn-Bush Shoe Company, Milwaukee, Wis. 53201. Also made in Canada and Mexico.

case in the room in the morning, and create the impression that he had just left for the day. Satisfying himself that all was prepared as far as the hotel was concerned, he left his room, locked it, and took a slow walk back toward the Zoo station.

After eating a leisurely steak meal in a restaurant near the station, he decided to see the revival of *The Scarlet Pimpernel* at Steinplatz. It was one of the rare films to be shown undubbed, and seemed to have a curious attraction for the Berliners. Something to do with the similarity to the contemporary escapes over the Wall, Eberley thought, but that didn't mar his enjoyment of the film; he watched Leslie Howard with rapt attention as he returned to his native country after the regretted espionage was over.

When Eberley got back to the hotel, it was late. He showered in the communal bathroom, and then got into bed and read till there was a knock on the door. He opened it cautiously to see Caroline standing outside, wrapped in an immense fur coat, and holding up a toothbrush.

An hour later, he lay in the bed, his arms around the slim, warm body of Caroline curled up almost like a cat on his chest. Listening to her breathing as she slept, he felt a tender protectiveness for her. Women were so fragile, so incredibly fragile.

He was about to fall asleep himself when there was a faint but distinct knock on the door. Eberley glanced at his watch. It was fifteen minutes after midnight. The knock was repeated, and then a voice: "Herr Dancer?"

Eberley was silent for a moment, listening, then gently eased Caroline away from him, tiptoed from the bed across the room to a drawer and took out the gun. Checking it, he slipped on a dressing gown, unlocked the door, and opened it a few inches. A small, bald-headed man was staring up at him. Eberley, keeping the gun out of sight behind the door, said quietly, "*Was wollen Sie?*"

"Herr Dancer, I am sorry to bother you," the man replied in German, "but I understand you were the last to use the shower."

"What about it?"

"Well, apparently the plumbing isn't very good, for Herr Elsner below complained of water seeping through his ceiling. Perhaps you could come and see."

Eberley stared at him, then along the dimly lit corridor, and then back to the nervous face of the man.

"Just a minute," he said brusquely, and closed the door. Caroline was still sleeping soundly as he put on slippers and tucked the gun into the sleeve of the dressing gown. Glancing out of the window, he saw that the street was empty. He opened the door and joined the little man in the corridor.

"It shouldn't be a big job," the man said, and hurried down the corridor toward the bathroom, with Eberley following warily.

The bathroom was at the end of the corridor on the right, and on reaching it, the bald-headed man stood aside for Eberley to enter. It was empty inside, and there was no sound of dripping. The floor was as dry as a bone.

"What exactly was it ——" Eberley began, when he heard the snap of the lock. He turned around in time to see his caller lean against the door and stand looking up at him. Eberley quickly backed away and pushed open the doors of the two cubicles.

"It's all right—we're quite alone," the man said in perfect English, lighting a pipe.

"Who the hell are you?"

"My name is Henderson."

"How nice for you. Would you unlock the door now so that I can leave?"

"Look, Eberley, I'm sorry to have had to go through all this silly subterfuge, but if you insist on picking up strays, how on earth can we get in touch with you?"

"Who's *we?*"

"Frazer."

"Oh, really? What exactly does he want?" Eberley asked.

"Well," said Henderson, "you must realize that he is getting a bit worried about you. I mean, you don't seem to be doing anything."

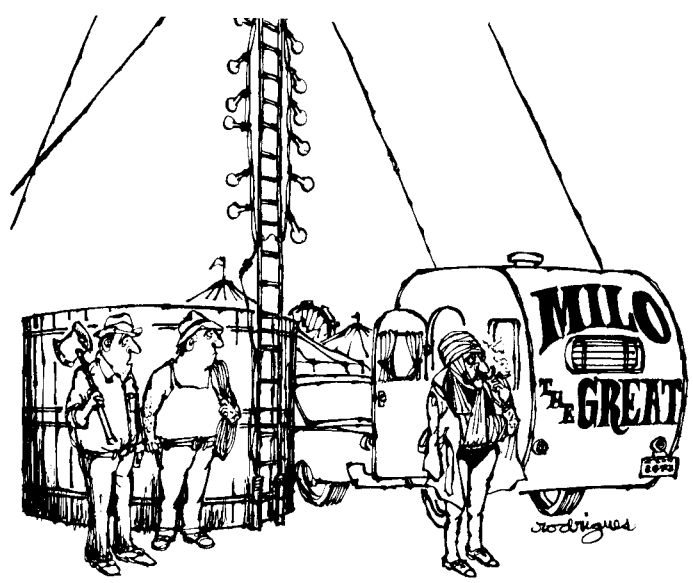
"So he sent you here? He never told me you were coming."

"No, well, it was a spur-of-the-moment thing. I was in Munich, actually, when I got the wire."

"Oh, yes? You must have been with Gatiss."

"Yes. Poor Gatiss. Hates the place, but no one will give him a transfer."

"It's getting cold in here, "said Eberley, after a while, straightening up and



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Milo's sure been hit hard by this drought . . ."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moving toward the mirror; he stood so that he could see Henderson's nervous face reflected in it. "Look, Henderson, what exactly do you want?"

"Well, I was—that is, Frazer was just wondering what actually were your plans. For the rest of your stay here."

"Oh, is that all? Well, I'll tell you, shall I?"

"If you could. We'd be awfully grateful."

Moving casually away from the mirror, Eberley seemed to turn his back on Henderson, but, in one sudden action, had swung around and grabbed hold of his lapels, swinging him backward into the shower and ramming the muzzle of the gun deep into the man's paunch. 'All right, who sent you here?"he snapped.

"What are you doing? Frazer sent me ——"

Eberley quickly searched Henderson's pockets and threw an automatic onto the floor of the shower. The gun spun around noisily on the concrete and slowly slid to rest over the drain.

"There's no one called Henderson in the files, and, furthermore, I would have been notified if there was, or if you were arriving. And for your information, Gatiss left Munich ten days ago. And your gun's a Tokarev. Now tell me who you are."

Immediately Henderson's face froze into a defiant dumbness. Eberley knew the expression well. Still keeping the gun in the man's stomach, he pulled Henderson's wallet out of his pocket and shook its contents onto the floor. One glance revealed the man's identity. What an incompetent fool, he thought, and reached over and turned on the hot tap of the shower. The nozzle bubbled, then burst into life and flooded Henderson with hot water. Eberley stood back, still pointing the gun, and said, "What did you hope to achieve by this pathetic attempt at subterfuge? Tell our boss Kuzmich that if he hadn't been so eager to kill Pavel I wouldn't be in this damn mess."

"You're under a gross misunderstanding ——" the man began in Russian, but Eberley cut him off. He leaned forward abruptly and thrust the small, soaked man sharply upward so that his head hit the nozzle of the shower with a sharp crack. The Russian collapsed in a heap at the bottom of the cubicle.

Eberley quickly bent down and searched the unconscious man, pocketing the Tokarev, and then, leaving the shower running, unlocked the bathroom door, glanced out into the corridor, and returned to his room. What does one make of that incident? he thought. And what misunderstanding? The only misunderstanding was that Kuzmich was treating him like an enemy, not as a friend. Damn them all.

The train slid out of the Zoo station. Eberley felt nervous. Crossing overland, the train moved over the Tiergarten and the long, wide, Strasse des 17. Juni that once cruised through the Brandenburg Gate but was now crippled by a barbed-wire and sandbag dam; past the tall, golden Victory column and the precociousness of the new concert hall, and then rattled in a curve over neglected tracks across the Wall itself—remarkably small and unforbidding at first glance, but nonetheless unnerving—and then slowed and stopped in the Friedrichstrasse station itself.

Reaching the bottom of the gray stone steps from the platform, Eberley was guided by signs along a narrow corridor until he reached the Passport Control. There were about two dozen people waiting in the hot, uncomfortable tunnel. After half an hour, Eberley had reached the counter, handed over his passport, given particulars of the money he carried, and been told to wait till his number was called. He waited a further half hour, then an hour until all other passengers had been cleared and others had taken their places. Finally a door opened near him and a young private in the *Volkspolizei* approached him. "Herr Dancer?"

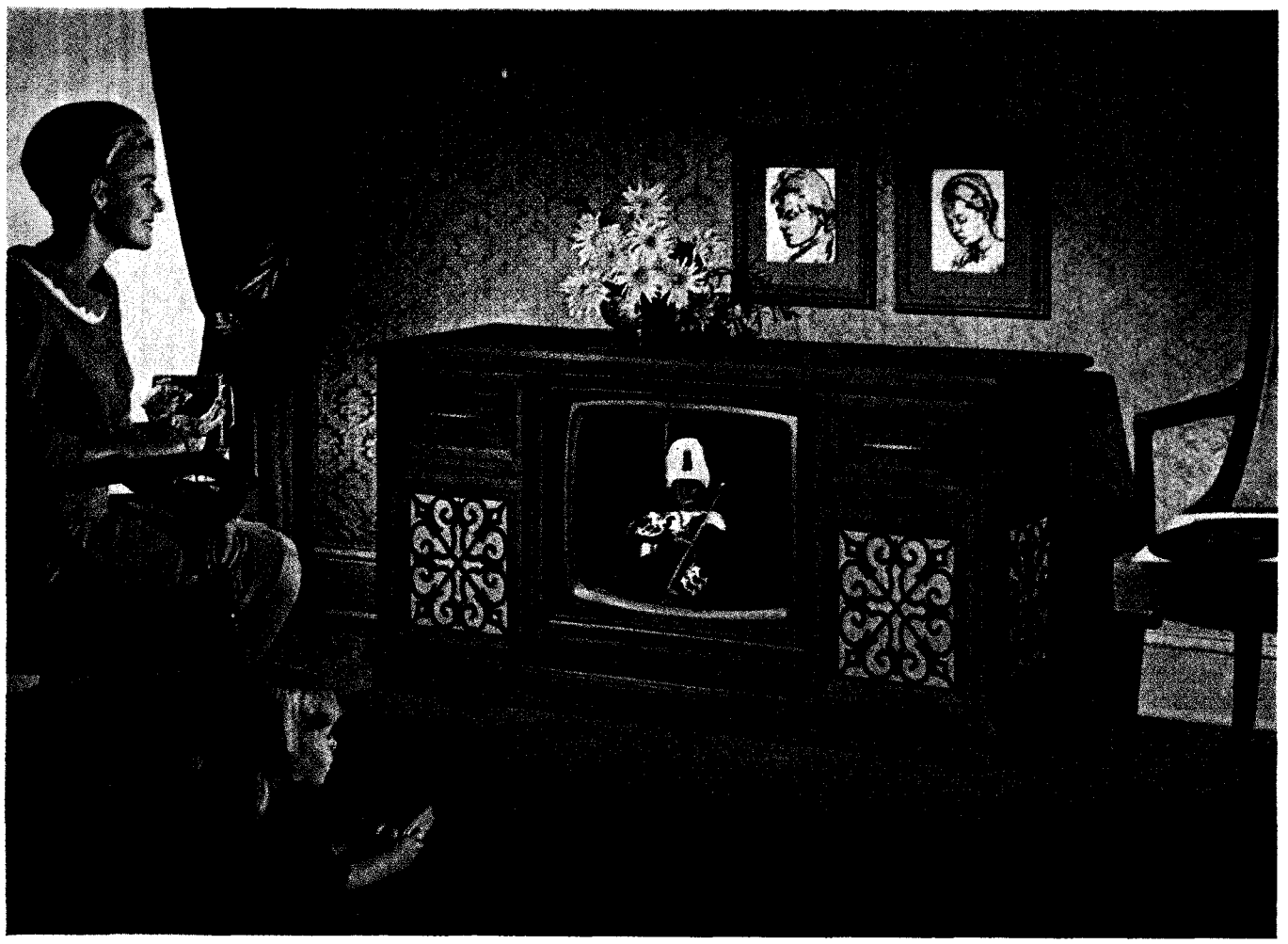
Eberley nodded.

"*Bitte*," said the soldier, and walked toward a nearby door and waited. Eberley was led into a small office adjacent to the Passport Control, fitted out only with a desk and three chairs, a telephone and the inevitable framed photograph of Party Secretary Walter Ulbricht. "*Bitte, nehmen Sie Platz.*"

Eberley was left alone. Fifteen minutes later the young soldier returned, together with an officer who introduced himself with a bow as Stein. He was a tall man with mousy, cropped hair. He smiled pleasantly at Eberley as he sat down at the desk and gestured to him to sit opposite. The passport was placed between them.

"Your passport states that you are an accountant, Herr Dancer?"

"That is right. Actually, I've been promoted since. I'm now a supervisor."

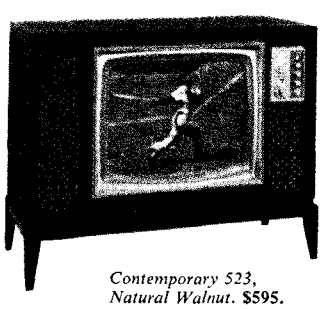


Tampico *Color Stereo Theatre. Gliding doors can cover 295 sq. in. rectangular screen. With remote control, only* **$995.**

Only Magnavox brings you brilliant true color automatically plus truly superb stereo for the full beauty of music!

Only Magnavox has Automatic Color for perfectly tuned pictures that stay precise—without fine-tuning—even when you change channels. Brilliant Color for the most vivid, natural color ever. Chromatone adds depth and dimension to color, warm beauty to black and white pictures. Quick-On so pictures flash to life in just seconds. Get these and other advancements Magnavox owners have been enjoying for years.

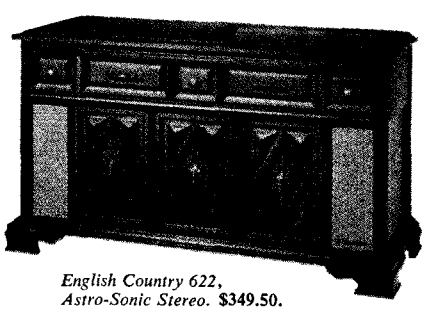
TOTAL REMOTE CONTROL lets you turn set on/off, select channels, change records, perform other functions—*without leaving your chair.*
ASTRO-SONIC STEREO re-creates music flawlessly . . . gives you superb high-fidelity sound on TV, as well as on stereo FM and FM/AM radio and your favorite recordings. Advanced solid-state circuitry replaces tubes for highest efficiency, lasting reliability.



Contemporary 523, Natural Walnut. **$595.**

Select from a wide variety of elegant styles sold *direct* through Magnavox franchised dealers, listed in the Yellow Pages, saving you middleman costs. Console radio-phonographs from **$198.50.** Other color TV from **$399.50.**

the magnificent Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



English Country 622, Astro-Sonic Stereo. **$349.50.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ah."

Stein was turning the pages of the passport carefully, snapping each page with his thumb. At last he closed it and placed it neatly back in the center of the desk. "Why exactly are you visiting East Berlin?"

"Just sightseeing."

"Sightseeing? For how long?"

"Oh—just for the day."

"Just for the day?"

"Yes."

"I see." Stein smiled and stared at the ceiling for a moment. "What is your name again?"

"Dancer.GeorgeDancer."

"Ah, yes. Dancer. You work in an oil company—is that not right?"

"How do you know that?"

"It's in your passport."

"No, it's not."

"Is that so?" Stein said blandly.

"Look," said Eberley, irritated now, "what is this all about?"

"Just routine matters."

"Yes, but I notice nobody else has been dragged in here. I've been waiting now for two hours ——"

"Yes, we apologize about that. But you must realize, Herr. . . ?"

"Dancer."

"You must realize, Herr Dancer, that we have an immense problem here checking all incoming visitors."

"I thought it was outgoing visitors you were concerned about."

Stein gave a brief smile and said quietly, "Not always, Herr Dancer. Not quite always."

"Why am I being delayed here?"

"You will soon know. I am waiting ——"

The telephone on the desk rang suddenly.

"——for that," said Stein, and picked up the telephone.

Eberley watched as the officer listened on the telephone, then finally glanced up and put down the receiver. Scooping up the passport, Stein stood up, then stepped forward and placed the passport carefully in Eberley's hand.

"We're sorry to have kept you so long, and apologize. One passport returned to owner."

Eberley looked up, puzzled, glanced back at the soldier, then, with a dissatisfied grunt, stuffed the passport into his pocket and stood up. "Well," he said, somewhat relieved, "choose someone else next time for your little conversations. Your damned city isn't that bloody marvelous."

And, staggering under his attempted pose at blandness, he walked to the door. Stein's voice stopped him in his tracks.

"Not that one, Herr Dancer. The other one."

Eberley turned. Impassively, Stein continued, "There's a train to West Berlin in about three minutes. If you take the other door, it will lead you straight to the platform."

Eberley hesitated, not quite understanding at first. "What the hell do you mean? I wish to go into East Berlin."

"I'm afraid not," Stein said. "Permission has been refused."

"Refused? But I thought you—— By whom? Why?"

"That is beside the point. We cannot allow you to enter. Not now or at any time. If you attempt to enter illegally, you will be arrested immediately."

He sat in the train carrying him back to the center of West Berlin, feeling like a master thief caught stealing apples by a farmer. In an oblique way, he had been chastised by Kuzmich and sent away—told to be careful in the future, warned of his position. And that, Eberley knew too well, was dangerous.

It soon became worse. The two opposing walls of his nightmare suddenly closed around him as if released by the same lever. For, leaving the train and returning to his hotel, he entered the room and saw Emmanuel Gatiss standing by the window, one hand clutching a half-eaten apple, the other holding the top of Caroline's forgotten bikini. It was all Eberley needed—this sudden concern by the British over his welfare.

"You're an absolute failure, aren't you?" Gatiss said, folding his arms. "You've done nothing since you've been in Berlin, have you?"

"Well, I ——"

"Have you found Krasnevin?"

"No."

"Have you any idea where he is?"

"Well, I didn't have much of a lead, did I? We don't even know if he's in Berlin."

"Oh, he is, Eberley. He is. You can be sure of that."

"You seem very confident about it."

"Well, I take my work seriously and never approach any aspect of it without being absolutely sure. Today I was followed from the border, which encouraged me greatly. You may rest assured that I will find Krasnevin before the month is out. I will do it for two reasons: one, because the odds are in my favor, and two, because I hate this city and I hate all the people in it. The sooner I get out of this Auschwitz of a country the better. Now, tell me about the man in the shower."

Eberley sat down and gave a detailed account of the meeting with the Russian the night before, omitting his own remarks to "Henderson" but giving Gatiss an accurate description of the man. Gatiss listened without comment, then said, "Well, they know you're here, which is interesting. But I'm surprised they would reveal themselves like that. Very amateurish. The whole naïve approach of this man who calls himself Henderson. It's almost as if he knew you."

"Why do you say that?" Eberley said quickly.

"Well, he obviously didn't expect you to attack him, that's for sure. Where were you this morning?"

"Oh, nowhere in particular. I just went for a walk."

"Picking flowers?"

Eberley was about to shout something but changed his mind. Gatiss took Henderson's Tokarev automatic from his pocket and dropped it on the chair. "Get rid of that. Don't leave it lying around."

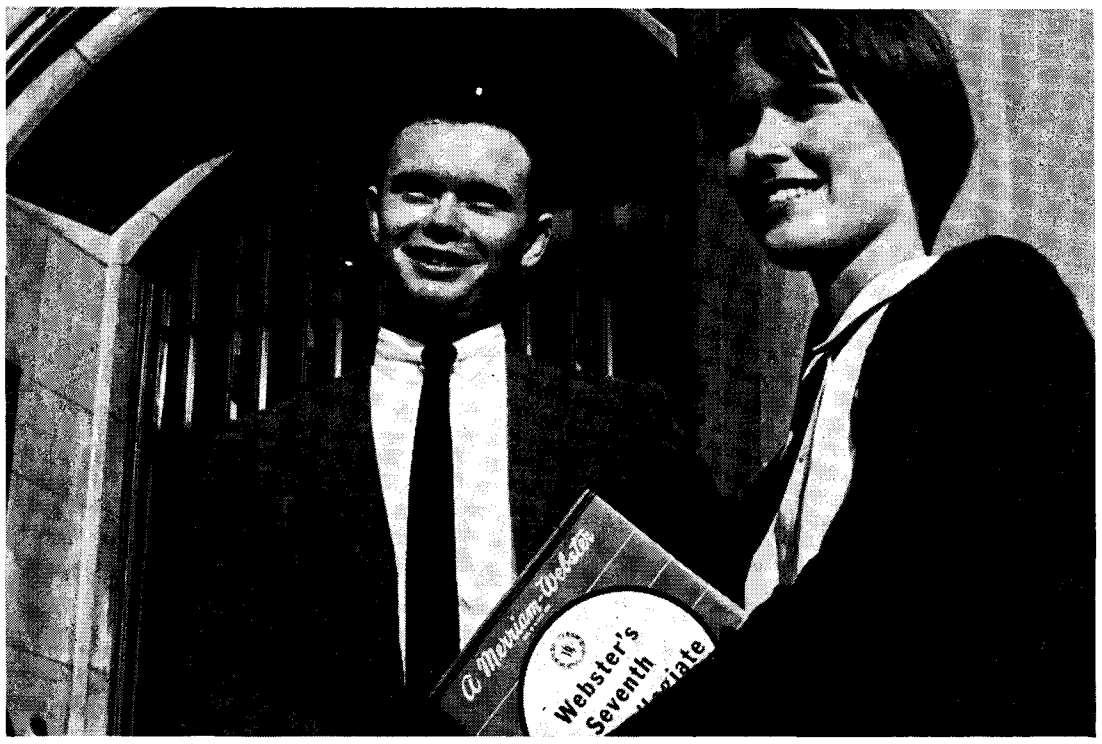
And then: "I don't like you, Eberley, because you are weak and dishonest and pathetic. But more than that, I don't like you because I don't trust you. You're frightened of me, and that disturbs me. I want to know why. Frazer must have had some valid reason for putting you on this job, but I'm going out now to begin the work you should have finished. Don't leave the hotel till I return. I've checked into this hotel, too. You take orders from me from now on. Understand?"

Gatiss opened the door, went out, returned, and said, "Oh, by the way, you received a call in London from that garage in France. Your car has been repaired. Prentiss is picking it up. He'll be here tomorrow probably. *Guten Tag.*"

He closed the door again, leaving Eberley standing, tense and white-faced, in the pale gray light of the wretched, fading afternoon.

The third prostitute who approached him looked like Jean Harlow. She was distinguishable by her bottle-blond hair. Eberley ignored her.

It had taken him ten minutes of lethargic thought after Gatiss's departure, and forty minutes of decisive action to arrive at this squalid tenement. Above him, on the fourth floor, were the offices (as he knew from the past) of Breysach. Eberley had heard some years ago that the place was clandestine headquarters of an illegal smuggling company. It had been checked and dismissed. Three fatalities in a row on the Wall had registered the organization as "active yet harmless" in the

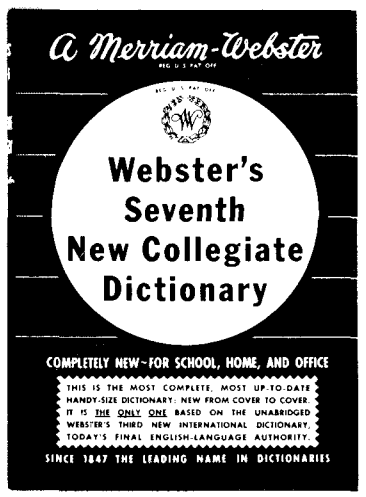


Start the school year right with Webster's Seventh New Collegiate

Old dictionaries cannot give today's students the thousands of new words that have entered our language — words they use daily in their courses.

But Webster's Seventh New Collegiate does: with 20,000 new words and new meanings . . . with 130,000 entries in all. It is the only "Webster" with scientific names of plants and animals . . . rules for spelling and punctuation. Required or recommended at schools and colleges everywhere, this is the only desk dictionary based on Webster's Third New International, the word authority of the U. S. Government Printing Office and our courts of law.

Start the school year right with this proven aid to success. At book, department, and stationery stores. $5.75 plain, $6.75 indexed. G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Massachusetts 01101.


A Merriam-Webster
Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary
COMPLETELY NEW - FOR SCHOOL, HOME, AND OFFICE
THIS IS THE MOST COMPLETE, MOST UP-TO-DATE HANDY-SIZE DICTIONARY. NEW FROM COVER TO COVER. IT IS THE ONLY ONE BASED ON THE UNABRIDGED WEBSTER'S THIRD NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, TODAY'S FINAL ENGLISH-LANGUAGE AUTHORITY.
SINCE 1847 THE LEADING NAME IN DICTIONARIES

Look for the book in the bright red jacket!

Beware of substitute "Websters".
Insist on the genuine.

MERRIAM-WEBSTER
The leading name in dictionaries since 1847

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British files. This absurd irony was sufficient to allow Breysach to enlarge and become the second-most-profitable defection operation in West Berlin.

Eberley lit a cigarette and started up the second flight of stairs.

"Hello, thugar," the blonde lisped. "Buy me a drink?"

Eberley turned, glared at her, muttered some veiled obscenity, and moved toward the next flight.

By the fourth floor, Eberley was breathing hard. He put it down to lack of exercise and walked to a corner door marked, in small, faded letters, WINTERHILFE—Winter Help, the old Third Reich charity organization. Nothing ever changed. He knocked twice and waited. After two minutes, more or less, the door was opened by a myopic spinster. "*Ja?*"

A slight smile and a bow from Eberley. "*Guten Tag.* Herr Greiser?"

"Who?"

"Herr Greiser? I have come to the right place, I presume?"

The woman blinked in reply. "Would you come this way, please?"

He was led into a green-and-white, cell-like room filled with next-to-nothing.

"Wait here, please. Your name?"

"Dancer. George Dancer, but he ——"

"Do you have an appointment?"

"No, but we are old friends. If you could just persuade him to appear."

The woman glared at him with overt resentment. "One moment. I will see."

She left through a door next to an immense filing cabinet that dominated the room like a Buddha. Finally, after five minutes, a small, blue-chinned man entered the room and stared in puzzlement at his visitor. Behind him hovered three other people, including the secretary, their faces aping Greiser's expression.

"You wanted to see me?"

The answer had to be negative. This wasn't Greiser. At least not the Greiser Eberley knew.

"You are Herr Greiser?" Eberley asked.

"That is correct. Who are you?"

"Herr Josef Greiser?" Eberley insisted.

"No. My name is Oskar Greiser. What is it you want?"

All eyes turned toward Eberley, and the room went cold.

"Perhaps," he offered defensively, "Herr Josef Greiser is a relation. A . . . brother?"

"There is no Josef in my family. Good day."

Greiser scuttled back into the next room and left Eberley alone and resentful with the secretary. He attempted a smile of apology, but it died in embryo.

"I must have made a mistake. But you must have heard of Josef Greiser? He was in this building as little as four years ago."

"There is no Josef Greiser here," the woman snapped, and strode to the landing door. "Please leave. This is a private establishment."

He pushed past her and was on the second flight before he realized the full impact of the scene. Greiser, *his* Greiser, had left, and he had no knowledge of where he had gone. Times had changed, and his best and—more important—most secure entrance into the East had been sealed off.

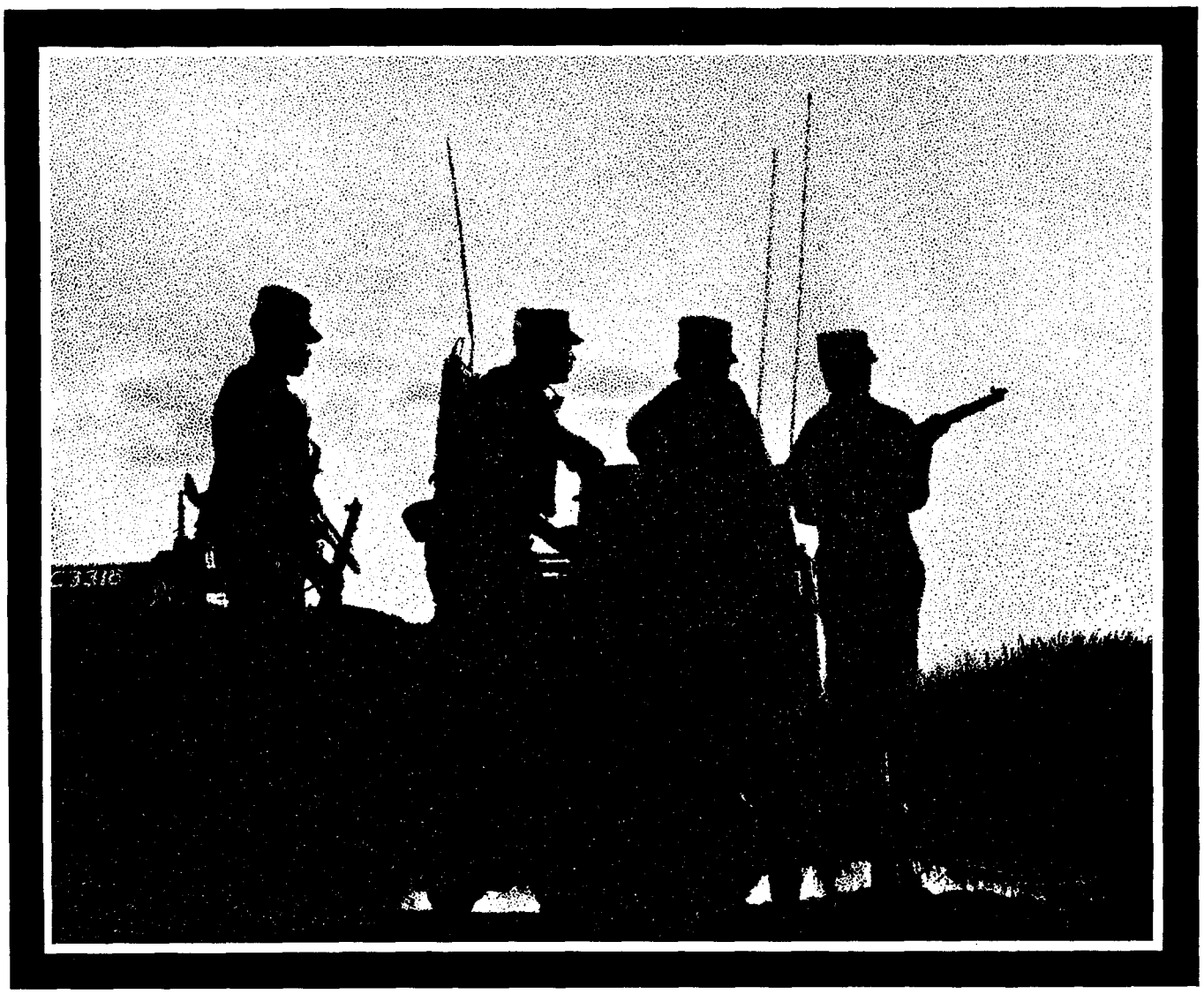
"*Ein grosses Bier, bitte, und einen Korn,*" he muttered to the owner of a nearby bar.

The whiskey and beer chaser were served, and he drank them thirstily and ordered another round. And then another six rounds in succession. And then a seventh for a drunk who bored but distracted him, and whom he found, on the eighth round, was himself. Finally, feeling as sober as a judge, Eberley paid the bill, turned, collapsed into a door marked PULL, and vomited absurdly all over the newly scrubbed black-and-white tiles on the men's-room floor.

He awoke an hour later to find himself lying on the pavement, and without his wallet. He stood up cautiously and discovered that he was pleasantly alert, despite the acrid stink of vomit on his clothes. Twenty past eight. Eberley peered around him and then, anxious to reach the hotel before Gatiss returned, set off at a steady stride in what he hoped was the right direction. He had barely walked a quarter of a mile when a Porsche drew up beside him.

At first Eberley ignored it, but when the car emphasized its presence by crawling along beside him, he hurried faster until he was ahead of it. Before him he could see the lights of a busy street, which encouraged him greatly. Then suddenly he was aware of footsteps hurrying after him, and of his name being called. "Herr Dancer? Herr Dancer, *bitte?*"

Eberley turned and saw a tall man, built like a boxer and yet with an almost pretty face, running toward him



USO

IS THERE...
ONLY IF YOU CARE

The USO is a marine's chance to unwind over a cup of coffee 200 yards from the barbed wire edge of trouble. If you care.

The USO is a warm American greeting for a lonely sailor away from the teeming streets of a foreign port. If you care.

The USO is a smile lighting up a soldier's tension-creased face as Bob Hope entertains on a Southeast Asian battleground. If you care.

The USO is there, only if you care. Only your donations enable the USO to bring a little touch of home into the lives of our 2,300,000 citizens in uniform—lives they are pledged to risk wherever freedom is threatened. Someone you know needs the USO. Someone you know wants a choice of conduct during his off-duty hours. Someone you know wants a haven in a hostile world. Someone you know needs a reminder that folks back home really care.

Show him you care. Give to the civilian-supported USO through your local United Fund or Community Chest.

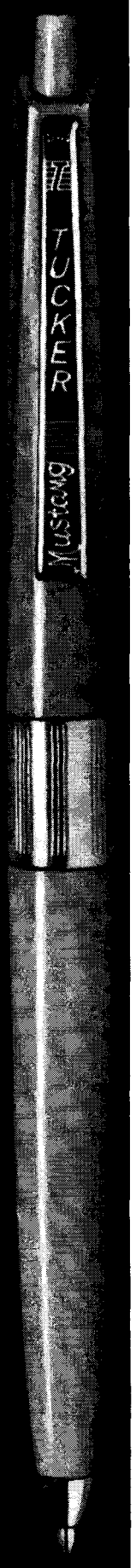
USO is there, only if you care.

ADVERTISING COUNCIL · PUBLIC SERVICE ·

Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This tough little 39¢ Mustang Ball Pen is Guaranteed to write for 1 year or your money back!



Don't try skating on the Tuckersharpe Mustang Pen.
Or drilling holes with it.
Or shooting it from a rifle.
The Mustang Pen is made for writing. Every time you pick it up! And all it costs is just 39¢.
It's guaranteed to write for one full year—or your money back. So splurge.
It's the last time you'll spend money on a pen for a whole year.

TUCKER Mustang RETRACTABLE BALL PEN

Tuckersharpe Pen Company, Inc., Richmond, Virginia

with one hand raised as if in a primitive gesture of peace. Eberley recognized him as belonging to the staff of the Herr Greiser he had just met. He had hovered elegantly in the background during that cryptic interview two hours before.

"Herr Dancer," the man was saying, "I've been looking for you everywhere. I'm so glad I finally caught you."

Eberley didn't stop, but walked slower.

"My name is Uwe Greff, and you don't know how I've been looking for you."

He put his hand out to touch Eberley's arm but stopped as Eberley stepped back and said, "What do you want?"

A gesture of childish dismay from Greff and a delicate replacing of tie into jacket. "Herr Dancer—perhaps I should explain. I heard you tonight at the office ask for Josef Greiser."

"Oh, yes?"

"Well, it's obvious that you have been out of touch. Josef, unfortunately—well, he was arrested."

"Arrested?" asked Eberley, surprised. "When? Where?"

"Last year. By the *Vopos*. Well, Oskar—that's the present Herr Greiser, the one you saw tonight—very confusing—knows nothing about Josef's"—and here he sought a word—"*activities*. It's pure coincidence."

A long pause. Eberley watched Greff's face steadily, glanced at the Porsche, and then turned back to Greff.

"But it still exists? Breysach, I mean?"

"Oh, most certainly."

"And you?"

Greff gave his first genuine smile and braved a pat on Eberley's shoulder. "Shall we go to the car? I have some coffee in the car which I'm sure you will like."

Eberley followed Greff, still wary but more relaxed, to the Porsche. "Where are we going?"

"Oh, just driving around. Give us time to talk."

At Yorckstrasse Greff turned right, and right again.

"Look," said Eberley, irritated by Greff's reluctance to talk. "I can't drive around all ——"

"Forgive me, Herr Dancer. You were inquiring about Josef, were you not?"

"Yes."

"For some—reason, I presume."

"Perhaps."

"Then perhaps I can help."

"Who is Oskar Greiser?"

"Oh, no one. Nothing to do with Breysach, at least."

"But you work for him?"

"In a sense. Let us forget about Oskar, shall we? He is of no use to you."

Eberley was silent for a moment as he served himself from the coffee flask.

"Well, at least," he said finally, "your office is close to Love and Kitheth. If you desire it."

There was a hearty laugh from Greff and he slapped Eberley's knee.

"Oh, you noticed her? She's really rather sweet. Her name's Hedwig something or other. She told me she was an actress, or wanted to be one. I can't remember."

"Greff, I haven't much time. Can we drop the pleasantries now?"

Greff pursed his mouth and nodded. "There's an alley up ahead. I'll park there."

"No. Keep driving. But get out of this district. Your car is too conspicuous. Drive toward the center."

"As you wish."

The car accelerated back toward the Anhalter Banhof, skirted the Wall, and headed north in the direction of the Tiergarten. It had just entered the dark lanes of the park when Eberley said suddenly, "Stop the car here."

"What?" asked Greff in surprise.

"Stop it. Park it just in that shadow."

With a frown, Greff slid the car into a deserted alcove of trees and switched off the lights. Eberley told Greff to get out. There was a moment's hesitation, then Greff obeyed and watched in amused interest as Eberley quickly searched the car—under the dashboard, behind the seats, even the flask—until he was content.

"The car isn't bugged, Dancer," Greff commented matter-of-factly as he slid the car back into the road. "And the reason is that we are much more vulnerable than you. For all I know you could be a damned *Vopo* in mufti."

"I could be, yes." replied Eberley.

"But you're not. I'll tell you who you are. Your name is George Dancer. And you work in an oil company."

Eberley sat up straight.

"You are a supervisor in the Accounts department, and are thirty-six years old and live in London. This is your second visit to Berlin, and you would like to get into the East but, for certain reasons, permission has been refused. As you discovered this morning."

Silence. Eberley stared out at the dark streets and the constellations of insects caught in the headlights. And then he nodded and said quietly, "I think we're in business. Who tipped you off? Stein?"

"No. Too high up for us. It was the private."

The Porsche cornered sharply into Beusselstrasse. "When do you want to go over?" Greff asked.

"Within the next twenty-four hours," replied Eberley.

Greff hesitated, then said, "Tomorrow morning. I'm sure it can be fixed for then. It'll mean more pressure, but it can be arranged."

"I'm known," Eberley said. "I can't afford to be seen by anyone—East or West."

"That'll be taken into account. But don't ask questions After all, you might still be a plant. It's happened before."

"How much do you want?"

"Well, it's a rush job, and your face is known. And, as you well know, we avoid all the pathetic kamikaze devices such as tunnels, coffins, after-dark dashes, and other such trivia. One is likely to get killed that way."

"How much do you want?"

"For a daylight crossing, with papers?"

"How much?"

"Six thousand dollars, or two thousand pounds sterling. Half in advance," added Greff, toying with the radio.

"Too much," replied Eberley, "I'll give you three thousand dollars."

"I'm not a fool, George," said Greff. "Make it five thousand dollars in cash and we've got a deal."

"All right. Half on this side of the Wall and half on the other."

"Agreed."

Two intakes of breath and Greff said, "Where shall I drop you?"

"Better make it Steinplatz. I can walk from there."

"All right."

They drove in silence now till they reached Spandauer Damm, and then Greff said, "The main bank in Hardenberg Strasse. Be there at eleven. When you leave, wait on the corner where I drop you tonight. A black Mercedes taxi, number B 4485A, will appear on your side, traveling south. Hail it and it will stop. Leave it to us from there."

"I might be followed."

"Don't worry. We can take care of that. Have you got the number?"

"B 4485A?"

"Good. Don't bring any luggage, of course, but bring your passport."

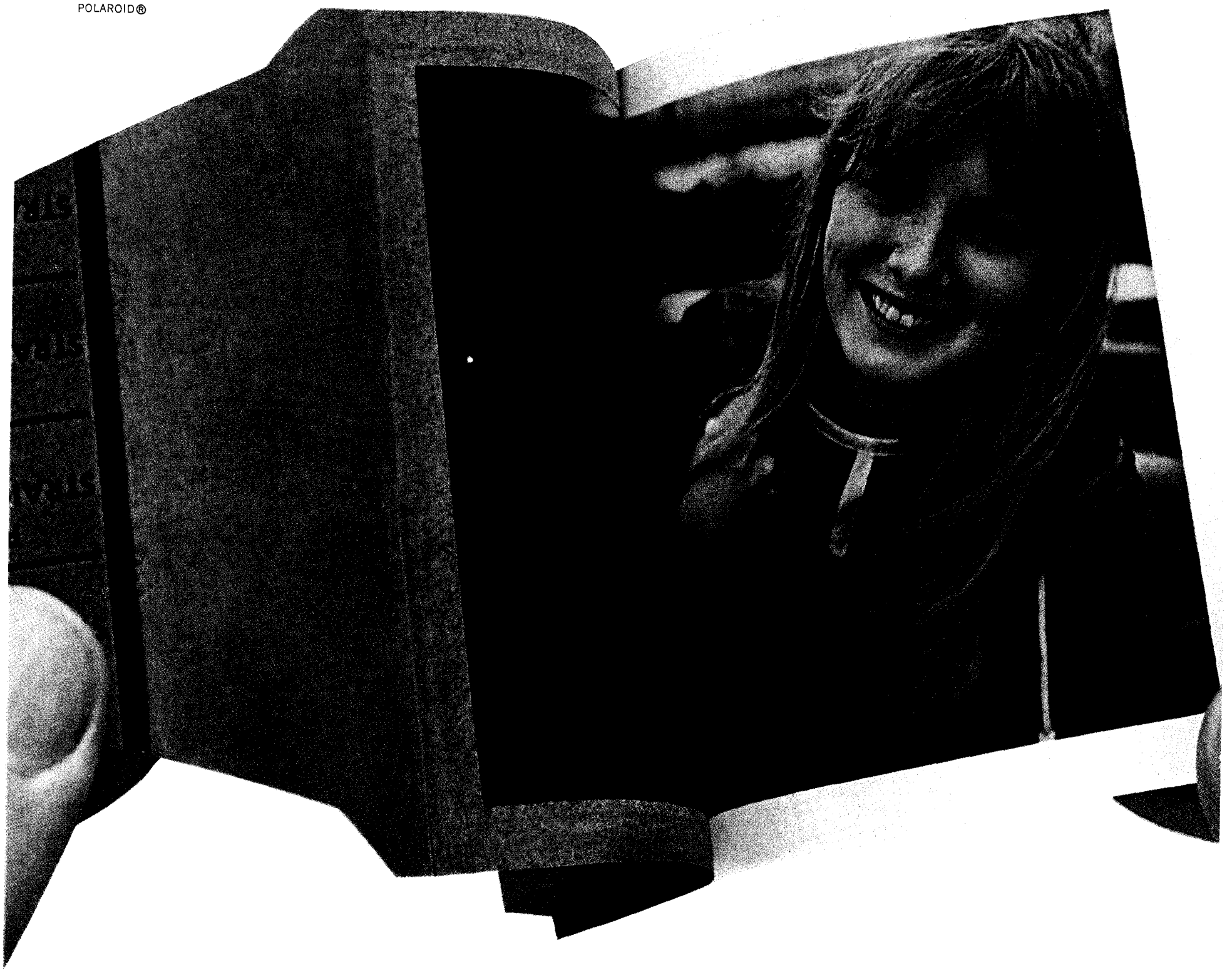
"Why?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'd like to marry someone just like my father—he's easy to browbeat."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLAROID®



It's like opening a present.

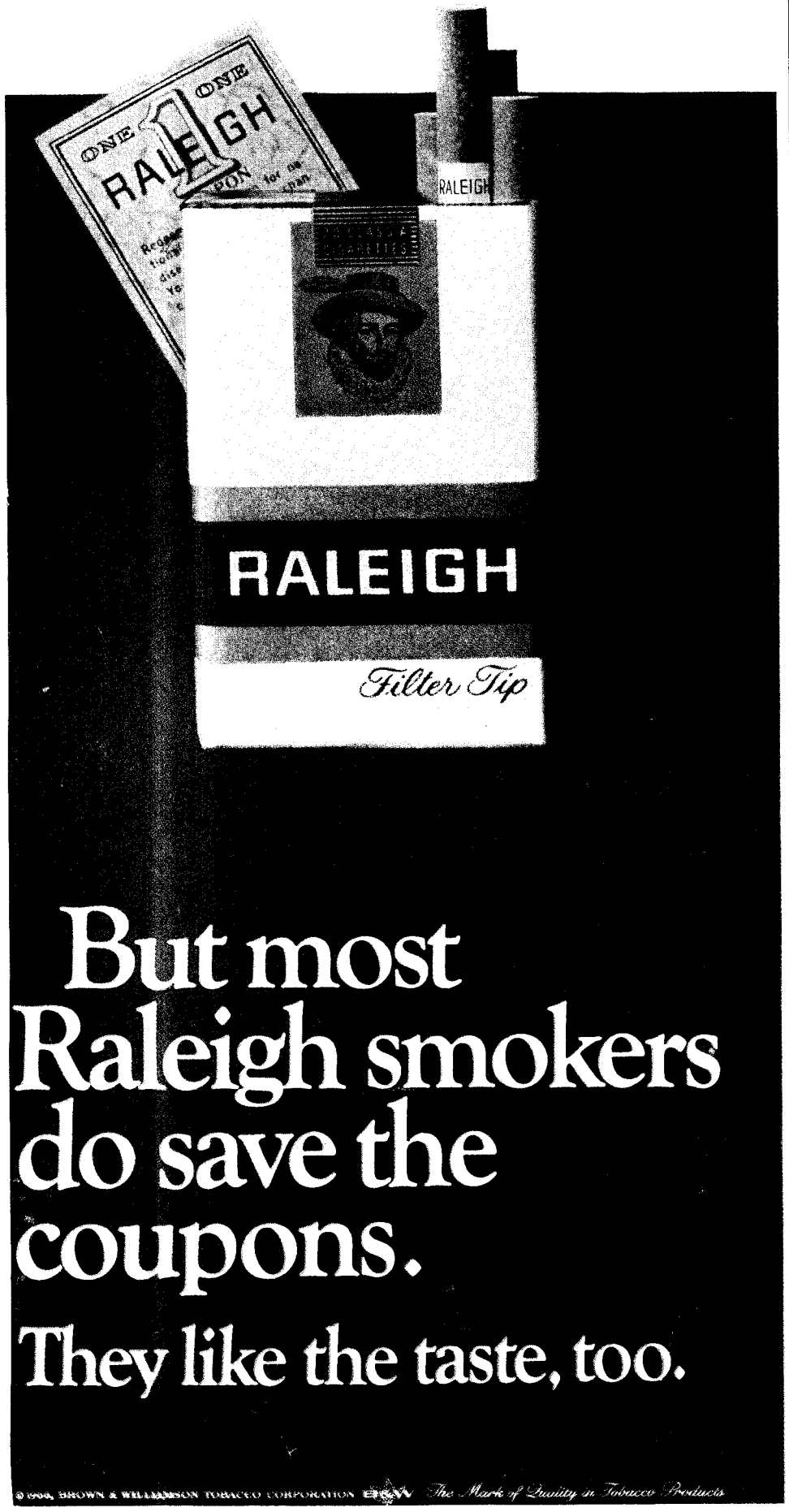
Shown: Model 100, under $150, including flash

Polaroid Color Pack Cameras start at under $60.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lots of people smoke Raleigh and don't save the coupons.

They like the taste... the real tobacco taste.



But most Raleigh smokers do save the coupons.

They like the taste, too.

© 1966, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Products

"It will be exchanged for another one. We will use yours as a base for someone else. You're not going to need it after tomorrow, are you?"

"Is that all?"

"That's all for now—oh, there is something. What's your collar size?"

"My what?"

"Collar size. You know—on your shirts."

"Fifteen," Eberley replied, puzzled.

Greff wrote *Fifteen* down in the notebook as the car halted at some lights, then said, "I'm sorry I can't make it more cloak-and-dagger for you, but it's just routine for us."

"I'll get off at the next corner."

The car stopped in the small Steinplatz park. Eberley was about to open his door when Greff leaned across and held his arm.

"Don't underestimate us, George. You have more to lose than we do."

At nine-fifty, he arrived at his hotel and inquired at the desk whether Gatiss had returned and left again, but Gatiss's key had remained untouched all day. Eberley went upstairs to his own room, closed the door, and sat on the edge of the bed. He felt suddenly very lonely and, for the first time in years, frightened.

Not bothering to put on the light, he sat in the gloom and stared at a piece of paper on the floor for what seemed an eternity. After many minutes, he realized that it was a note. Picking it up, he discovered that it was dated that day, and presumably had been pushed under the door within the last couple of hours. The realization brought him to his senses, since no one in Berlin (except Gatiss) knew of his presence, and even Caroline believed him to have left twelve hours ago. Puzzled, he opened it up and glanced down to the bottom, where the signature was scrawled. *Caroline.*

Dear George,

Fat Susan who is a horror said she saw you this afternoon lying in the street!! What a horrid liar she is. Anyway I came around just in case, cos you know I think you're super, but you were out. Have you gone? Or are you still here? You needn't bother to tell me if you are, if you don't want to see me. But please, George, would love to see you if you are. How do you spell 'passionately'?

lots of kisses

Caroline

X X X X X X

P.S. Am at Bristol Kempinski. Room 141. And alone!!

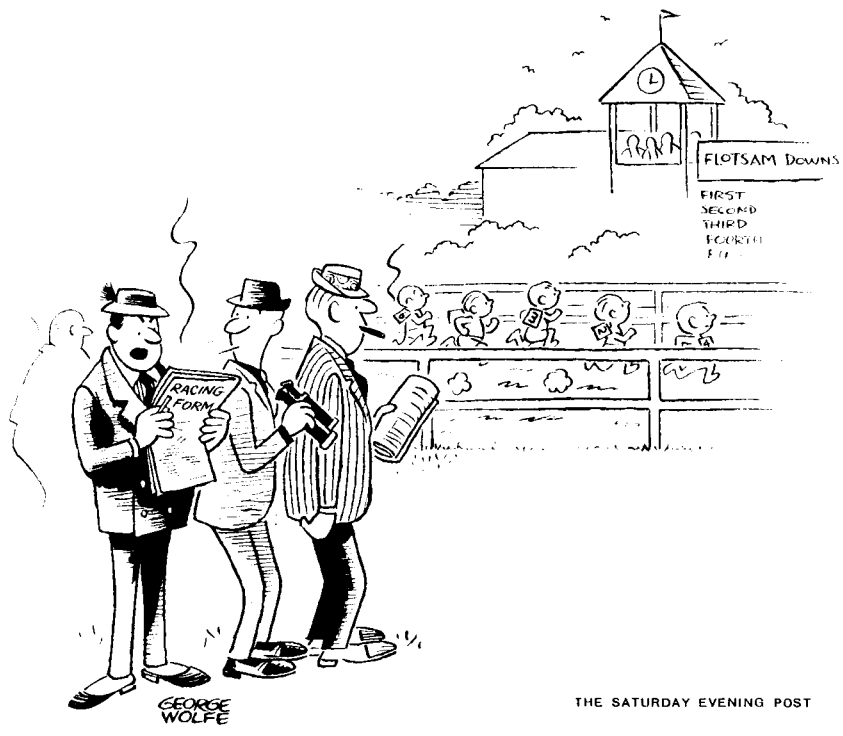
Eberley read the note twice, then tore it up. He had not the slightest desire to see Caroline, and yet wishing to avoid Gatiss until morning, found her invitation not unwelcome.

He put his passport, checkbook and gun in his pocket and left the hotel. No one saw him leave. Walking along dark side streets, Eberley reached Uhlandstrasse and saw the back of the Bristol Kempinski Hotel one hundred yards away. He stood and stared at it for a moment, then turned and walked away.

At ten-fifty he returned to the very same spot, crossed toward the side of the building, and then entered quickly. Avoiding the eyes of the lobby staff, Eberley moved to the stairs and walked up one flight.

There was no answer when he knocked at 141. Instead, the door, unlocked, swung open under the pressure of his knuckles. Eberley hesitated and involuntarily touched the butt of the Browning under his coat, before slowly entering the apartment. Shutting the door, he switched on the light and glanced around. The room was small and cluttered. Eberley sighed and crossed the carpeted floor to a door leading to the next room. Pausing, he listened for any sound, but there was none. Slowly he opened the door and saw that Caroline was in bed, one arm around a crippled teddy bear.

"I thought you were a burglar," she said.



"Fourth race, purse $7500—for three-year-olds!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the bank in Hardenberg Strasse, Eberley drew the entire six thousand dollars from the emergency fund he had been granted by Frazer, and walked out into the street. It was a fine day and rather pleasant. Berlin indeed could, like the *Hausfrau* it was, startle one suddenly by assuming forgotten makeup and jewelry in order to rekindle one's initial attraction. And yet, to Eberley, as he crossed the street toward Steinplatz, it was still a death trap.

He stood on the corner, attempting to be casual about the whole affair, and was relieved to find that the taxi approached him almost immediately. He double-checked the number, then hailed it with a slight gesture of his arm. The Mercedes drew up at the curb.

"I'm Dancer," Eberley said quickly, reaching for the back door.

The driver grunted. They drove in dead silence till they reached the Grunewald district twenty minutes later.

Eberley was surprised when the taxi parked outside a large mansion. The neatly cut lawn, the privet hedge, and the diligently cultivated garden seemed an odd setting for such an illicit organization. But on reflection, he realized that it was, on the contrary, perfectly apt. Ugliness is often disguised by extravagant ostentation, if funds are high.

In the front hall, filled with tapestries and vulgar furniture, a butler appeared. "Would you come this way?" he said.

At the back of the house, carefully hidden by a high wall and a semicircle of poplars, was a kidney-shaped swimming pool, where a dozen male guests swam or lazed idly on the blush-red tiles, drinking whiskey sours. Eberley stood at the edge of the pool and looked curiously around for Greff. He was nowhere to be seen. Then suddenly, with a bellowing laugh, he emerged from the depths of the pool and swam toward a yellow raft floating nearby, which contained a young, black-haired boy wearing a pair of denim briefs. Clambering onto the raft, Greff whispered something to the boy, then noticed Eberley. He raised his hand in gesture of recognition, but Eberley had turned and was walking back to the house.

Greff swam to the side of the pool and climbed out. In a few strides he had reached Eberley and caught his arm. "Where are you going?" he said. "Sit down and have a drink."

Eberley pulled his arm away. "As far as I am concerned, the deal is off."

"Please, George," Greff gasped, "don't get annoyed. Everything is arranged as planned. Just because you don't like the decor, don't run off in a temper."

Eberley turned and looked coldly at the guests around the pool. "What happens now?" he said.

Eberley turned from the bedroom window and sat down in a bentwood rocking chair and studied the room. It was large, grotesque, and decorated solely in blue, and when Greff dressed, his clothes too were of the same color.

"How long have we got?" Eberley said suddenly.

"Plenty of time, George," Greff replied, selecting a tie from a wardrobe.

A pause, then: "Have you got the money?"

"Yes."

"May I see?"

"When you tell me how it will be used."

"I see. As I said yesterday," Greff began, walking up and down, "you will go over openly and without any silly histrionics. And—may I add?—in comfort."

"You're sending me through in a Rolls-Royce?" commented Eberley sarcastically.

"No," replied Greff, blandly, "it's a Mercedes-Benz, actually. Not an ordinary Mercedes, of course. This one will be a military vehicle. A staff car."

"You can't be serious?" exploded Eberley.

"Perfectly. It has been done successfully many times. Military personnel, as you know, are allowed to travel back and forth between sectors without interference. They are neither searched nor questioned. All the forces in Berlin have recruits, even officers, who are quite prepared to take an unauthorized person through the Wall for a small consideration, without batting an eyelid. There's an officer's car leaving in fifty-five minutes. You sit comfortably in the back seat and let yourself be driven across. Simple, isn't it?"

"The *Vopos* may recognize my face."

"You will wear a uniform, of course, and glasses if you wish. They will never suspect because they will not be looking for you."

Eberley was unsure. It was *too* absurdly simple, and Greff was much too blasé about it. After a moment he stood up. "I'm sorry. I don't like it. It's unrealistic." He walked toward the door.

"Don't be a fool, Dancer," Greff called after him coldly. "You haven't much choice, have you?"

There was a fleeting shudder in Eberley's body, and he stopped and looked back at the other man. "How do you mean?" he asked.

"Well," replied Greff, "you are rather desperate, aren't you? And with a great deal to hide."

"What are you trying to say, Greff?"

"Only this. I know almost nothing about you, but I suspect a lot. This, as I said, doesn't concern me one bit. But I say I suspect. Let me tell you something. I'm not a very intelligent person. But I have always had one gift I pride myself on. I have a very good ear." He tapped his ear as if to emphasize the point. "I can pick out a wrong note played in an orchestra of fifty as if it were written on the conductor's back."

"What has this to do with me?"

"One moment. I still retain my ear. Not only with music but also with language. When someone speaks a foreign language, he naturally speaks it with an accent, which generally is very noticeable, depending on his fluency. But more than this: A Frenchman, say, no matter how long he has been out of his own country, still speaks a foreign language with a French accent. Well, George, you tell me you're English. You have an English name and an English passport. But when you speak German, it is not with an English accent."

"Oh, really?" said Eberley, dispassionately. "What accent do I have?"

"This I'm not sure. Hungarian? Rumanian? Or perhaps"—and Greff smiled slightly—"perhaps a little farther north."

"You're way off your mark, Greff," Eberley said steadily. "Anyway, I could be an immigrant, couldn't I?"

Lots of people smoke Belair and don't save the coupons.

They like the taste... the right touch of menthol.

But most Belair smokers do save the coupons.

They like the taste, too.

© 1966, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION B&W The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Products

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes, you could," replied Greff, with a slight bow, "and now you want to emigrate again. Don't you, Ge-org-e?"

Eberley stiffened. Greff had pronounced his name as if it were Russian—hardening the *g*'s and accenting the *e*. There was a knock on the door, and the butler entered. "Eleven-forty, sir. You asked ——"

"Yes. Thank you, Kreide," Greff said quickly, and waved the butler out of the room. "We have thirty minutes," he said to Eberley, "so you'd better make up your mind. I repeat, I don't care what you are, but the scheme will work. I assure you."

"Where is the uniform?" Eberley asked.

"In the taxi. The driver who brought you will take us to another rendezvous where you can change and pick up the staff car. All right?"

Eberley was worried, but he couldn't think clearly enough to rationalize his uneasiness. On the surface the plan was feasible. He shrugged and replied, "All right."

There was a mercenary smile from the German, and he patted Eberley's arm. "Relax, George. In one hour you will be on the other side, though I can't see why anyone would go to all the trouble for such a dreary place."

Eberley felt sweat beginning to trickle under his arms.

"Where's the money?"

"Now?"

"Half of it, yes."

Eberley took a package of dollars from his pocket and handed it over to Greff, who counted it slowly, then placed it in his wallet. "You'll deliver the rest to a contact in the East. He'll meet you. Shall we go?"

Eberley nodded and followed the German out of the bedroom. Both men descended the stairs in silence, like pallbearers. At the bottom, Greff stopped. "One moment. I ought to say good-bye to my . . ." He gestured toward the rear of the house and the pool.

Eberley nodded politely, but his face was strained. "Perhaps there's time for a drink before I leave?" he asked.

Greff gave a brief smile. "I'll call the butler." He walked to a large oaken door. "Kreide!"

No answer.

"Kreide!"

Still no answer. Greff swore. "Where the hell is that man? Kreide!"

Complete silence. Both men suddenly became aware that no sounds came from the garden, even though both doors were open.

"Something is wrong," muttered Greff, and turned away. Then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he ran quickly to the back of the house. Eberley heard his footsteps breaking clear of the house and running onto the tiled patio outside. Then, suddenly, they stopped.

Eberley hesitated and followed, moving faster as the light from the garden came in sight, and then he saw him. He was standing stock-still, staring out across the lawn, one hand frozen in the air, as if he were posing for a statue. He was looking at something, or someone, hidden from Eberley's view by the heavy doorframe. But with a few steps, he saw the reason for Greff's behavior. Around the pool and under the trees were seven policemen. And in the pool the raft was empty.

There was an explosion of sound and action. Greff broke out of his paralysis and turned and ran back into the house, pushing past Eberley and shouting at him, "You bastard! You bastard!"

Then he was running across the hall and collapsing under the blows of other men, and a kick on the nose from one of the police as he fell, spread-eagled, onto the floor. And then Eberley was being pushed aside, and the whole house seemed crowded with policemen who glanced briefly at Eberley, then dismissed him as if he were a stray glove. And then he heard a voice nearby, and he turned and saw its owner, Emmanuel Gatiss.

"Wait there and don't move," Gatiss was saying, and then he too was gone.

More faces peered at Eberley out of this sudden nightmare, until finally Gatiss returned. "Fine bloody goose chase you led us. You didn't expect to find Krasnevin here, did you?"

"Krasnevin?" Eberley repeated, barely conscious of any reality.

"If it wasn't for me, you'd probably be halfway to some bloody Russian prison by now. You are a damn fool, and God knows why Frazer put you on this. What in hell gave you the idea that Krasnevin was in the East?"

Eberley turned and, without looking at Gatiss, walked out across the lawn toward the swarm of policemen and stood among them, hands in pockets. A wagon arrived, and the guests were loaded like squealing pigs into the dark interior. And then, sirens two-toning to the sky, the cars spun around on the gravel and drove out fast into the main street and roared away, leaving Eberley standing alone in the middle of the drive.

"Get in their taxi," said Gatiss, touching Eberley's shoulder.

Eberley did, sitting in the back seat of the Mercedes. Gatiss sat behind the wheel, started the car, and eased it slowly out of the lane and toward the center of the city. He didn't speak for a full five minutes and then said, without turning around, "How much did you give him?"

"Two thousand, five hundred dollars."

"His price has gone up." Then Gatiss added, "Did you seriously think that Greff could lead you to Krasnevin?"

"Yes," replied Eberley immediately.

"Why?"

"Greff has contacts in the East ——"

"But Krasnevin is not in the East."

"You can't be sure."

"Can't I?" said Gatiss. "Prentiss arrived with your car this morning. He's waiting to speak to you—about Krasnevin. He will show you that Breysach was a mistake for you."

Silence. Eberley put his hand on the door handle and then took it away.

"Military car?" Gatiss asked suddenly.

"What has Prentiss to say?" said Eberley, ignoring the question.

"You'll see. Was it military-car method?"

"Yes. I was going to pose as an American colonel."

"American?"

"Well, American or British. One or the other."

"Didn't you ask Greff which army it was?"

"No, why?"

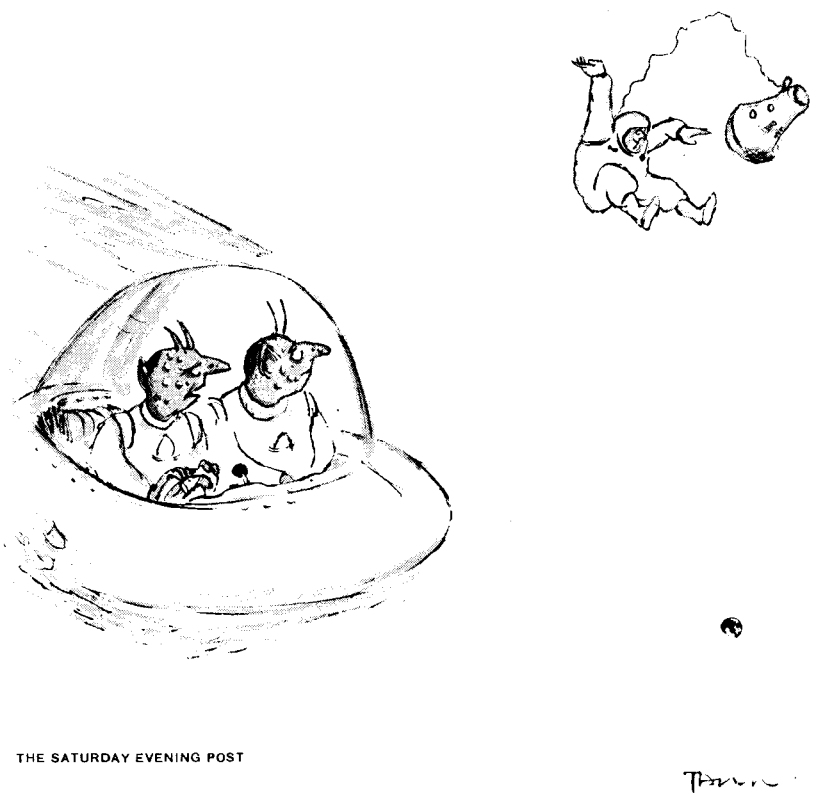
Then Gatiss began to laugh. Eberley felt sick again, claustrophobic in the oppressive atmosphere of the car. "Look in the box next to you," he called to Eberley. "Look inside."

Lifting up the lid of the box, Eberley saw a military uniform, neatly folded and pressed. The uniform was that of a colonel in the Russian Army.

"Don't you see?" continued Gatiss. "You were being asked to pose as a Russian!"

There was a silence in the car. Then, just as the Kurfürstendamm came in sight, Gatiss, framing his eyes in the driving mirror, said quietly, "You know, if I hadn't been informed, you'd probably be in the East by now, wouldn't you?"

(To Be Concluded)



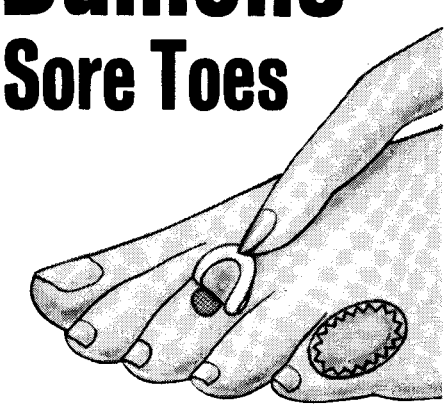
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You report it if you want to, Zzzgbs—I don't want to get involved."

Fast Relief

FROM PAIN OF

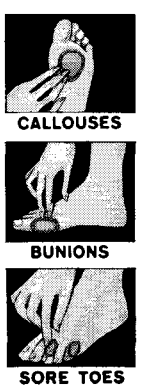
Corns Callouses Bunions Sore Toes



Dr. Scholl's Super-Soft Zino-pads provide fast, cushioning protection from painful shoe friction, pressure. Relieve pain of corns, callouses, bunions and sore toes. Protect tender spots.

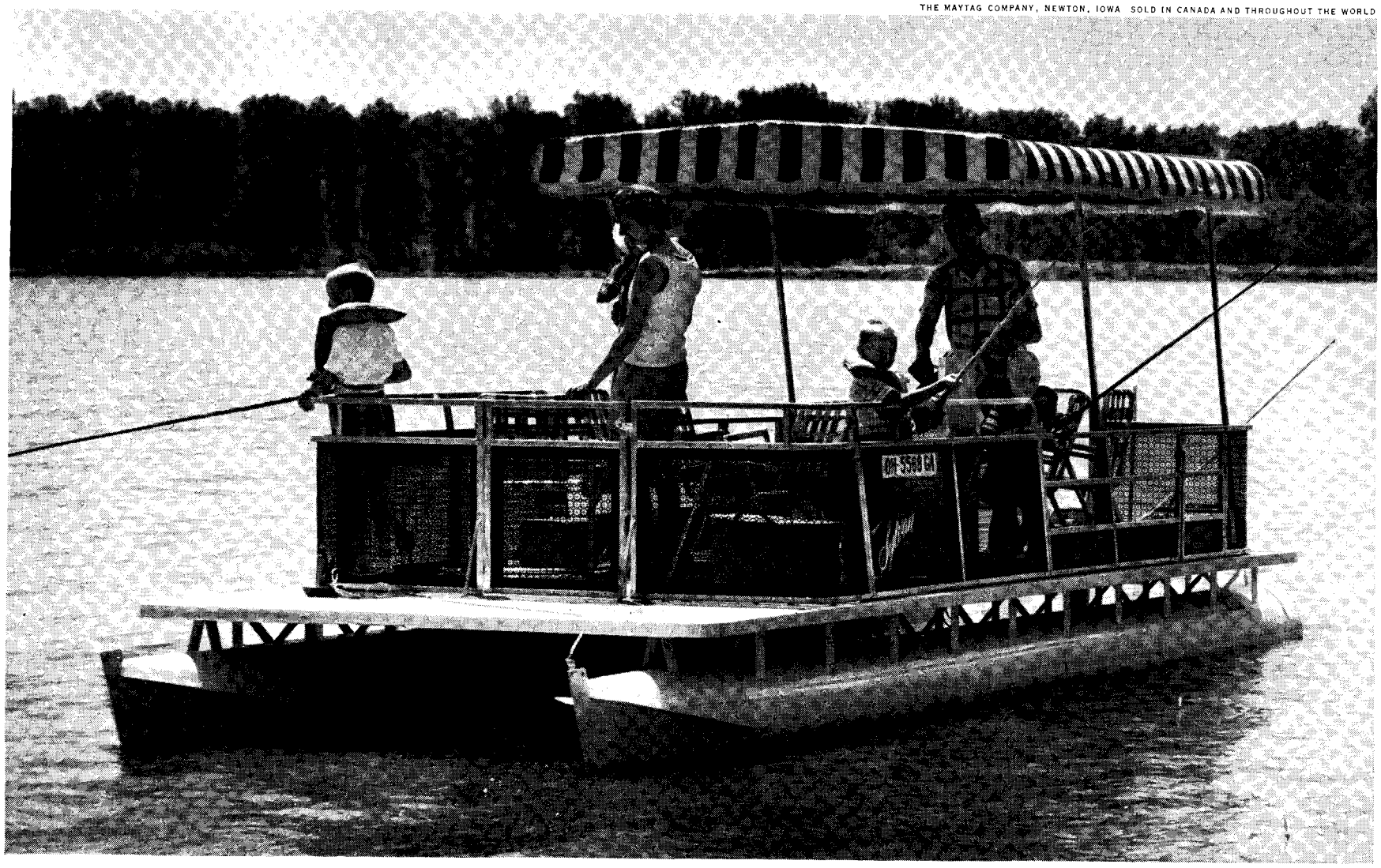
Separate medicated disks included in package to help remove corns and callouses — one of the quickest ways known to medical science.

Put Zino-pads on at the first sign of irritation, wherever new or tight shoes rub or pinch. You'll discover the joy of pain-free walking again.



Dr Scholl's SUPER-SOFT Zino-pads®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Sometimes the six Meyers take a day off to go fishing.

But there's never a day off for their New Generation Maytags.

Mother's Day, 1966, was a great day for Mrs. Adolph Meyer, of Newport, Ohio.

That's the day her husband surprised her with a New Generation Maytag Washer and Dryer.

Now, usually a husband and wife will talk things over before buying anything as important as a washer and dryer. But Adolph Meyer knew exactly what he was doing.

He grew up in a family with seven youngsters. And *his* mother has been a happy Maytag owner for 25 years. Mr. Meyer figures that's about as good a recommendation as you can get.

Joan Meyer couldn't be happier. She washes only eight to ten loads a week now, thanks to the big capacity of her new Maytag Washer. And she knows even permanent press clothes will be dried exactly right every-time, in her Electronic Control Dryer.

Mr. Meyer has one problem, though. What can he do for an encore next Mother's Day?

If you have a lot of living to do, and laundry's the last thing you want to worry about, see the New Generation of dependable Maytag Washers and Dryers.

MAYTAG®

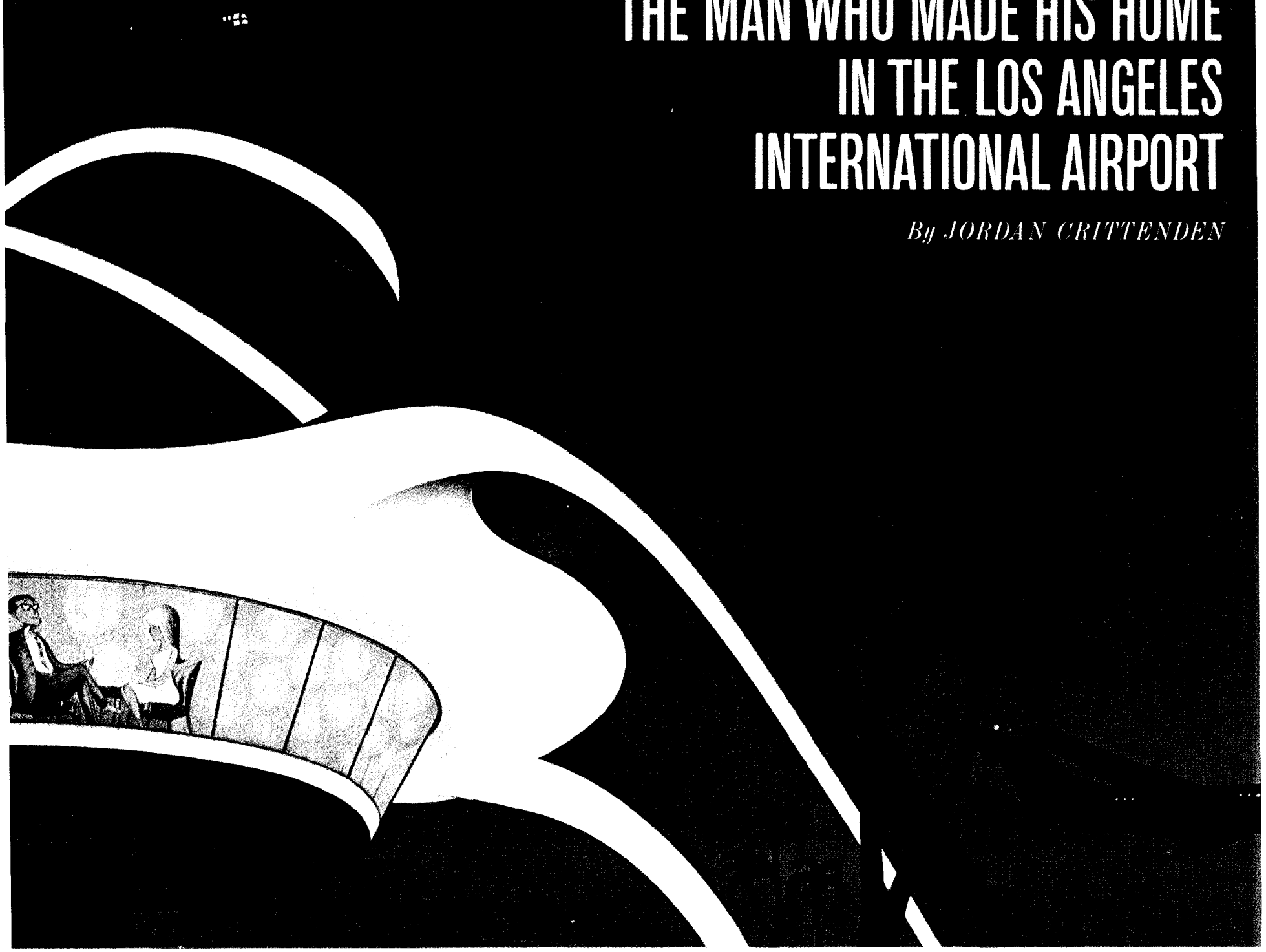
WALTZ THROUGH WASHDAY ***with a dependable Maytag Washer and Dryer***

Mrs. Meyer thinks her new Maytag Washer and Dryer are the nicest Mother's Day gifts she's ever had.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAN WHO MADE HIS HOME IN THE LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

By JORDAN CRITTENDEN



"Howard," she said, "what are you suggesting?"

Howard Snyder loved the Los Angeles International Airport. He loved its pancake parlor and its cocktail lounges. He even loved the large squares of stone on the floors and the way each stone was framed with a thin, delicate border of stainless steel. There was, in fact, everything he could ask for except pole lamps. But Howard, being a management trainee, knew perfection's way of hovering just beyond one's grasp, so he did not let this single flaw dishearten him.

It was on his fifth business trip to Los Angeles that Howard made known his love for the airport.

"Cancel the car I ordered," he said to the girl behind the car-rental counter. "I don't want to leave."

"Pardon?"

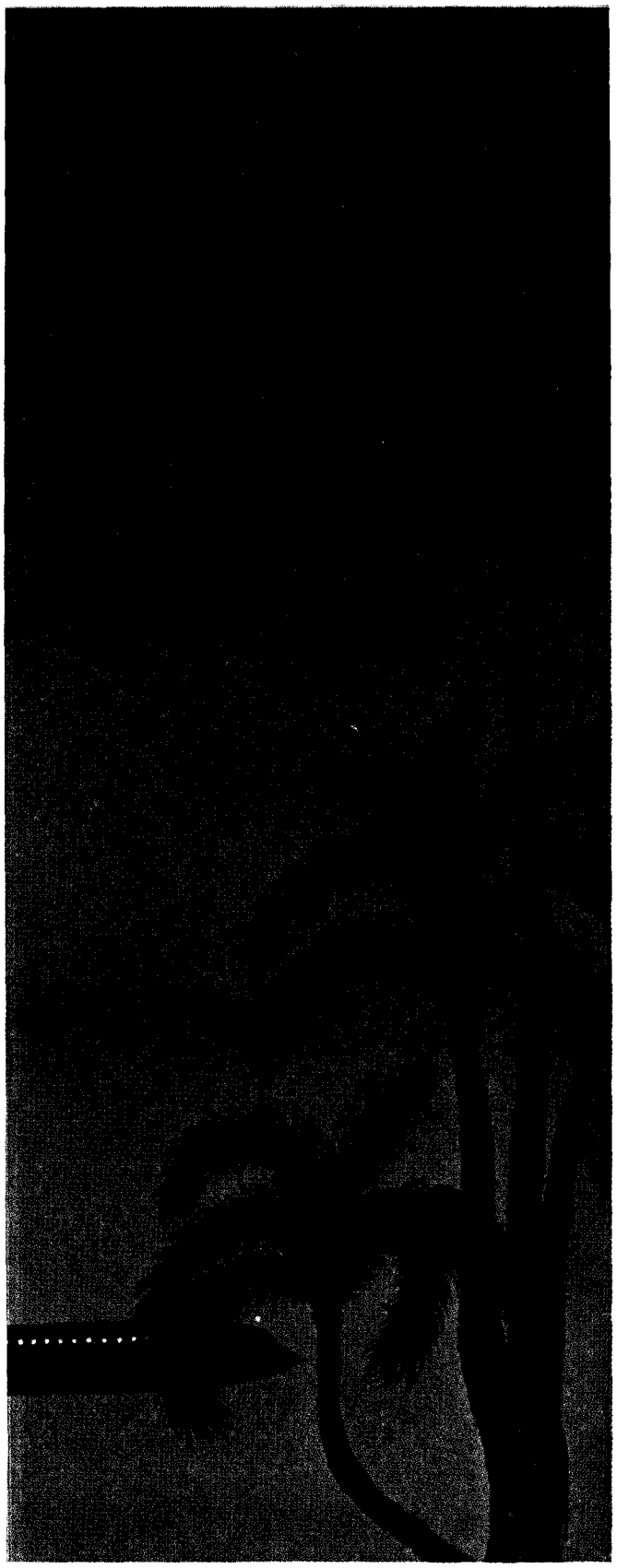
"I want to stay here. I want to make my home here."

"I see," she said. She smiled and began plucking nervously at a chrysanthemum pinned to her jacket.

It was late afternoon. Howard had a single cocktail before dinner in the main restaurant, which towered majestically over the airport parking lot. Later in the evening he stretched out on a divan in the waiting area for gates 40 through 49. He had checked his suitcase in a locker, but he kept his attaché case at his side. Other travelers assumed he was a young junior executive who had applied his American know-how to catching a much-needed nap. That night, as on subsequent nights, he was lulled to sleep by soft music interspersed with announcements of flight arrivals and de-

Illustrated by N. M. Bodecker

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



partures. The announcements were made by a lady who had a pleasant voice and sounded extremely level-headed.

Howard had worked for the past three years at the Seattle branch of a firm that made vital contributions in the field of nonporous materials. There were eleven other management trainees, and, although Howard was only twenty-five, he ranked second among them. Duncan Tyler ranked first. Unlike Howard, Duncan was a family man, and he had, on his office bulletin board, an inexhaustible supply of bunny rabbits drawn in green crayon by his son.

"Well, what do you make of the Tyler clan?" Duncan asked Howard one time when he came to dinner.

"Yes," Howard said.

Duncan's wife, Sharon, turned to their child and said, "Eat your ice cream before it melts and loses its meaning."

During his first days at the airport, Howard sampled the cuisine of all the snack bars and restaurants. One of his favorite dishes became spaghetti and meat balls as served in The Flicker Room. He spent his morning hours reading the newspapers, and in the afternoon he perused the latest copies of *Fortune, U.S. News & World Report,* and *Business Week.*

Soon Howard's cash began to run out. He knew his credit cards would serve only as a stopgap. But even though his intensive training had taught him to take significant strides toward making a decision, he was content to let the matter drift. He felt that somehow the Los Angeles International Airport would look after its own. Then, after he had been there less than two weeks, he found a key which an airport employee had left in a rest room. It unlocked the coin boxes on the pay toilets.

Howard followed the news of his disappearance in the Seattle papers. The authorities feared foul play. A photograph of him was published. It was a good likeness, but it was also a good likeness of seven other junior executives, a dental technician, and the manager of an automatic car wash, all of whom had been mistaken for him.

Time passed swiftly and smoothly at the airport. Yet Howard Snyder was pleased to see that nothing aged. If a railing or a counter top showed signs of wear, it was replaced. If a larger area was to be remodeled, travelers would be shunted away by partitions and arrows and handsomely printed apologies for the inconvenience. Days, even weeks, might pass, but then finally the partitions would come down, and there would be, for example, something wonderfully new in the way of indirect lighting for all to enjoy.

Howard took care to be a credit to his surroundings. Whenever his wardrobe needed replenishing, he would station himself at the baggage area and walk off with a suitcase while the owner of the suitcase was arranging to rent a car. If he was caught at it, the attempted larceny was passed over as an understandable mistake, since all the luggage looked so much alike. He chose his suitcases at random, and it was amazing how often he found them filled with clothes that fit.

One evening, after he had been residing at the airport for two years, Howard heard someone call his name. It was a girl named Betty Dillingham. Howard had known her in Seattle and had made love to her twice in her apartment.

"Hello, Betty," he said.

Howard invited Betty Dillingham to have a cocktail with him. They had seven or eight.

"I've missed my plane," Betty said. "Have you missed your plane?"

"How about another?"

"Are you sure these are on an expense account?"

"Don't worry," Howard said. He ordered another round and counted out twenty dimes for the drinks and tip.

It was along toward one o'clock in the morning when Howard asked her to stay with him.

"I've never liked Los Angeles," she said. "There's something about it."

"I don't mean Los Angeles. I mean here. There are lots of paperbacks. And last week there was an art exhibit, which featured work by schoolchildren from the Greater Los Angeles area." He paused, then remembered more from the introductory notice about the exhibit, and said, "It was in an effort to promote greater community pride."

"Howard, what are you suggesting?"

"And just yesterday there was a very interesting press interview at gate twenty-two with Yehudi Menuhin, the famous violinist."

"You know, don't you, why you're so sure of yourself?" she said. "It's because you've already compromised me three times."

"Only twice, but it wouldn't be like that," Howard said. "Not here." He took her hand. "And if someday we should have children, their well-being would come first. That's a promise, Betty. Even if it means giving up all this and moving to an airport in the suburbs."

She refused to consider his proposal, although when it came time for her to leave she did allow him to walk her to the plane.

The following morning Howard vowed to curb future desires of that nature. Henceforth, he sought gratification in light banter with cocktail waitresses, after which he left an unexpectedly large tip.

It was during one of these conversations, six months after Betty's visit, that he realized his stay at the Los Angeles International Airport would have to end.

"You're a real character," the waitress said.

"Excuse me," Howard said.

He went to the rest room and studied himself in the mirror. There was another man at the automatic shoeshine machine.

"I've changed," Howard said. "I don't fit in here anymore."

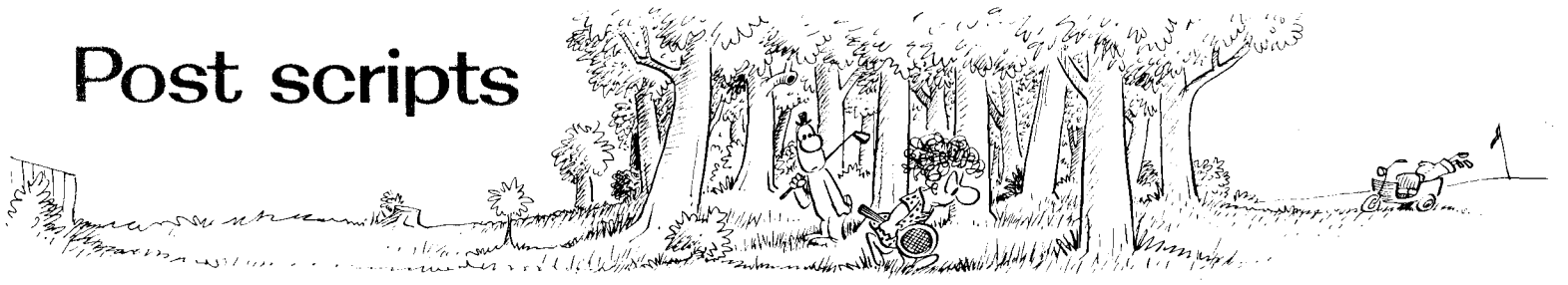
Howard moved closer to the other man so that he could be heard over the noise of the shoeshine machine. "It's more than my appearance. It's a lot of little changes that have crept up on me. For instance, you'd never guess what I'm reading now—*The Country of the Pointed Firs* by Sarah Orne Jewett. She was a local colorist who depicted simple New England folk with startling clarity."

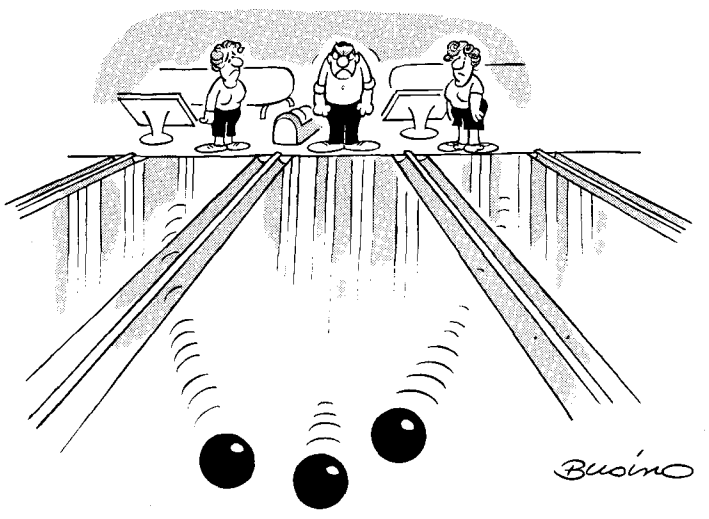
The man left with only one shoe shined.

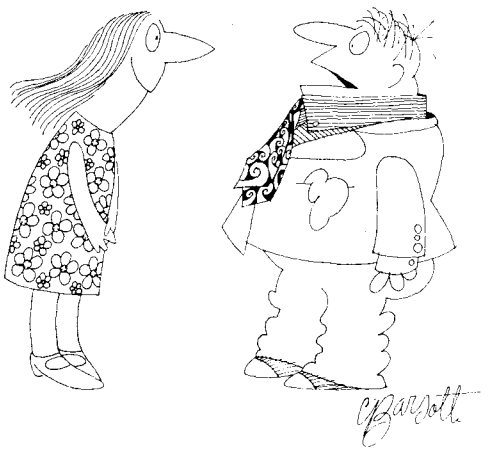
The next morning Howard took a farewell stroll around the airport, then took a taxi into the city. A month later an item appeared in the business section of the Los Angeles *Times* which announced that a Howard Snyder had been hired by one of the leading subcontractors to the aerospace industry. But it may have been some other Howard Snyder. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

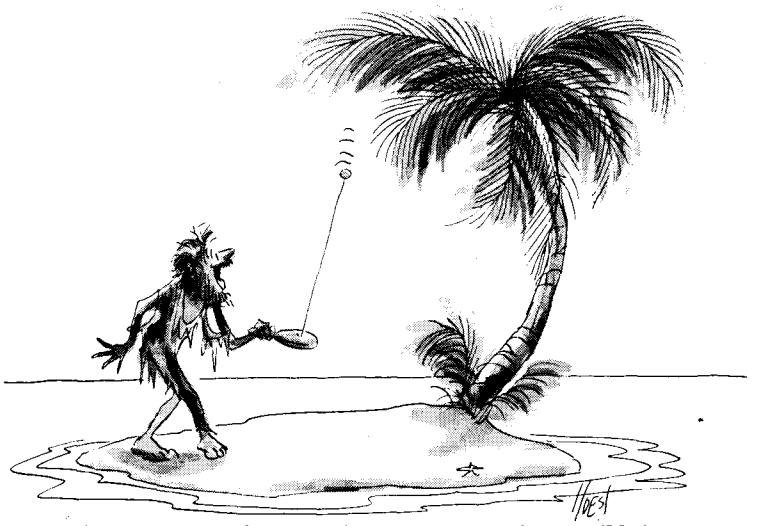
Post scripts







"Well, for one thing, the other *Cary Grant has a better tailor."*



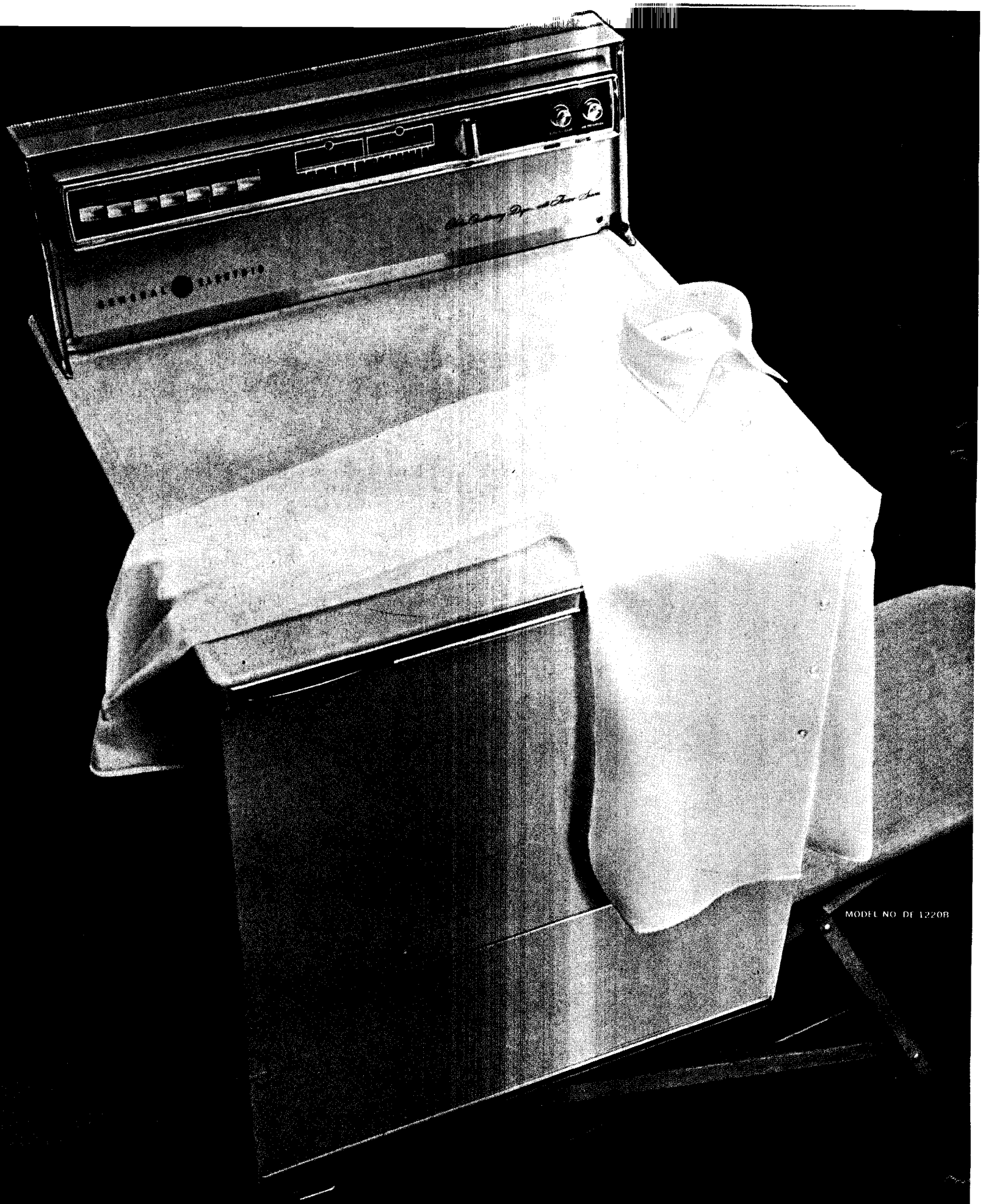
"16,328,739, fantastic! 16,328,740, impossible! 16,328,741, nobody'll believe it! 16,328,742 . . . ."

"Don't you remember, Dad, when I crawled in with you last night I said there was a bear in my sleeping bag?"

"Nothing to sign, nothing to buy, no obligation if you're not feeling taller in thirty days."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TOTAL DRYER



G-E DRYERS *IRON*

The new G-E Dryer does what you never thought a dryer could do. It keeps your new permanent-press clothes pressed. It tumbles wrinkles out. It fluffs away unwelcome creases. Then cools, to be sure the press stays in. That's how a G-E Dryer *irons*.

And, it does what every dryer ought to do. It prevents overdrying, yet never gives the clothes back wet. That's because this new G-E Dryer has Thermo-Sensor™. It "feels" the clothes. Then, automatically shuts the machine off when they're dried just right. And not until. The G-E Dryer even picks out the lint fuzz, and freshens up your clothes with a special Air Fluff cycle.

So, see the dryer that *irons* at your G-E dealer's.

He'll show you a G-E Total Washer, too. It's the one with the MINI BASKET™ for doing everything you used to wash by hand.

General Electric Dryers start at about $99.95. (Model DE420B not shown). Subject to Fair Trade where applicable.

Quality service wherever you live.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Steven M. Spencer

THE PILL THAT HELPS YOU REMEMBER

A dramatic breakthrough into the mystery of the human mind promises new hope for the millions plagued by failing memory.

On a clear and warm afternoon last spring, John Marston tapped the last nail into a new rose trellis. Then he walked into his home and sat down at the kitchen table facing his wife.

"Six feet," he suddenly exclaimed, "are seventy-two inches."

He recited this simple scrap of arithmetic with a mixture of surprise and triumph. To a man whose terrifying loss of memory has cost him his job and torn apart his life, the smallest item snatched back from the void of things forgotten is reason for rejoicing. And John Marston was such a man.

For 30 years, Marston, which is not his real name, had been a popular, well-regarded mathematics teacher in a New England high school. Three years ago he began to forget his numbers. He was still only in his mid-50's and, at a time when he should have been at the peak of his profession, he felt himself failing.

He tried desperately to cover up. He kept his notebook open and always close at hand. But figures, all figures, confused him. He forgot appointments, he let bills go unpaid, and finally even simple conversation became too difficult for him.

"He had trouble," his wife recalls, "getting words from his brain to his lips."

Reluctantly he resigned his teaching position, several years short of a retirement pension. After suffering through a period of depression his dominant good nature returned, but his numbers did not. His memory continued to slip.

The cause was difficult to pin down. Doctors looked for a brain tumor, but found none. Finally, X rays indicated a form of arteriosclerosis of the brain was probably responsible.

At this point his family doctor suggested he go to Albany, N.Y., and see Dr. D. Ewen Cameron, a psychiatrist who for 20 years has been grappling with the frustrating memory difficulties that plague the aging. Thus John Marston became involved in one of the most exciting and potentially revolutionary developments in the history of biological research. He became part of a worldwide effort to unravel the chemistry of learning, and to devise medicines that will improve, perhaps even control, the basic functions of the mind.

Dr. Cameron is a distinguished leader along this frontier. In Montreal, where he headed the McGill University psychiatry department, and now in Albany, as director of the Psychiatry and Aging Research Laboratories at the Veterans Administration Hospital, he has been experimenting with various compounds that might reverse the ebbing tides of memory.

In Montreal Dr. Cameron improved the memory of certain patients with capsules of RNA, ribonucleic acid. RNA and its related chemical, DNA, deoxyribonucleic acid, direct or "code" the patterns of heredity and order the shapes of all living organisms. RNA is actually thought by many to be basic to the chemistry of thinking, possibly being the "memory molecule" itself.

Since moving to Albany two years ago, Dr. Cameron has been trying a new "memory pill" introduced by Abbott Laboratories. Not yet on the market, it is a chemical called magnesium pemoline, or Cylert, to use the trade name. Cylert is a modification of pemoline, prescribed in Europe since 1956 as a stimulant in the treatment of exhaustion and debility. Abbott researchers believe the pill strengthens the memory by stimulating a brain enzyme essential to the production of RNA. They report that Cylert enabled rats to learn—faster than those not treated—how to avoid a shock on their cage floor. Further, the rats given Cylert remembered the lesson longer.

But what help would Cylert bring to forgetful humans? No one knew when clinical tests were begun early this year. In one of the very first trials anywhere, Dr. Cameron gave John Marston a series of psychological and memory tests, then instructed him to swallow two of the small, cream-colored tablets every morning.

"At first we saw no change," Marston's wife said. "But on the second Sunday after he started on the pills John began to talk more, and this was an encouraging sign." An attractive, dark-eyed woman with a brisk, cheerful manner, Ruth Marston smiled at her husband as they sat in the living room of their suburban home. "Then just last Monday he decided to do something he wouldn't have attempted a few months ago. He decided to make some rose trellises. He measured the wood strips, sawed them to length and then built four trellises—all in one afternoon."

Marston laughed. "And as I was sitting here, I suddenly thought, 'Six feet are seventy-two inches.' It just came to me."

"It sounds so simple," his wife said, "but we were both thrilled."

Other things began slowly to flow back. His forgotten signature once more came easily to his brain and hand. And when his wife had to miss their favorite TV serial, John was able to take notes and later tell her what happened.

"He also has more pep," Ruth Marston said. "He can decide to do things, and then go right out and do them."

Marston has a long way to go before his memory can be called normal. He still has trouble with spelling and dates. But Dr. Cameron is highly encouraged and has described the pill as "a fascinating breakthrough" in the attack on failing memory. The doctor explains that of 19 patients treated long enough for evaluation, 12 made appreciable gains, on the basis both of memory tests and in the judgment of the patients and their families. The seven others had such severe memory losses that the pills were of little or no help.

"You don't know how frightening it is," one 50-year-old man, a bank vice president, told Dr. Cameron, "to wake up in your own home and not know where you are."

He had been forced to quit work, he explained, but after a month on the pill he had regained much of his memory and was back at the bank, though not in his former job.

For some the memory loss begins suddenly, as it did for a gardener we'll call Jim Gray. A lanky, raw-boned man in his late 50's, Gray lives with his wife in a small upstate New York town. Last summer his job at a nearby tuberculosis hospital was ended because of a budget cut. His wife, a practical nurse, remained on the hospital staff, and Gray drove her to and from work. One morning as he let his wife out, he remarked, "I'm going in to check the schedule."

"I thought he just wanted to see which of his old friends was working," said Mrs. Gray. "It turned out he'd forgotten he wasn't still on the job himself. When he came for me that night he was really mixed up. At first he didn't know me, then he confused me with one of his sisters who lives in the Midwest. During the next few days he'd ask, 'Where's Mom? Where's Father?' Both his parents have been dead for years."

Jim Gray would sit in front of the television set, forgetting to turn it on. He soon became so completely lost that his wife was afraid she'd have to place him in a mental hospital.

About that time the Grays were put in touch with Dr. Cameron, and Jim was started on the memory pills. Within two weeks his mind began to clear. By last June he was able to look on the period of confusion with considerable insight.

"His mind still drifts into the past," his wife said as the Grays talked with visitors in the living room of their home. "He'll ask about his parents. But I just look at him and he knows it's a mistake."

Gray shifted nervously in his chair. "Well, it isn't that I really think they are alive," he explained. "It's just that I'm thinking about something else all the time. Last fall I would go out to the road and wait for my brothers to come home from school. My brothers and sisters are all grown, of course. But when I think of them it seems they're small again . . . I remember the day of the month now, but the years kind of slip."

There is no question that Gray is much improved. The doctor who has helped work the remarkable change in Jim Gray, and the others, is a handsome man in his mid-60's, white-haired, with a strong chin and a humorous look in his eyes. Dr. D. Ewen Cameron was born in Scotland and educated at Glasgow University. In appearance and by his lively interest in the whole patient, he resembles the family doctor of an earlier generation. But his scholarly contributions on "the memorial process" mark the man of research.

Thoughtful men have always pondered over the thinking process. They have wondered how the impressions received by the senses were laid down

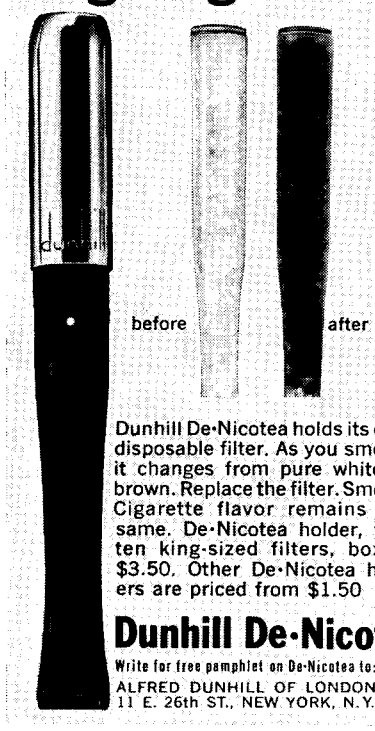
This patient is taking a memory test. After studying the symbol for 30 seconds, he is attempting to duplicate it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographs by Werner Wolff

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cut down on smoking without giving up a single cigarette



Dunhill De·Nicotea holds its own disposable filter. As you smoke, it changes from pure white to brown. Replace the filter. Smoke. Cigarette flavor remains the same. De·Nicotea holder, with ten king-sized filters, boxed: $3.50. Other De·Nicotea holders are priced from $1.50

Dunhill De·Nicotea

Write for free pamphlet on De·Nicotea to: Dept. P
ALFRED DUNHILL OF LONDON, INC.,
11 E. 26th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010

Wanted: You!

IF YOU want extra money and have spare time to put to use, this is for you! You can spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions—and earning generous commissions.

Just send us your name and address on a postal. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss. Subscription work of this kind can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

Write that postal today. Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you.

MOORE-COTTRELL SUBSCRIPTION AGENCIES, INC.
Dept. 422, North Cohocton, New York 14868

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that you can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost *as well as with natural teeth.* KLUTCH lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. . . . If your druggist doesn't have Klutch, *don't waste money on substitutes,* but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box.

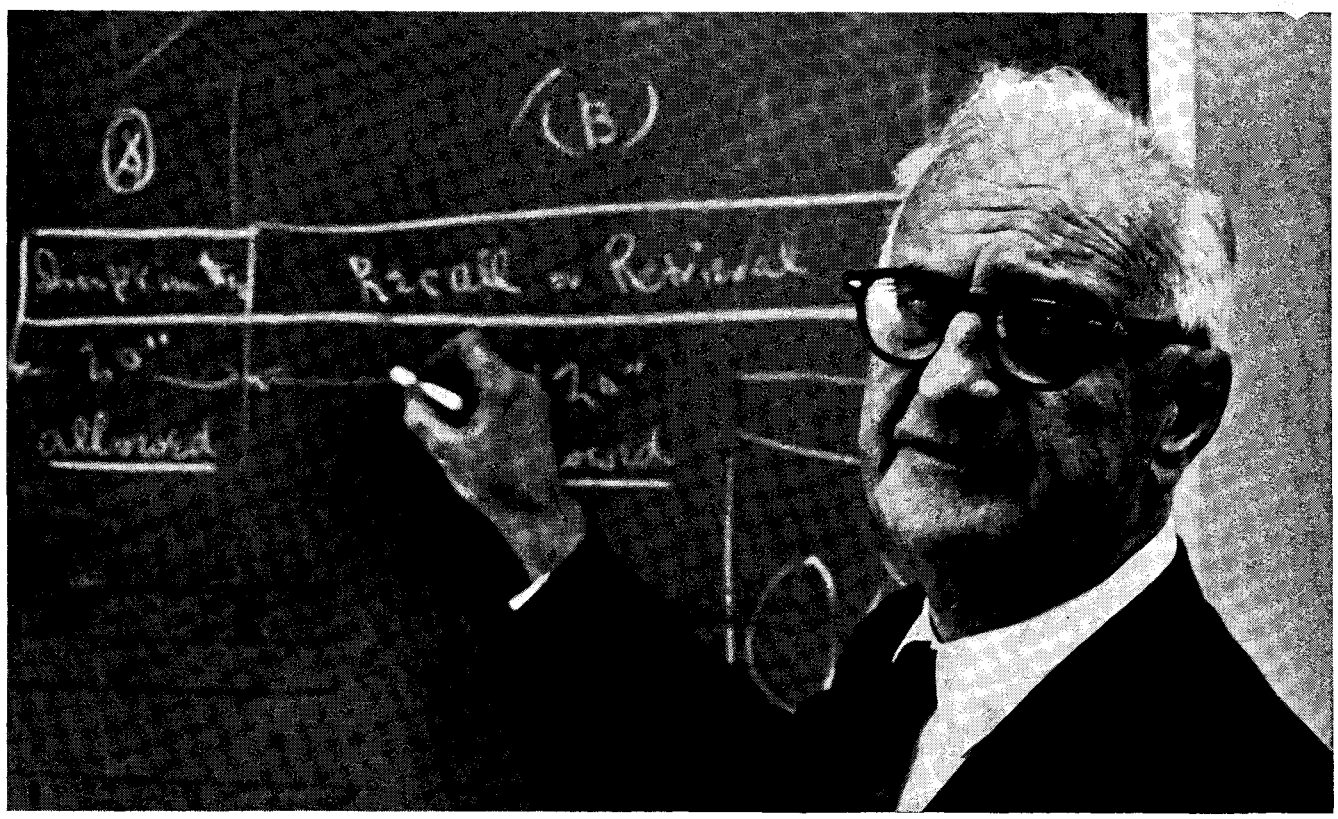
KLUTCH CO. BOX 6141 ELMIRA, N.Y.

WHEN CORN PAIN BEARS DOWN!

EASY **TO USE LIQUID DISSOLVES CORNS *FAST!***

Easy to apply medicated liquid brings fast, painless relief. "Get that corn" with GETS-IT Liquid Corn Remover.

GETS-IT® LIQUID CORN REMOVER



Dr. D. Ewen Cameron, a Veterans Administration psychiatrist, is a pioneer in the clinical test of the memory pill.

'You don't know how frightening it is to wake up in your own home and not know where you are.'

on the malleable but retentive tissues of the brain, how those imprints were modified by wave after wave of new impressions and woven together into intricate, shifting patterns of recall, reasoning and creative thought. Socrates suggested the analogy of a block of wax, on which an idea could be imprinted "as we might stamp the impression of a seal ring." The late Dr. Karl S. Lashley, noted Harvard researcher, favored the theory that memory is a complex of reverberating impulses, like an electric current going round a circuit. But when he and others tried to find the exact location of these memory circuits in the brain, they failed. In a classic paper, Lashley wryly concluded that "learning just is not possible."

In recent years the research spotlight has shifted from the reverberating-circuit theory to the role of chemical changes. To support the new chemical theory of memory calls for molecules large, complex and permanent enough to shape and retain images for a lifetime, with a high degree of accuracy. Nothing fits such specifications so perfectly as the remarkable, life-controlling nucleic acids, DNA and RNA. They are of giant size and are almost infinite in their orderly complexity.

Dr. Holger Hydén, a Swedish chemist who was among the first to suggest RNA as the molecular fabric of memory, has calculated that each RNA molecule could encode at least a thousand trillion bits of information. Since there are probably millions of RNA molecules within every one of the 10 billion nerve cells (neurons) with which each of us is endowed at birth, RNA should provide an adequate storehouse for a lifetime of memories.

Several theories have been offered to explain how RNA may work as the machinery of memory. Dr. Francis O. Schmitt, molecular biologist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and head of an international Neurosciences Research Program, has suggested that either RNA or a special protein it helps produce may act as a recognition system, "a gamma globulin of the mind, capable of lasting a lifetime, just as immunity does."

As immunity antibodies recognize an invading measles virus and spring into action, so the molecules of brain RNA or protein, originally shaped by the first impression of a face, a voice, a thought, may "recognize" this familiar impression on subsequent encounters.

Human memory problems may arise partly from the fact that our marvelously branched and interconnected brain cells never increase in number, as do cells of almost every other part of the body. We must make do on the allotment of neurons we were born with. During middle age, in fact, our brain cells begin to die off at the rate of thousands a day, and are not replaced.

The amount of RNA in the brain also changes with age. Dr. Hydén found that the RNA increases from infancy to the age of 40, levels off through the 40's and 50's, then diminishes.

But we may eventually learn how to reverse these aging processes. For if RNA is the stuff of learning and memory, it is reasonable to expect that we could help the brain cells produce more of it with something like the "memory pill"—or could increase the supply with a dose of fresh RNA from an outside source. M.I.T.'s Dr. Schmitt has said that "chemotherapeutic measures, if discovered, may prevent the wholesale death of neurons and hence prolong the competent life of man."

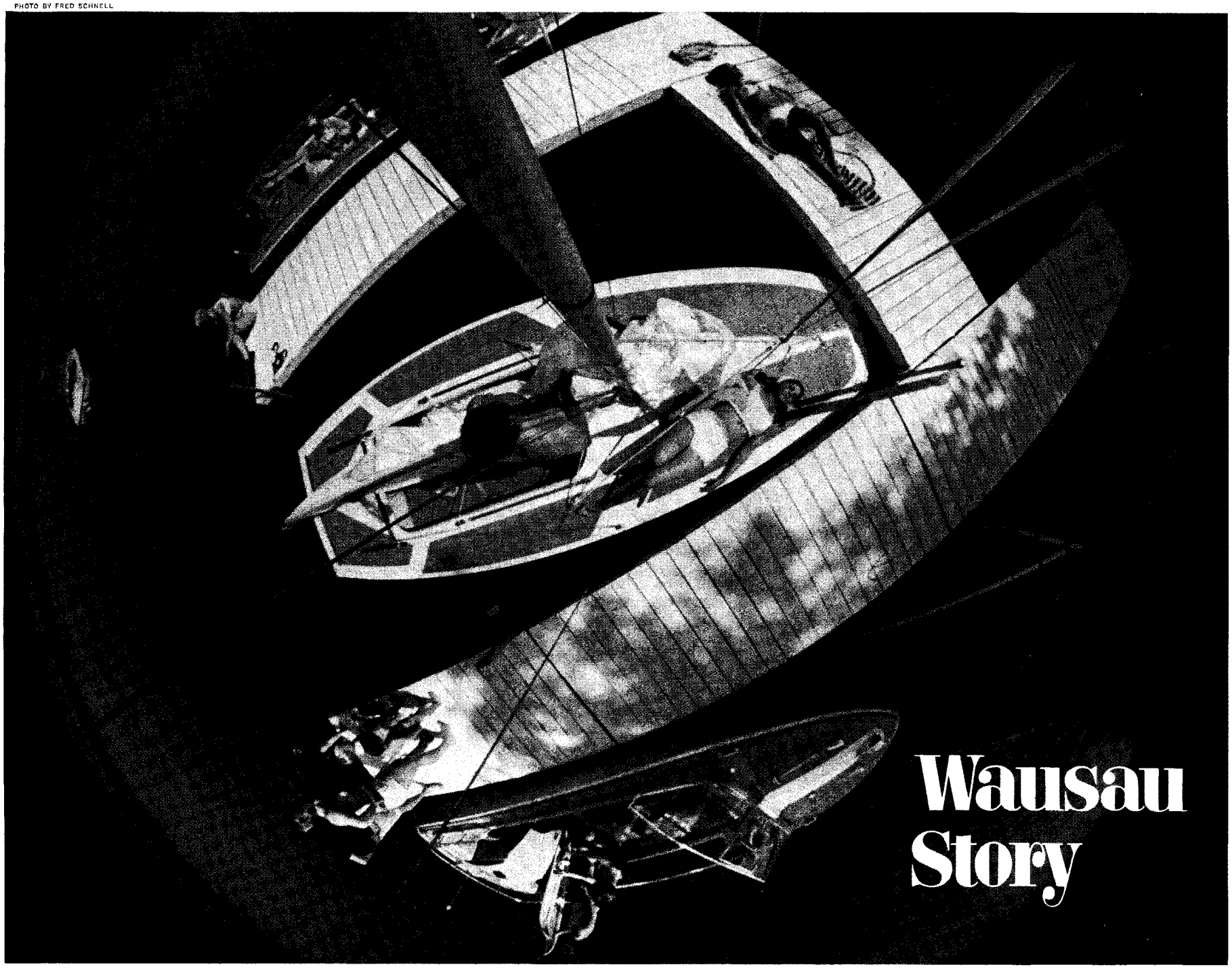
Intrigued by the accumulating evidence that RNA or some special protein is the chemical repository of learned and remembered information, a few imaginative scientists dare to wonder if these molecular packages of knowledge could not be transferred from one individual to another, like a transplanted kidney. Initiator and vocal protagonist of this highly controversial "memory transfer" research is a tall, reddish-haired psychologist named James V. McConnell, whose laboratory at the University of Michigan's Mental Health Research Institute is awash with thousands of worms.

Dr. McConnell's worms are of the small, flat, fresh-water variety known as planaria. They are a half inch to two inches long and have crossed eyes and a tapered tail. Viewed under a low-power microscope, they have a befuddled look, but Dr. McConnell and his associates have shown they are quite capable of learning. They can be trained, for example, to stop crawling and contract at the signal of a light. The worms can also be taught to turn and follow a white or a dark gray track. After preliminary training, a "bright" worm will make the correct turn nine times out of ten.

And the scientists learned that if you slice a flatworm in two, the head section will grow a tail and the tail section a new head. What astonished Dr. McConnell was to find that if they cut a trained flatworm in half, both regenerated worms retained an almost perfect memory of the conditioned response—contraction on exposure to a light flash—which the original worm

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTO BY FRED SCHNELL



Carefree time on the water is a final product of Larson Industries, Inc., Little Falls, Minn., manufacturer of power boats, sailboats and other recreational equipment.

Who cares about business insurance?

Larson Industries cares plenty!

To Larson Industries, business insurance is protection and a lot more besides; it's an integral part of their operations. The kind of operations, incidentally, that have increased Larson's sales in the last three years from $1,000,000 to $8,000,000.

To accomplish their insurance aims, Larson Industries turned to Employers Insurance of Wausau. There they found the ability and willingness to meet their unique needs—and the reason for Employers Mutuals' reputation for being "good people to do business with."

What about *your* company's business insurance? Is it working as hard as it might for your special requirements? Ask your insurance man about Employers Mutuals, or call the Employers Insurance of Wausau office listed in the Yellow Pages of your telephone directory. Or write Employers Insurance of Wausau, Wausau, Wisconsin.

WAUSAU

Employers Insurance of WAUSAU

A full line of business and personal coverages through 185 offices coast to coast
"Good people to do business with"

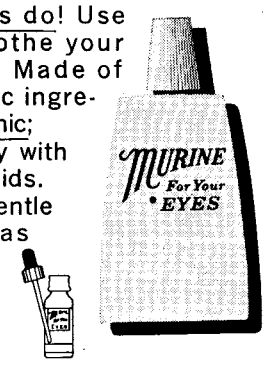
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eyes burn from smoke?

Take a moment for **MURINE**

...cool and comfort your eyes

Do as millions do! Use Murine to soothe your eyes quickly. Made of seven scientific ingredients, it's isotonic; blends perfectly with natural eye fluids. Murine is so gentle you can use it as often as you like.



Handy new squeeze bottle. Also glass bottle with dropper.

The Murine Co., Inc., Chicago. U.S.A. ® Trademarks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

When the untrained worms ate the trained worms they learned faster than normal. Some biologists were shocked. But this may be the secret of learning.

MEMORY PILLS

had learned before he was divided. This indicated that memory was not confined to the head but was distributed through the body.

McConnell next sliced up a group of trained worms and fed them to untrained worms. The latter then learned the new tricks much faster than normally—and faster than those worms which had eaten untrained worms. This was the famous "memory transfer" or learning-by-cannibalism that shook the biological research world and divided psychologists. Several scientists were able to confirm McConnell's work. Others were not. A few began to refer to him as "James V. McCannibal."

McConnell recognizes that some investigators have not been able to repeat his work. However, he believes that part of the opposition is emotional. "People are frightened by the implications," he says. "Transplanting corneas or kidneys doesn't bother them. But when you talk about transferring brain, or the stuff of memory and learning, you are talking about transferring part of *me*, my individuality. And to some people that is frightening."

Even within his own university Dr. McConnell found opposition. Dr. James V. Olds, a research psychologist at the University of Michigan, declared that it simply is not possible to be "infected by a bit of learning."

Meanwhile, the transfer phenomenon, now believed to involve RNA as the "memory molecule," is being pursued, with reported success in higher forms of life. One of Dr. McConnell's former partners, Dr. Allan L. Jacobson, assistant professor of psychology at the University of California at Los Angeles, has moved from worms to rats and hamsters. He and his wife Ann, along with two other psychologists, Frank R. Babich and Suzanne Bubash, have trained rats to run to a food cup at the sound of a click. When they injected the rats' brain material into untrained rats, the latter quickly learned the same response to the click, even though the food cup contained no reward.

Jacobson and his colleagues then trained one group of rats to respond to a click and another to a flashing light. They injected brain material from the click-trained rats into untrained animals and material from the light-trained rats into a similar untrained group. When all the recipient rats were then tested—with both a click and a light—each responded more frequently to the specific stimulus which had been "transferred" by injection. What had apparently been transferred to the untrained or "naïve" rat was not just an enhanced capacity to learn but a specific learned task.

Since RNA, the apparent memory-carrying substance, is found in nearly all species of animals, the UCLA team next decided to try to transfer "learning" from hamsters to rats. The experiment, apparently, was successful. Eight rats were injected with brain material from hamsters conditioned to approach a food cup at the sound of a click. These rats then scored an average of 7.9 correct responses out of 25 trials. Rats injected with brain matter from untrained hamsters scored only 0.6 in 25 trials.

The reported transfer of learning among rats stirred even more controversy than McConnell's worms. In a joint statement last month in the journal *Science*, researchers from five universities—California, Yale, McGill, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Albert Einstein College of Medicine—and Wyeth and Squibb pharmaceutical laboratories summarized their separate efforts to reproduce results comparable to Jacobson's. They conducted 18 experiments, some patterned on Jacobson's, others more elaborate. "We all found," the scientists asserted, "that the reported transfer of training due to transfer of RNA was not, in our laboratories at least, a demonstrable phenomenon.

"Our consistently negative findings do not, of course, bear directly on the possibility that RNA may be involved in the mechanism of memory," the researchers pointed out.

Is it possible that some natural chemical ingredient of the body, as yet unidentified, is responsible for the human memory? Could the students of brain chemistry discover another compound to counteract the forgetting and help us "fix" for long-time storage those impressions and facts we want to remember? "It is a big step from the study of one particular type of learning in one species of animal to a generalization about behavior in higher animals," says Dr. Bernard W. Agranoff, of the University of Michigan Mental Health Research Institute.

But against the backdrop of these and many other impressive experiments, the Abbott "memory pill" was developed. Dr. Alvin J. Glasky, Abbott biochemist, and Dr. Lionel Simon, biochemist at the Illinois State Pediatric Institute, found that the drug increased by two or three times the activity of a key enzyme involved in the production of RNA in the brain cells. The production rate was measured by using radioactively tagged ingredients, which could then be identified in the newly made RNA. The effect was noted both in a test tube of rat-brain material and when the chemical was injected into the living rat. Dr. N. P. Plotnikoff, of the Abbott Laboratories, then showed that rats given the drug learned a lesson four or five times faster than untreated rats and remembered it much longer.

Most of Dr. Cameron's human patients are suffering from various types of senile or presenile brain damage, the result of a stroke or of arteriosclerosis or of Alzheimer's or Pick's disease, two forms of brain atrophy of unknown cause. "We certainly cannot predict that we'll alter or slow down the course of these diseases," Dr. Cameron emphasized. "But we do feel we are helping the memory of some patients."

Measuring the degree of improvement, however, is always difficult. In one of several objective tests Dr. Cameron employs, the patient looks for 30 seconds at a symbol, say a diamond within an ellipse, and is then asked to draw it from memory. A movie camera records his performance. Individuals with a severe memory loss may take a full minute to draw a simple figure and even then make appalling errors. On the other hand, many patients after several weeks on the memory pill can do it in a few seconds.

Much more testing, of many more individuals, must be carried out before the practical value of the Abbott medicine or some other "smart pill" can be firmly established.

The compound has been distributed to a number of investigators. Among them are two University of Michigan psychologists who have tried the pill on college students to see if good memories can be sharpened into superior ones. Dr. Cameron is extending his own clinical trials from those with crippling memory losses to essentially normal men and women who in middle age are annoyed by minor memory problems, people who, as he puts it, occasionally have to "fish around for a name."

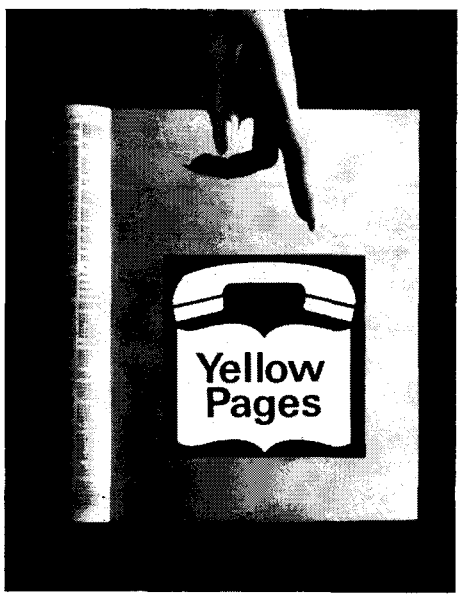
Dr. Cameron also wants to continue his research with RNA, but instead of yeast as the source of the chemical he would like to obtain human RNA. "We want to see if it will work better than yeast RNA," he said. Will the mental capacities of the donors be "transferred" to the recipients? On this question Dr. Cameron defers comment.

But on other questions he is unashamedly optimistic. "In this whole new science of brain biochemistry, we see phenomena we don't fully understand," he says. "So we must keep an open mind. But our study of memory deficits—not being able to recall a name, forgetting where we laid our glasses or pen—may determine whether these are an inevitable part of aging or are something we are in a position to correct. And eventually, faults in memory may become as amenable to correction as are many of the physical faults we used to accept as inevitable." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Yellow Pages won't save you money —just time.

(Time isn't money?)



Action-People find it here first–fast.
Let your fingers do the walking.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LYNDON B. JOHNSON

The Exercise of Power

Continued from page 29

his more unpleasant personality traits —which handicap him to this day— an explosive temper and an occasional brutal indifference to the feelings of subordinates. In a closed-door committee session Johnson once launched a vicious personal attack on the committee's entire staff, including the chief counsel, an incisive ex-Army major named Bryce Harlow. Harlow threatened to quit, but Vinson promised it would not happen again. (Harlow and Johnson later became good friends, but Harlow twice turned down invitations to join Johnson's personal staff.)

Back in Congress after his naval service, Johnson renewed his plans to reach the Senate. One of the basic problems he faced was a lack of political and financial support from Texas' rapidly growing oil and natural-gas industry, which remembered all too well that he was a Roosevelt New Dealer. Johnson's dependability as a Roosevelt man had been vividly demonstrated on December 13, 1943, when he voted against a bill, opposed by the Administration, to raise the wartime price ceiling on petroleum by 35 cents a barrel. Only two Texas congressmen voted no that day—Wright Patman, an old-fashioned Populist, was the other. The state's remaining 15 congressmen voting said "aye" when their names were called. Many years later Johnson was to describe that vote as the most difficult—and in Texas the most damaging politically—of his whole career as a legislator.

When the war ended, Johnson had to establish ties to the oil-and-gas industry to survive. The land of the Populists was becoming the land of the oil buccaneers who were battling governmental restraints. Texas oil was supplanting cotton as the state's most politically potent industry, an almost unlimited source of campaign dollars to its political supporters and a terror to its political enemies.

Johnson managed to make one strong alliance with the new oil money through his up-and-coming friends in the contracting business, George and Herman Brown, whose ambitions went far beyond the building of dams. The Browns plunged into the oil industry after World War II by buying the famed "Big Inch" pipeline, built during the war to carry Texas oil to the East.

In the meantime Johnson was also working hard to convince the Texas voters as a whole that he was no longer a radical New Dealer. The tip-off to the new Johnson came on April 12, 1945—the date of Roosevelt's death. Mourning the President, Johnson told a reporter, "He was just like a daddy to me always." But in his next breath, perhaps instinctively, he took care to show his independence of F.D.R. "Never once in my five terms did he ever ask me to vote a certain way, or even suggest it. And when I voted against him—as I have plenty of times—he never said a word!"

In the Republican 80th Congress of 1947–1948, Johnson set about building a solid conservative record. Not only did he refuse to work for President Harry Truman, but he worked against him—most notably with votes to pass the Taft-Hartley Act, which was fiercely fought by the unions, and then to override Truman's veto.

When Pappy O'Daniel decided not to seek reelection in 1948, Johnson entered the race against Gov. Coke Stevenson, an archconservative. This time Johnson was not bound by the handicaps of a pro-Administration candidate. Swooping down on voters in his helicopter, Johnson was prepared to say whatever he had to say to win. While never having joined the segregationist bloc in Congress, he now opened fire on Truman's whole civil-rights program. Although he told friends that he really favored federal control of the tidelands oil deposits that lay off the state's shores, Johnson campaigned for a bill to place the tidelands in the hands of Texas. But most important of all, Johnson remembered Roosevelt's advice about sitting on the ballot boxes.

Counted out by O'Daniel's ballot-counters in 1941, Johnson was counted in this time by 87 votes out of 988,295 cast, thanks to a late, late count on September 3. This gave him 202 additional votes from the ballot box in Precinct No. 13 in the hamlet of Alice in Jim Wells County near the Mexican border. After a long and bitter debate, the State Democratic Executive Committee certified Johnson as the nominee of the party to be placed on the general-election ballot—as good as election in the Texas of 1948. Stevenson immediately appealed to the federal courts with charges of fraud, and his lawyers produced evidence to show that "voters" from the graveyard and from across the border in Mexico had been recorded for Johnson in Precinct No. 13. The full weight of the Truman Administration and the entire liberal wing of the Democratic Party now was thrown behind Johnson. For all of his conservative transgressions during the 80th Congress, Lyndon Johnson was infinitely preferable to Dixiecrat Coke Stevenson in the Senate. The President told Johnson precisely that on September 25, when his transcontinental whistle-stop tour passed through Texas with Representative Johnson as the honored guest.

Johnson's lawyers went to the Supreme Court, and Justice Hugo Black issued an order putting Johnson's name on the election ballot. The November election was a formality.

Although he had finally reached the Senate, Lyndon Johnson was to be haunted for years by that ludicrous 87-vote margin over Coke Stevenson in the 1948 election. It was a constant reminder of how insecure his home base was. When Scott Lucas of Illinois (the newly elected Senate Majority Leader) introduced the freshman senators of the Class of '48 to the Democratic caucus on January 3, 1949, he good-naturedly referred to Johnson as "Landslide Lyndon." To Johnson's dismay, the term stuck with both politicians and press.

To gain power in the Senate, Johnson knew that he would have to be accepted by the conservatives, led by Democrat Richard Brevard Russell of Georgia, who controlled the chamber. Minding his manners, Johnson sold himself so well to Senator Russell and the other leaders that he received committee assignments unprecedented for a freshman in that day: the Armed Services Committee (dominated by Russell himself), and the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee (which handled legislation affecting the natural-gas industry of Texas).

With Russell, Johnson now promoted a father-son relationship of the kind that he had successfully established with Franklin Roosevelt, Sam Rayburn and Carl Vinson. It was no easy task. No two men could have been less alike than the expansive, windy young Texan and the austere, introspective Georgia patrician, whose biography in the *Congressional Directory* read in its entirety: "Richard Brevard Russell, Democrat, of Winder, Ga." Russell was suspicious of Johnson's New Deal background, and the filial relationship that Johnson sought was never truly achieved. Yet Russell quickly came to admire Johnson—if not to love him—for his energy, his devotion to detail, and his dependability as the hardest-working member of Russell's Armed Services Committee. Without Russell's professional patronage, Johnson's career would not have moved so rapidly.

In the very first year of his term, Johnson seized an opportunity to prove to the rulers of the Senate—and the oil and gas barons back home—that he had changed from a Roosevelt New Dealer into a loyal conservative. The issue involved the nomination by President Harry Truman of Leland Olds to serve another term as chairman of the Federal Power Commission. During his previous 10 years on the F.P.C., Olds had established himself as the agency's most militant advocate of tough governmental regulation of private utilities, including natural gas.

Olds was anathema to the oil and gas industry, and Lyndon B. Johnson, the grandson of a Populist who had served in the Texas legislature, led the fight against Olds on the floor of the Senate, going so far as to suggest that Olds's beliefs were un-American.

"I do not charge that Mr. Olds is a Communist," Johnson said. But, after quoting Olds's ultra-liberal writings of 20 years before, Johnson stated, "Leland Olds was not taking the only course open then to an American labor liberal. There were Americans of liberal views who expressed their thoughts and maintained their purpose without choosing—as did Leland Olds—to travel with those who proposed the Marxian [sic] answer... Leland Olds knew who his friends were and what they stood for."

Johnson's campaign against Olds, whose nomination was defeated, 53–15, turned the liberals against him for the first time. But his stand pleased the conservatives, both in Texas and in the United States Senate. Lyndon Johnson was on his way to power.

In November, 1950, the voters of Pennsylvania turned against Francis Myers, who had been serving as the Majority Whip in the Senate, a post of little real power but one that nonetheless was part of the official hierarchy. With the strong backing of Oklahoma's Robert Kerr, a shrewd defender of the oil industry and a millionaire oilman himself, Johnson was able to persuade Dick Russell to let him have the whip's job, next in line under Majority Leader Ernest McFarland.

The post was an unusual honor for a freshman senator, but it did not satisfy Lyndon Johnson. His goal even then was nothing less than control of the Senate itself. In November, 1952, the landslide victory of Dwight Eisenhower gave Johnson his great opportunity. The voters of Arizona defeated Ernest McFarland and sent Barry Goldwater to Washington; the post of Democratic leader on the floor of the Senate stood vacant. The polls had scarcely closed when Johnson, operating from the LBJ Ranch in Texas, began maneuvering to get the job.

It was only natural that Johnson's first telephone call was to Richard Russell. Johnson's proposal: Russell himself should succeed McFarland as Democratic leader, and Johnson would be Russell's aide-de-camp.

"I'll do the work, and you'll be the boss," Johnson told Russell.

But Russell still preferred to exert his influence in less official but no less significant ways. With glacial disdain for the title of leader, Russell said no to Johnson, and then asked Johnson himself to take the post. Johnson, who must have had a strong suspicion that this was precisely what Russell would do, quickly agreed. But he extracted a promise from Russell that he would move his seat in the Senate to the desk directly behind the leader's desk—Johnson wanted Russell's advice available at all times.

Johnson hungered for the leadership for two basic reasons. First, his ambition propelled him automatically to the next rung on the ladder. Second, he was afraid that if he—the whip and heir apparent—were not picked to fill the vacancy, his own state of Texas would mark him a failure.

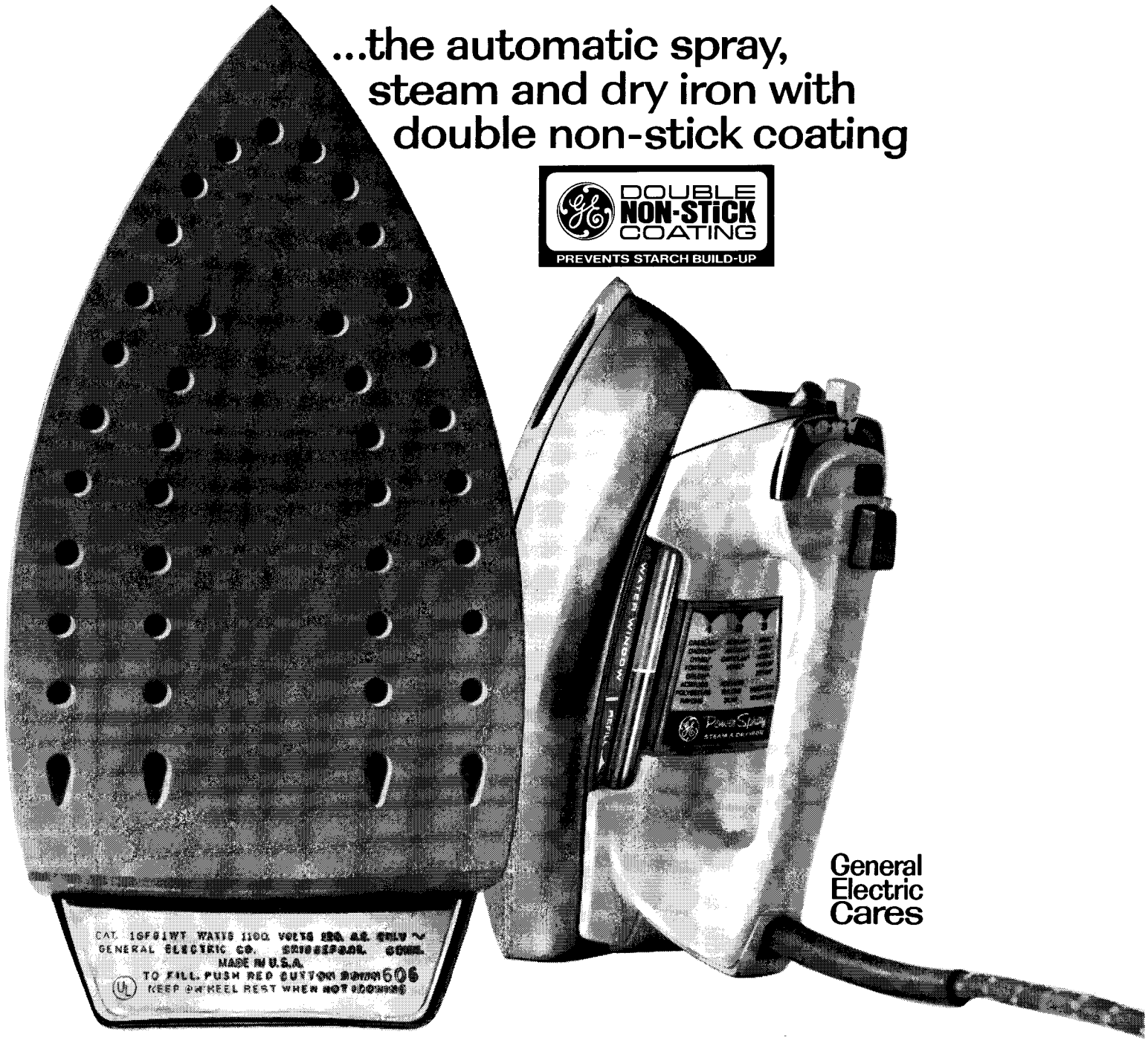
Although Russell's backing assured him of the post, Johnson also wanted the liberals to support him for Majority Leader, to make it unanimous. The liberal leader Johnson sought out was Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey, who had come to the Senate with Johnson in the 1948 election. The two men seemed worlds apart. To the Senate, Humphrey was a radical agitator who had split his party's national convention in 1948 by fighting successfully for a strong civil-rights platform ("the black knight of civil rights," as Humphrey years later described himself).

By contrast, the skinny young Texan was very much in his element in those early Senate years, very self-assured in Humphrey's somewhat envious eyes. Yet Johnson had spotted in Humphrey a potentially valuable ally—even when Humphrey's Senate status hit rock bottom his freshman term. Johnson refused to join the rest of the Senate in treating Humphrey as an untouchable. Asking Humphrey to visit him in the Senate Office Building, Johnson suggested he might get along better in the Senate if he studied and came to know the Senate's inner directors—instead of attacking them. Smooth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

G-E's NEW 39-HOLE IRON

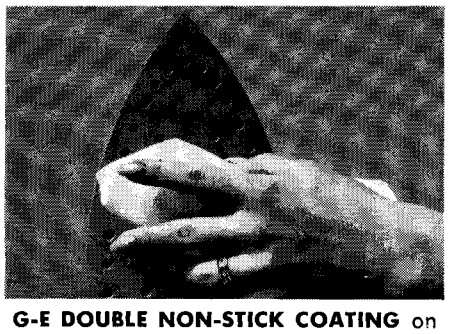
...the automatic spray,
steam and dry iron with
double non-stick coating



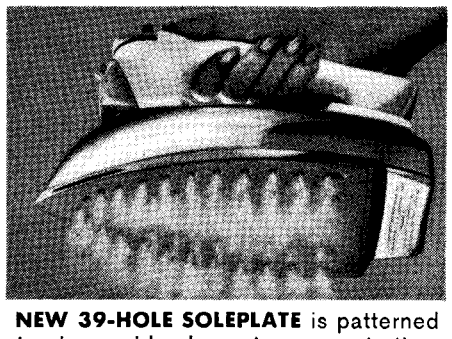
General Electric Cares

Sprays...steams...dry irons—and does it all beautifully! The new 39-hole soleplate gives you a smooth, wide sweep of penetrating steam. G-E double non-stick coating stops starch build-up. Automatic power spray. Fabric dial gives exact setting for all popular fabrics. Handy water window. It's the "complete" iron!

General Electric Company, Housewares Division, Bridgeport, Conn. 06602

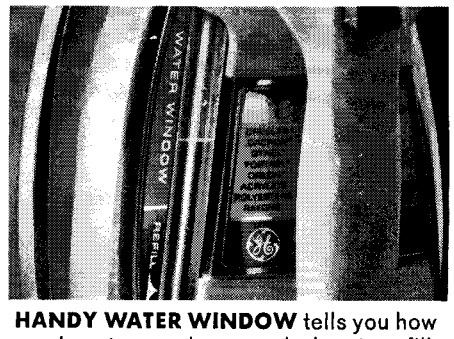


G-E DOUBLE NON-STICK COATING on soleplate provides a smooth, non-stick ironing surface...stops starch build-up.



NEW 39-HOLE SOLEPLATE is patterned to give a wide, deep steam penetration, toe to heel...for a perfect pressing job.

AUTOMATIC POWER SPRAY gives you a fine, warm mist...smooths away even the most stubborn wrinkles—automatically!

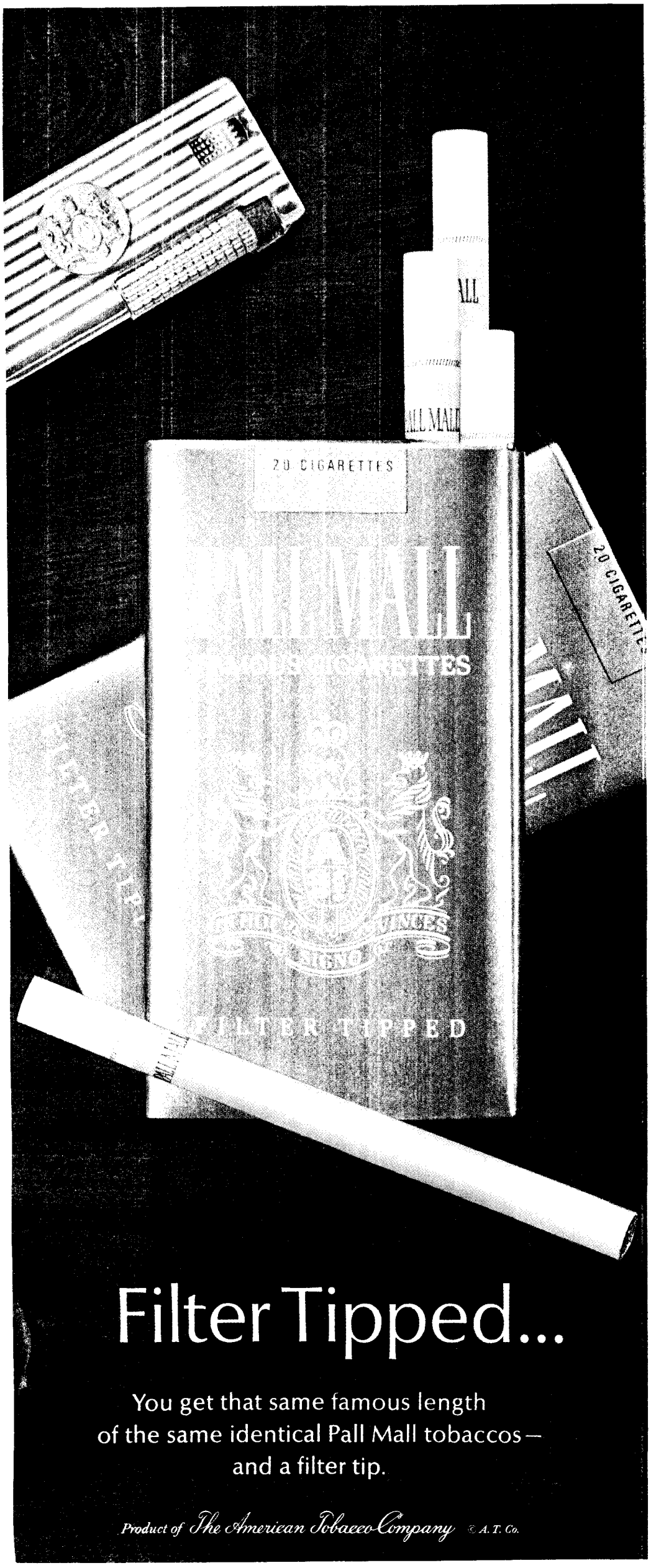


HANDY WATER WINDOW tells you how much water you have, and when to refill. Fabric dial gives proper heat settings.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


20 CIGARETTES
20 CIGARETTES
FILTER TIPPED
Filter Tipped...
You get that same famous length
of the same identical Pall Mall tobaccos—
and a filter tip.
Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

some of the rough edges off your liberal politics, he urged Humphrey.

Johnson explained the importance of knowing the strengths and weaknesses of every senator, of concentrating on committee work, and of mastering a specialty. He explained that Muriel Humphrey ought to become friendly with other senators' wives. Teasing Humphrey about his pals in the A.D.A. and the C.I.O., Johnson made it clear that, nevertheless, Humphrey was *his* kind of liberal.

How far down the road Johnson was looking on that distant day he did not say, but with his instinct for the ebb and flow of politics, and his eye on the long chance, he may well have had in his mind some vague plan that would link himself and Hubert Humphrey. One was a moderate Southerner with a Populistic heritage, the other a militant northern liberal who, Johnson well knew, would be bound to move toward the middle of the road. Humphrey was to become indispensable to Johnson in his rapid rise to power in the Senate, defending him time and again against suspicious liberals. Indeed, as the years went by, Humphrey's own liberal credentials became slightly blurred, at first just in the eyes of the few political insiders who knew of his generally shrouded relationship with Johnson, but later, after the 1964 election, by many more critical liberals.

Now, in December, 1952, Johnson wanted Humphrey to support his bid to become the Democratic floor leader. As bait, he disclosed his plans to broaden the Steering and Policy committees so as to give the liberals more power. He revealed for the first time his daring plan to modify the Senate's historic seniority rule, which automatically reserved the choice committee assignments for the men with the most years of service. Johnson indicated that Humphrey deserved a seat on the prestigious Foreign Relations Committee, a spot that he knew Humphrey coveted. Finally, Johnson argued, it was senseless to oppose him; he had the election won already.

But Humphrey explained that he was committed to back the liberals' candidate for party floor leader, Montana's James Murray. When Johnson bore down, Humphrey changed the subject and asked Johnson about liberal representation on the Steering and Policy committees.

Almost curtly, Johnson said: No, I don't want to talk about that now. You put up your man [Murray] and we'll put up our man [Johnson] and we'll see what happens. If you want to talk to me later, I'll discuss these other matters with you. And so, on that rainy January 3, just before the convening of the new Senate, when the Democrats met to elect their new leaders, the result was precisely as Johnson had predicted. Murray's total was so small it was not even announced, to spare Murray humiliation. (No record was kept and the exact number—Humphrey remembers just three votes—is now lost forever.) Humphrey himself moved to make Johnson's selection unanimous.

After the Senate adjourned that day, with Johnson now established as Democratic leader, he visited Humphrey's office and offered to talk *now* about the Steering and Policy committees. Despite his lopsided victory, it rankled Johnson that the liberals hadn't supported him. He told Humphrey: I'll talk to you, but I'm not going to deal with any of those other blankety-blank liberals. You tell me what liberals you want on Policy and Steering, and I'll put them on, but I won't talk to them.

True to his word, Johnson put Humphrey and three other liberals on the Steering Committee. But before he could modify the seniority rule, he needed the approval of Russell. To Johnson's surprise, Russell said that he, too, had always favored giving new senators one good committee instead of making them cool their heels for years on the Post Office and Civil Service Committee. With Russell maintaining a benign neutrality, Johnson was able to get several junior senators assigned to key committees, including Humphrey to Foreign Relations and John F. Kennedy to Labor and Public Welfare. With Russell not objecting, this fracturing of the seniority system went by without visible anger from any of the old Senate grandees. Instead, Johnson was praised in the press—and, far more important, collected political IOU's from the freshman Democrats whom he helped. In one blow he had accomplished a multiple increase in the power of his office.

In January, 1953, the Senate had 48 Democrats, 47 Republicans and one Independent (Wayne Morse of Oregon, who bolted the Republican Party during the 1952 election). But Morse agreed to vote with the Republicans on which party should run the Senate, and since the Republicans had Vice President Richard M. Nixon to break the 48–48 tie, Johnson became the Minority Leader and Ohio's Robert Taft became Majority Leader.

During his term as Minority Leader, Johnson knew that his party would be hurt by a basic policy of opposition for the sake of opposition. Dwight Eisenhower in 1953 was not Truman in 1952, reviled by the Republicans, falling in the opinion polls, the target of the biting slogan "Korea, Communism and corruption." Although it had been politically opportune for the Republicans to drag Truman's name into the gutter, it would have been the politics of self-destruction for the Democrats to have handled Eisenhower in the same way.

Although Johnson successfully developed a nonpartisan formula for dealing with Eisenhower, his problem with—and his antipathy for—his own Democratic liberals was infinitely greater. The liberals were emotional, idealistic and firm believers in their own rhetoric, a manifestation of unrealism Johnson could never comprehend. The way to play them was to go all out on the liberal issues that Johnson could afford to back. Those were housing, minimum wages, Social Security, farm legislation, rural electrification, reciprocal trade and, occasionally, foreign aid. But on the budget, oil and gas (the tidelands offshore oil bill was the issue of the moment), public power and, above all, civil rights, Johnson had to vote with his own people in the Senate and with his constituency.

In action, Johnson quickly showed his genius for political maneuvering. He came to rely heavily for information upon Bobby Gene Baker, a country boy from Pickens, S.C., who had come to Washington as a teen-aged

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senate page and by 1951 at the age of 23 had become the Senate Democratic cloakroom's chief page. When Johnson became Minority Leader, he immediately promoted Baker, now 25, to become assistant secretary to the minority, a highly strategic position that enabled the precocious Baker to become the leader's eyes and ears. Baker had virtually grown up in the Senate, and his quick mind had by now catalogued every senator.

As early as 1950, Johnson found many ways to make use of the sharp-featured, sharp-brained Bobby Baker and simultaneously developed a genuine admiration for him. When Baker's first son was born that month, Johnson gave Baker a $50 war bond in the son's name. Johnson told Baker, "You're like a son to me, because I don't have a son of my own."

Johnson sometimes included Baker in small dinner parties Mrs. Johnson gave in their house on Thirtieth Place in northwest Washington, parties that played an integral part in Johnson's developing network of allies. The guests invariably included southern leaders in the Senate, such as Russell or Virginia's Harry Byrd, and one or two key Republicans, often California's Bill Knowland, Taft's successor as Majority Leader. Texan William S. White, then Senate correspondent for *The New York Times*, was another frequent guest. These informal dinners gave Johnson a singular insight into the Senate's inner problems. Senators and their idiosyncrasies were analyzed in ways they could never be on the floor and seldom in the cloakroom. At these parties, the men spoke frankly and unguardedly in the intimacy of the dinner table, and Johnson stored up in a few years a penetrating understanding of the world of the Senate. Beyond that, Mrs. Johnson's dinners gave her husband a chance to show off his hostmanship.

In his first two years as floor leader, the most explosive issue facing Johnson—and the Senate—was McCarthyism. When a liberal friend urged him to move against the senator from Wisconsin, Johnson said, "When the time comes, I'll do what I ought to do."

Working quietly behind the scenes, Johnson was already preparing to strike at McCarthy. One shrewd move was to make sure that the 1954 Senate hearings into the bitter dispute between McCarthy and the Army were televised. It was Johnson's conviction, and it proved to be right, that McCarthy could not survive the brutal exposure of television, which would record in millions of American living rooms his intemperate paranoiac abuse of American citizens.

Meanwhile, in off-the-record talks with the press, Johnson outlined his own solution to the McCarthy problem. "If I were the Majority Leader," he said, "I'd appoint a bipartisan select committee, and I'd put on our side the very best men we have, men who are above reproach, the wisest men I know in the Senate and the best judges, and I'd ask 'em to make a study of McCarthy and report to the Senate. With the men I'd pick, the Senate would accept their judgment and that would be the end of it."

Almost a year went by before the time was ripe for the Senate to move against McCarthy. Surfeited by his excesses during months of televised hearings on his feud with the Army, the Senate finally prepared to act.

On August 2, 1954, by a 75 to 12 vote, it agreed to establish a select committee—and Johnson was ready to move. His aides on the Policy Committee had completed elaborate research into Senate history to see how other Senates had handled situations dealing with problem senators. For weeks he had carried in his pocket a smudged compilation of these precedents. Johnson had done all this in privacy, working out the details with his staff but disclosing precious little of his findings to other senators. That was the Johnson System: diligent preparation, extraordinary secrecy, nothing left to chance.

The all-conservative Democratic section of the jury—Mississippi's John Stennis, Colorado's Ed Johnson and North Carolina's Sam Ervin—was picked in strictest secrecy. Meanwhile, Republican leader Bill Knowland had named Utah's Senator Arthur Watkins as chairman of the select committee. His other two Republicans were the pleasant, respectable Frank Carlson of Kansas and, from South Dakota, the Senate's most fastidious small-print reader, Francis Case.

Not one of these six men had a feud going with any other senator. Not one of them was controversial. Not one of them was on record either for or against McCarthy. Not one was up for reelection that year. It was just as Johnson had planned it.

The committee took evidence on the McCarthy case from August 31 to September 13, 1954, and then, six days after the November election, the lame-duck Senate returned to a special session to debate the committee's recommendation to condemn McCarthy.

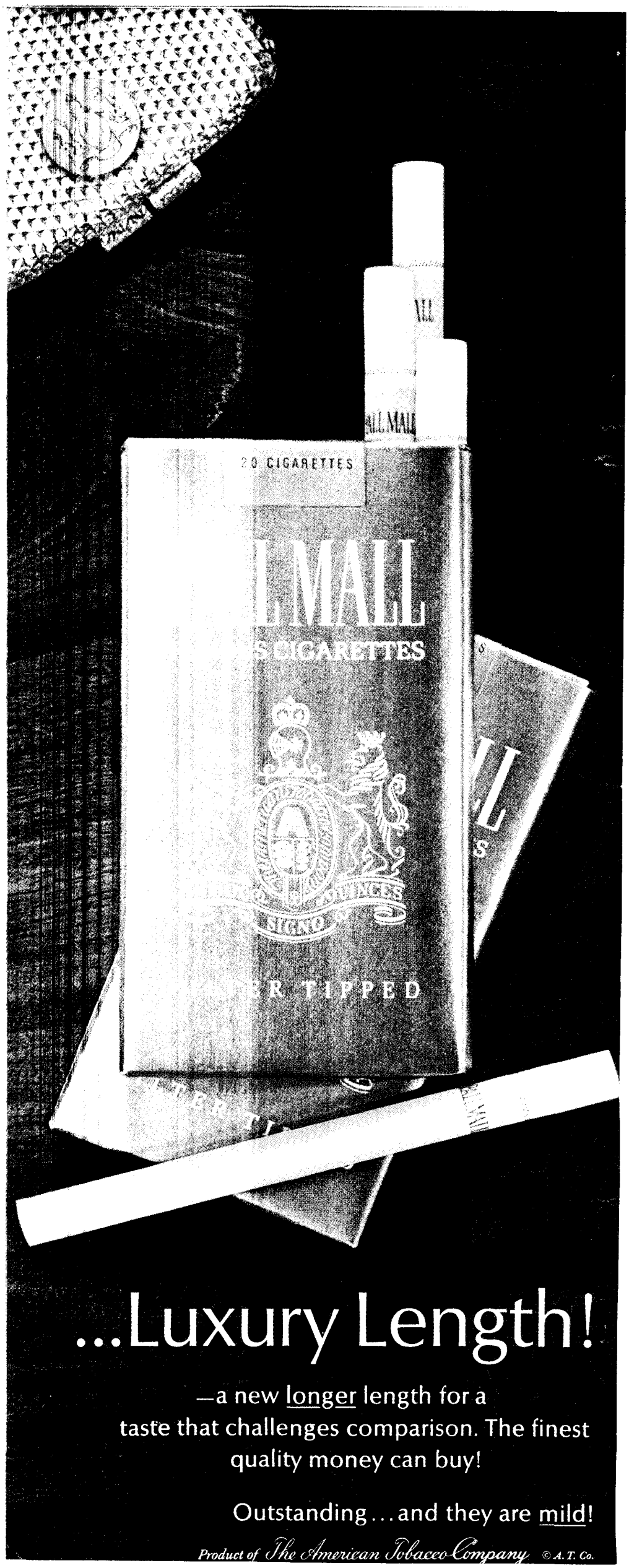
On the final roll call, Johnson marshaled a solid front—from Mississippi's Jim Eastland to New York's Herbert Lehman, every Democratic senator (with the exception of the hospitalized John F. Kennedy) was recorded in favor of condemning McCarthy. The final tally was 67 to 22.

Johnson's handling of McCarthy was a *tour de force*, and it was only the beginning, for in the elections of November, 1954, the Democrats regained control of the Senate. Johnson himself, campaigning as a Texas conservative on civil rights and gas and oil, was easily reelected.

Now Lyndon Johnson was Majority Leader and he could at last set about achieving his goal of controlling the United States Senate.

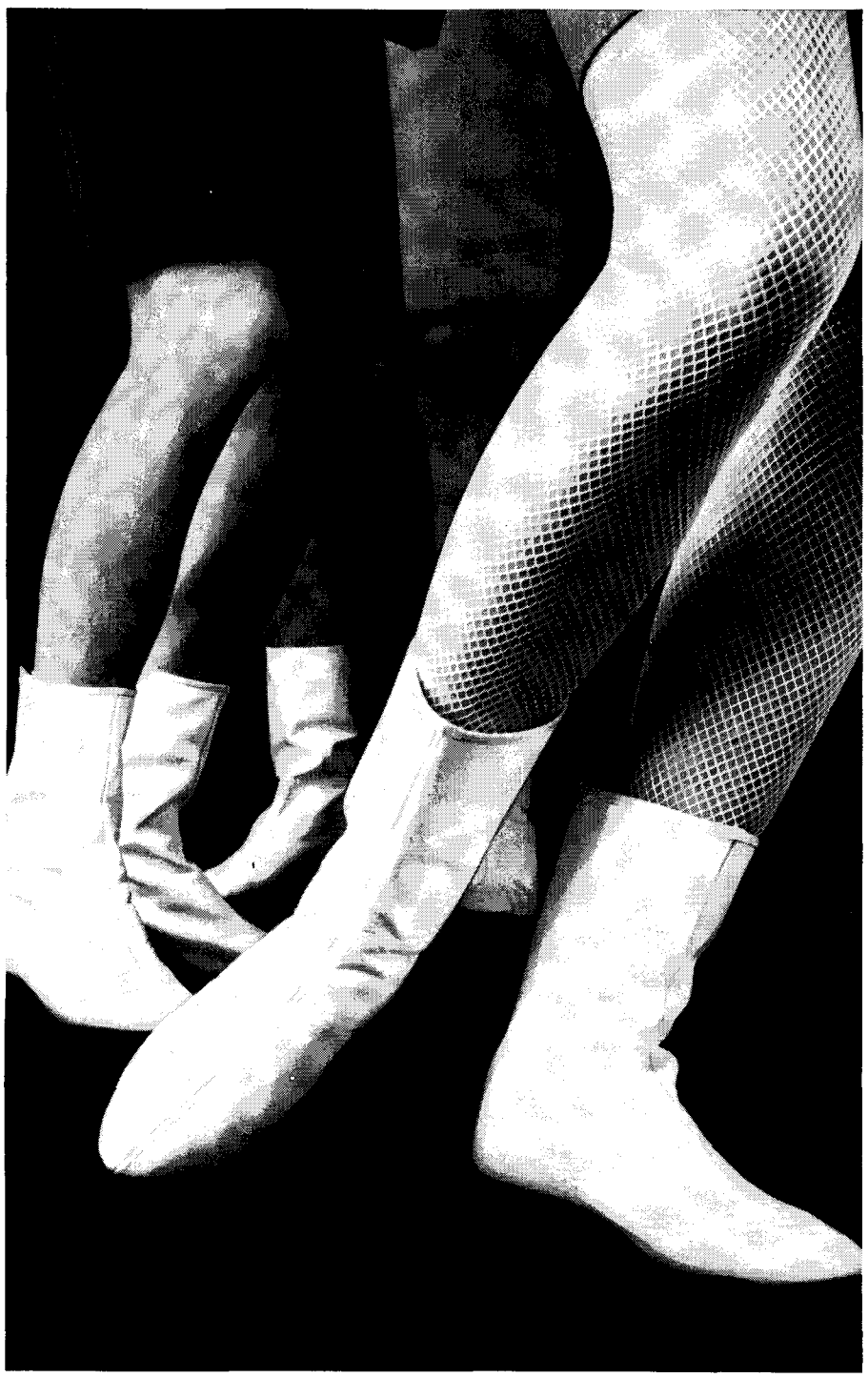
In his first session as Majority Leader Johnson traveled a long way toward reaching that objective. In just six months of work the Senate approved federal aid for highway construction, the Upper Colorado River bill, an increase of the minimum wage to one dollar an hour, an increase in the foreign-aid appropriation over Eisenhower's request and an extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act.

On the morning of Saturday, July 2, 1955, Johnson called in the press to hear a recital of his accomplishments. The handful of Senate reporters working that Saturday morning filed into his office to confront a man who was bone-weary after six frenetic months of 18-hour days. Blowing out great lungfuls of cigarette smoke, Johnson made no effort to conceal his irritation with reporters who questioned his record. In fact, Johnson suddenly exploded in


20 CIGARETTES
...Luxury Length!
—a new longer length for a
taste that challenges comparison. The finest
quality money can buy!
Outstanding...and they are mild!
Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

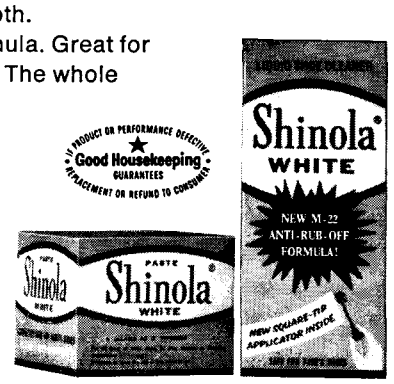
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BET YOUR BOOTS ON SHINOLA®



because Shinola stays white longer

It's like two coats in one. That's why Shinola is number one with The Boot Generation. It keeps white boots new-looking longer. And scuff marks erase with a damp cloth.
Only Shinola has this durable anti-rub-off formula. Great for every kind of white shoe. Safe for baby shoes. The whole family will take a shine to Shinola. It lasts.
In paste or liquid to boot.



such unrestrained invective against one reporter that other newsmen rose to defend him. For Johnson the loss of self-control in public was unprecedented and portentous. The press conference came to an abrupt and embarrassing end, with the Majority Leader in an angry mood.

Later that day Johnson set off for a rare, badly needed weekend at the Middleburg country estate of his old Texas friend and supporter, oilman-builder George Brown, in the heart of the exclusive Virginia hunt country.

The Majority Leader's limousine had barely crossed the Potomac River on the hour-long drive when Johnson complained of the heat (though the air conditioner was going full blast) and of feeling sick to his stomach. Stopping at a gasoline station, Johnson gulped an ice-cold drink but only felt more nauseated. He tried to vomit but couldn't. On arriving at the Brown estate, he turned aside an invitation to a good, cold swim in the Brown pool and went to a downstairs bedroom to rest. Sen. Clinton Anderson of New Mexico, another guest, was worried about him.

"My arms are heavy, and I feel like somebody's sitting on my chest," Johnson told Anderson. Anderson, who had weathered almost every disease known to medical science, including a heart attack, ran his fingers down Johnson's chest to locate the source of pain. A second later he announced: "Lyndon, you're having a coronary."

Johnson was furious. A heart attack! Proud of his good health and strong physical constitution, Johnson simply could not believe he was a heart-attack victim. Surely it was only a severe bellyache. Anderson made Johnson lie down. Host Brown came to help. Johnson started to light a cigarette. "Don't do that," cautioned Anderson. Johnson settled for a belt of Scotch. The pain subsided, then returned. Anderson told Brown: "You'd better call a doctor."

"Now, Clint," Brown said, "Lyndon doesn't want us to do that."

"How will you feel tomorrow when you read those big, black headlines saying that Lyndon Johnson died in George Brown's house without a doctor?" Anderson asked.

Johnson was rushed to Bethesda Naval Hospital, in the Maryland suburbs of Washington. Lady Bird Johnson, who had been in Washington, was waiting at the hospital. So was Walter Jenkins, Johnson's faithful administrative assistant, note pad in hand. An expert at shorthand, Jenkins quickly recorded Johnson's instructions.

Johnson was wheeled into the high-speed elevator and taken up to the 17th floor. He was still able to banter. Remembering that Scogna, an exclusive Washington tailor, was making two suits for him, one brown, one blue, he told Lady Bird Johnson, "Tell Scogna to go ahead with the blue. I'll need it whichever way it goes."

During the next few months, Johnson made a remarkable recovery from his heart attack, medically designated as "moderately severe." By the time Congress reconvened in January, 1956, Lyndon Johnson was back in action and eager to get on with the job of mastering the Senate. Even before the heart attack, Johnson had begun to shoot holes in the widely held doctrine that the Senate by nature was better suited for debate than action. He believed that the right leader could shape and mobilize it. The House was unwieldy, but in the Senate a leader could work miracles if he knew how to trade. And Johnson was born a trader.

Johnson's method of controlling the Senate—the Johnson System—was highly personalized and instinctive. It could be broken down into two interlocking components: the Johnson Network and the Johnson Procedure. The Network was the source of Johnson's power, the tool essential to put into effect the Procedure that enabled one man to tame the Senate and bring it under control for the first time in decades.

The Johnson Network was a system of personal alliances that transcended partisan, ideological and geographic lines. Johnson slowly built up a cadre of supporters who would vote for L.B.J.—even, on occasion, against their ideology and their political self-interest, depending on the issue and the senator. The cadre included: Dennis Chavez, an aging New Mexico Democrat; George (Molly) Malone, an eccentric McCarthyite Republican from Nevada; Democrat Stuart Symington of Missouri, vigorous air-power man (whose long relationship with Johnson cooled for personal reasons in the late 1950's); liberal Republican Margaret Chase Smith of Maine; Harry Flood Byrd, conservative Democrat and national high priest of fiscal responsibility; Richard Neuberger, liberal Democrat of Oregon. East, West; rich, poor; left wing, right wing—all in greater or lesser degree were part of the Johnson Network. With other, less conspicuous members of the Network, they made up perhaps one quarter of the Senate—more than enough to provide the balance of power on most issues.

The most important of Johnson's lieutenants in the Network was no senator at all. Bobby G. Baker, then 26, had been promoted by Johnson to secretary of the Senate majority when the Democrats regained control in 1955, approved routinely by the Senate Democratic caucus on the Majority Leader's recommendation. Baker promptly remade that job to fit his own specifications, just as Johnson was remaking the Majority Leadership to fit his. Thus, a routine housekeeping sinecure became in Baker's hands—and with Johnson's blessing—a position of great authority. The bouncy, ingratiating—and immensely able—young man from Pickens, S.C., came to be called "the 97th senator" and "Lyndon Jr."

For an example of how the network functioned, consider Johnson's handling of J. Allen Frear Jr., a pint-sized Delaware farm boy who became a successful small-town banker in Dover, Del., before he was elected to the Senate in 1948. Frear's trademark was his piercing, high-pitched response to Senate roll calls (much to the amusement of the galleries).

At heart a conservative Democrat, Frear generally voted the conservative position—unless Lyndon Johnson wanted him to vote otherwise. Almost without exception, Frear's vote—or nonvote—was Johnson's for the asking, a fact abundantly clear to the astonished gallery in 1959 during the debate on a tax bill. Johnson was supporting an amendment to repeal special tax advantages for dividend income, which had been put into law by the Republican-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

controlled Congress of 1954. In a rare error, Johnson had miscounted the vote. When the roll call was completed he found himself beaten by a single vote, 41 to 40. Frear had shrieked "no" on the amendment. Unsolicited by Johnson, he voted as a Delaware conservative. But now Johnson shouted across the Senate floor to Frear: "Change your vote!" Surprised, almost stunned by the command, Frear hesitated. Johnson shouted again, "Change your vote!" Frear did, and the amendment carried.

Indispensable to the Johnson System were generous rewards for consistent good conduct. While distinguished economist Paul Douglas spent years waiting for a seat on the tax-writing Finance Committee, Frear went on it quickly (as well as onto the Banking and Currency Committee).

Johnson also commandeered bits and pieces of Senate patronage that previous Majority Leaders ignored. To cement his budding alliance with Maine's Sen. Margaret Chase Smith, for instance, he arranged for a special staff member of the Senate Armed Services Committee to be appointed by her and to be responsible to her alone, even though she was a Republican on the Democratic-controlled committee, and only fourth-ranking Republican at that.

Johnson also kept his ears open to discover the personal preferences of senators or senators' wives. At a cocktail party early in 1957, Johnson was chatting with the wife of Frank Church, the young, newly elected liberal Democrat from Idaho. Mrs. Church innocently revealed that she had always wanted to see South America. Knowing that Church might become a valuable addition to the Johnson Network, the Majority Leader saw to it that he was named to the very next delegation of senators to visit South America.

But this ingenious stretching of the Majority Leader's limited stock of patronage could not by itself explain the brilliant success of the Johnson Network. The extra, indeed the dominant, ingredient was Johnson's overwhelming personality, reflected in what came to be known as "The Treatment."

The Treatment could last 10 minutes or four hours. It came, enveloping its target, at the LBJ Ranch swimming pool, in one of L.B.J.'s offices, in the Senate cloakroom, on the floor of the Senate itself—wherever Johnson might find a fellow senator within his reach. Its tone could be supplication, accusation, cajolery, exuberance, scorn, tears, complaint, the hint of threat. Its velocity was breathtaking, and it was all in one direction. Interjections from the target were rare. Johnson anticipated them before they could be spoken. He moved in close, his face a scant millimeter from his target, his eyes widening and narrowing, his eyebrows rising and falling. From his pockets poured clippings, memos, statistics. Mimicry, humor, and a genius for analogy made The Treatment an almost hypnotic experience and rendered the target stunned and helpless.

One Texas politician who was talked into changing his mind on a key issue by Johnson explained that he really had no choice. "Lyndon got me by the lapels," he said, "and put his face on top of mine and talked and talked and talked. I figured it was either getting drowned or joining."

One additional bit of Johnson glue held his Network together. Whenever a 75-cent cigar came his way, Johnson would not forget to stick it in his pocket and save it for Sen. Carl Hayden of Arizona, a notorious cigar-chomper and chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee. When Bill Knowland became a grandfather for the fourth time, Johnson took the floor of the Senate to make the event a historical footnote in the *Congressional Record*. When the wife of Felton (Skeeter) Johnston, a veteran Senate employee who became secretary of the Senate in 1955, went to the hospital for major surgery, Lyndon Johnson offered to help pay the bill. In 1952, Westwood, the only daughter of Virginia's Sen. Harry Byrd, met a tragic death. Johnson drove from Washington to Winchester, Va., for the funeral. He was amazed to discover that he was the only other senator present. The courtly old Virginian was deeply touched. When Johnson sought Byrd's vote on a labor issue years later, it was Byrd who recalled the funeral and gave Johnson his vote. These small favors and courtesies built Johnson a bottomless reservoir of goodwill.

While constructing his elaborate Network, the Majority Leader was also building the largest staff ever assembled by a single senator.

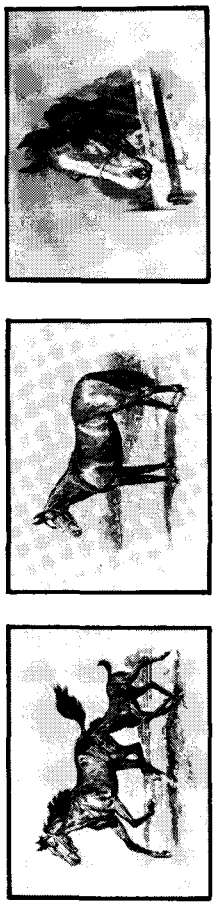
This staff became part of the Johnson Intelligence System, which was so efficient it could be frightening. One evening in the late 1950's, Sen. Thruston Morton of Kentucky (the Republican who defeated Earle Clements in 1956) dined with seven political reporters at the Metropolitan Club. The meeting was off-the-record. The reporters had been working as a team for several years. All were sworn to secrecy, and there had never been a leak. Morton laid bare some fascinating behind-the-scenes divisions in the Republican Party. A few days later one of the reporters called on Johnson in his office. Johnson bitterly chided him and the Washington press corps for writing column after column about the divisions in the Democratic Party while ignoring internal tensions in the Republican Party. To prove his point, Johnson dipped into one of the deep wire baskets on his desk and fished out a memorandum on the "confidential" Morton session—complete in every detail.

The distillation of Johnson's intelligence was the head count—the report on how each senator would vote on a given issue. This delicate judgment of each senator's intentions was entrusted to Bobby Baker, who compiled the famous head counts in their final form. Baker's precise count not only gave Johnson the odds on a bill, but what votes he had to switch.

Johnson's Network and Intelligence System gave him power and knowledge; the way he used them became known as the Procedure. The principal ingredient of the Procedure was flexibility. Thus, Johnson's first rule: On any piece of major legislation, never make a commitment as to what will pass; determine in advance what is *possible* under the best of circumstances for the Senate to accept; after making this near-mathematical determination, don't reveal it; keep the Leader's intentions carefully masked; then, exploiting the Johnson Network, start rounding up all detachable votes; when all is in readiness, strike quickly and pass the bill with a minimum of delay.

FREE!

FREE! Magnificent Mural In Full Color!



Bold Eagle
Galaxy
Royal Empress & Colt
Viscount

ALL FOUR PRINTS IN GLORIOUS COLOR ONLY $1

Reproduced in Glorious Color From Original Paintings.
Large 9″ x 12″ Full Color Reproductions . . .
Ideal For Home or Office.

Imagine decorating your home or office with these breathtakingly beautiful masterpieces. You'll understand why they are so appealing once you see the exquisite colors and craftsmanship employed by the artist.

Order Now To Get Your FREE Mural

Never before has there been such an amazing art offer! We will send you all 4 Thoroughbred prints (plus your FREE Mural) for only $1 plus 10¢ postage.

Supply Very Limited

To take advantage of this special FREE OFFER, mail coupon today. Allow up to 4 weeks for delivery. This incredible offer may never be repeated.

The HOMESTEAD Dept. HM-19
420 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10017

Please send me the four full color Thoroughbred prints (plus FREE mural) for only $1 plus 10¢ postage on *full money back* guarantee if I am not delighted. (Allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.)

Enclosed is $_____ (Please Print)
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
☐ SAVE! SPECIAL OFFER: Order THREE sets of all 4 prints (plus Free murals) for only $2. (You save $1.30). Extra sets make ideal gifts.

WILD MUSTANGS – 16″ x 20″ Mural

Fabulously Beautiful Masterpiece – YOURS FREE
When You Purchase These Four Exquisite Thoroughbreds

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You may never have athlete's foot again.

Fact! Athlete's foot fungus absolutely cannot grow in Quinsana Foot Powder. Not even near it.

Fact! Quinsana fights reinfection as it instantly acts to absorb fungus-breeding perspiration.

Fact! Quinsana's soothing medication gives painless, on-the-spot relief from itching, burning.

Fact! Quinsana helps keep feet cool, dry, comfortable all day long.

Conclusion:

Athlete's foot is everywhere. Use Mennen Quinsana Foot Powder once a day, every day, and you may never have athlete's foot again.

MENNEN
QUINSANA
FOOT POWDER
for athlete's foot and daily foot care
helps prevent infection and block its return when used regularly.

That's a fact.

Mennen Quinsana—the finest name in foot care products.

When the Procedure went into action to approve a measure, Johnson controlled the speed of the actual roll call by signaling the reading clerk—slowing it down until the senator with the deciding vote (on Johnson's side, of course) entered the chamber, then speeding it up (by a quick rotary movement of his forefinger) when the votes he needed were in hand.

The greatest test of the System—and of Lyndon Johnson as Majority Leader—came in 1957. The Eisenhower Administration was proposing a civil-rights bill that would give the executive branch more power to effect school integration and to make it possible for Negroes to vote.

"I want to run the Senate," Johnson told friends. "I want to pass the bills that need to be passed. I want my party to do right. But all I ever hear from the liberals is Nigra, Nigra, Nigra."

The civil-rights bill confronted Johnson with the hardest dilemma of his political career. Ever since 1937, when he first entered the House, Johnson had voted *no* on civil rights 100 percent of the time: *no* on an anti-lynching bill in 1940; *no* on a Democratic leadership amendment in 1950 eliminating segregation in the Armed Services; *no* on anti-poll-tax bills in 1942, 1943, 1945; *no* in 1946 on an anti-discrimination amendment to the federal school-lunch program: *yes* in 1949 on an anti-Negro amendment proposed by Mississippi's Senator James Eastland to the perennial District of Columbia home-rule bill. The record was unbroken.

Based on Johnson's past performance, the politicians and press of Washington believed that hostile neutrality was about the most that could be expected of Lyndon Johnson when Eisenhower sent his civil-rights package to Congress. Neither the press nor most of his fellow legislators (with the exception of Sam Rayburn) realized how indispensable it was to Johnson's national political aspirations to get credit for the passage of the bill, and how fatal it would be for him to oppose it. If he could transform the Eisenhower bill into the Johnson bill, he would once and for all emancipate himself from the Confederate yoke that had destroyed Richard Russell's presidential ambitions in 1952. It would move him into the mainstream of the Democratic Party for the first time since his early days as a young New Deal congressman. Unless he plunged into that mainstream, Johnson could not even hope for the presidential nomination in 1960—or ever.

But Johnson wanted to do more than just pass the bill. He wanted to do it without causing a bitter southern filibuster that would seriously damage the party. Johnson decided upon a two-part strategy: (1) convince Dick Russell that this time the South would be wise not to use the filibuster; (2) get a majority of the Senate to agree to weaken the bill enough so that Russell could agree to let it come for a vote.

Johnson's ploy with Russell was to point out the dangers to the South if its ultimate weapon, the filibuster, failed to work. Johnson's entirely plausible argument went something like this: The old Dixiecrat-Republican coalition was deteriorating. Without the help of conservative Republicans, Southerners could not be sure of talking the bill to death by a filibuster. Would it not be in the South's own self-interest to accept a weakened bill without a filibuster, retaining the filibuster as a threat to be used another day against a more onerous civil-rights proposal?

Russell quickly saw the logic of Johnson's argument. He said that there probably would be no filibuster if Johnson could effect two modifications of the bill. First, eliminate the provision allowing the Federal Government to intervene in school-integration cases. Second, add a provision that would guarantee the right to trial by jury for any person accused of disobeying a court order issued to protect a Negro's right to vote.

The Southerners knew that southern juries were likely to be far more lenient than federal judges with anyone accused of a voting-rights violation. Johnson knew the liberals were strongly opposed to the trial-by-jury amendment. And without the liberals' support, he knew he could never get the amendment passed. In large measure the fate of the 1957 civil-rights bill depended upon Johnson's skill in persuading the liberals, by one means or other, to vote for the jury-trial amendment.

Keeping his goal secret, Johnson began what was to become his masterpiece of political maneuver. All through the winter and spring of 1957 Johnson stored up IOU's for the civil-rights bill that would not come before the Senate until the summer. In early May, for example, Johnson secretly contrived to have Congress approve a $409,000 request by the Administration to survey the Passamaquoddy tidal basin on the Maine-Canada border, although the House had previously killed the proposal. Johnson wanted to reinforce his ties with his close friend Margaret Chase Smith, Maine's Republican senator. When the vote on the jury trial came, Johnson knew he would need votes from both sides of the aisle.

Johnson got his biggest bag of Democratic IOU's in late June during the debate over the development of electric-power installations in Hell's Canyon near the Oregon-Idaho border. A competing plan to have the project developed by the Federal Government was backed by western Democrats and their eastern liberal colleagues. A plan to have the area developed by private interests was backed by Republican conservatives and southern Democrats. In 1956, in fact, Russell, Mississippi's James Eastland, North Carolina's Sam Ervin Jr., Louisiana's Russell Long and Florida's George Smathers had all voted against the federal plan. But on June 21, 1957, Russell and the other four senators switched sides and voted *for* the federal development of Hell's Canyon. Their five votes were enough to pass the bill, 45 to 38, and to put the western Democrats heavily in the debt of Lyndon Johnson, who had engineered the southern switch. Johnson put their IOU's in his pocket and waited for the right time to use them.

By early August the civil-rights bill was no longer Dwight Eisenhower's. It had become Lyndon Johnson's—and Republicans resented it. Johnson's earlier policy of staying in the background while the South and the bipartisan civil-rights bloc fought on the floor had by now dramatically changed. With months of secret maneuvering behind him, Johnson had now seized personal control of the debate. Confident of victory, on the last evening of debate before the crucial jury-trial vote, Johnson encountered Vice President Richard M. Nixon in a waiting room just off the Senate chamber. Cocksure now and in his glory, Johnson was confronted by an icily controlled Nixon, who knew as well as Johnson that the jury-trial amendment would be adopted, thus ending any last possibility of a Democratic civil war on the floor of the Senate. As the putative Republican presidential nominee for 1960, Nixon, too, had large stakes in the struggle.

Smiling tightly, Nixon snapped to Johnson, "You've really got your bullwhip on your boys tonight, Lyndon," and started to walk primly on.

Johnson reared up like an angry steer, "Yes, Dick, and from the way you've been trying to drive your fellows, you must have a thirty-thirty strapped to your hip, but it's not doing you any good."

The jury-trial amendment came to a vote late on the night of August 2. Of the 14 western Democratic senators, all but two (Morse and Richard Neuberger of Oregon) voted aye. And so did Margaret Chase Smith. The final tally was 51 to 42 for the amendment and Lyndon B. Johnson.

After that, final passage was automatic. The Senate approved the bill by a vote of 72 to 18. Lyndon Johnson was one of the five Democrats from the Old Confederacy to support the first civil-rights bill since the Reconstruction era. The law, explained Johnson, "is good for every state in the Union, and as far as I am concerned, Texas has been a part of the Union since Appomattox."

Johnson's performance in the 1957 civil-rights fight meant far more than his own emancipation from southern shackles (though it accomplished that, certainly). It was the full flowering of the Johnson System, and notwithstanding critics, who said he had gutted the bill, it was a fitting tribute to Johnson's parliamentary genius.

Almost from his first day as Majority Leader, Johnson had assumed control over the unruly Senate and ended nearly two decades of feudal disorder. The anti-Johnson argument, however, was that the Johnson System, splendid and awesome though it was, produced so little: In short, that although Johnson had tamed the Senate, he had scarcely come to grips with the barriers blocking the passage of major new social legislation. The ambitious liberal goals had been set a full decade earlier at the end of World War II—federal aid to elementary and secondary education, federal health insurance, extension of federal minimum wage coverage, permanent federal programs for economically depressed areas. None of these was achieved in the Democratic 84th and 85th Congresses run by Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn. Each year Johnson was able to assemble long lists of legislative accomplishments, but only a few—notably the Civil Rights Act of 1957—could be called milestones.

Johnson's reasons for going slowly were less doctrinal than tactical. There seemed to be few issues he was not prepared to embrace, although his continuing preoccupation with his shaky Texas base forced him well to the right of the national party, particularly on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How come 1 out of 5 company presidents is insured by Metropolitan Life?

The man who runs an entire company has to have a mind like a calculating machine when it comes to dollars and cents. And perhaps that's why 1 out of 5 presidents of leading American and Canadian companies has chosen Metropolitan.

The same values they see in us are available to you, too. Take our Family Security Check-Up, for instance.

This is a quick, clear analysis of your assets and how they balance out against your family's plans for the future. Your Metropolitan representative is specially trained to do all the figuring for you.

Why not ask him for a Family Security Check-Up first thing tomorrow? There's no obligation... *except to those you love.*

Metropolitan Life

protecting 1 out of 5 people in the U.S. and Canada

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OFF TO A FRESH START

Wherever you go . . . go your best in clothes dry cleaned by One Hour Martinizing! Safe, odorless, gentle—the modern method of dry cleaning that has your finest clothing superbly clean in just one hour . . . yet costs you no more.

ONE HOUR "MARTINIZING" CERTIFIES THE MOST IN DRY CLEANING

® Certification Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. and Canadian Trade Marks Off.

FRANCHISED BY MARTIN EQUIPMENT SALES, CINCINNATI, OHIO

labor issues, on gas and oil legislation, and, until 1957, on civil rights. What he could *not* embrace was the tactic of building a record based on legislative defeat; that is, proposals that could not be enacted. To Johnson this would put the Democratic Party in the untenable position of tormenting the benign and well-loved war hero in the White House, would promote discord in an era of national conciliation, and would expose the Democrats to a charge of politics for politics' sake. The road back to power was paved with modest bills actually passed, Johnson believed, and, if he had to meet Eisenhower at least halfway, so be it.

Johnson's greatest accomplishments in the Senate were gained when there was a balance of power in the chamber between conservatives and liberals. The Democratic election landslide of 1958 drastically upset that balance. When the Senate reorganized itself in January, 1959, the Democrats had 64 seats and the Republicans 34. Despite this apparent power, however, Johnson was unable to control legislation as he had from 1954 through 1958. The reasons were several:

For one thing, a number of the Democrat senators elected in 1956 and 1958 were independently minded liberals—Maine's Edmund Muskie, Wisconsin's Bill Proxmire, Pennsylvania's Joe Clark—who did not easily succumb to the Johnson Treatment. For another, President Eisenhower suddenly abandoned his role of passivity, which had been a great boon to The System, and began warning that he might veto bills passed by the Democratic Congress that he did not like.

Johnson was caught between the growing militancy of the Senate's liberals and the threat of Eisenhower's veto. Seeking his customary middle course, the Majority Leader was whipsawed. Attempting to pass welfare legislation broad enough to satisfy the liberals and still avoid vetoes, Johnson achieved neither goal. Veto after veto came from Eisenhower's pen in a profusion not seen since Grover Cleveland declared war on the pension bills for Civil War veterans. Johnson simply could not make his bills veto-proof without risking rebellion in liberal Democratic ranks.

Finally, Johnson was handicapped by the fact that by 1959 the Senate was less a legislative chamber than a cockpit for the 1960 presidential contenders—Kennedy, Humphrey, Symington, Nixon and Johnson himself.

There was no precise time when Johnson first began thinking about the Presidency. Say, rather, the ambition must have come as naturally to him as his first breath, and with each successive and successful step up the political ladder, it became more insistent and absorbed more of his attention. Say, too, that Johnson was a practical man whose knowledge of American history, though never profound, always included the hard fact that no Democrat from the Old Confederacy had ever been nominated for President.

As early as 1952 Johnson had hopes of becoming the vice-presidential candidate. But that was the year that Dick Russell had tried and failed to get the presidential nomination In 1956, remembering Russell's fate, Johnson foresaw political disaster should he make a serious bid for the presidential nomination, but friends kept pushing him, and he was carried along by the momentum. Johnson's problems in 1956 were the same ones that had hounded him for years—he was still struggling to get control of the party in his own state, and his background as a southern conservative made him totally unacceptable to the northern liberals.

Johnson's doubts proved to be so strong that in the end he could not even bring himself to the point of announcing his own candidacy. Even the slogan used by Johnson's backers was ludicrous: "Love that Lyndon!" When Adlai Stevenson won the nomination on the first ballot, Johnson got only 80 votes—all but two of them from Texas and Mississippi.

Before Stevenson threw open the vice-presidential nomination, Rayburn and Russell and other southern leaders urged Johnson to demand the spot for himself. But the contest soon turned into a fight between Estes Kefauver and John F. Kennedy. Johnson had never liked Kefauver, and on the second ballot the Texas delegation went solidly for the young senator from Massachusetts. Johnson grabbed the floor microphone and shouted: "Texas proudly casts its fifty-six votes for the fighting sailor who wears the scars of battle."

When one delegation after another began to switch to Kefauver, Johnson, for all his power on the floor of the United States Senate, could do nothing more than sit back and watch the nomination go to a man whom the southern Democrats regarded as a scalawag.

Nearly four years later, as the campaign began for the presidential nomination in 1960, Lyndon Johnson still had doubts about entering the race. "I don't want to get a bug in my mouth I can't swallow," he told one visitor. "I don't have the disposition, the training or the temperament for the Presidency."

Even among his trusted friends, Johnson would not say, "Yes, I'm running," or even, "Yes, I *may* run."

While Johnson hesitated, a battle plan was being drafted for him by his backers, headed by Sam Rayburn and Bobby Baker. The basic strategy was to wait for Humphrey and Kennedy to destroy each other in the primaries; keep on good terms with all of the candidates; quietly build up a base of delegate support in the South and West.

The plan made sense, but Johnson's campaign ran into trouble from the start. Operating a presidential campaign without an announced candidate is difficult in any case. But compounding the difficulty for Johnson's backers were tactical blunders of enormous magnitude. Applied for the first time across the wide range of national politics, the tightly controlled system that gave Johnson his unique mastery over the Senate broke down completely.

The breakdown stemmed from two basic causes: the political ambivalence that prevented Johnson from doing the right thing in the streets of Detroit or Chicago because the right thing there was the wrong thing in Texas; and Johnson's erroneous belief, shared by intimates in the Senate, that the base of national power in the various states was there in the Senate—not in the city precincts, in the minority groups, and in the delegates who would actually pick the presidential nominee. The blunders arising from these two factors made a comedy of errors out of his unannounced candidacy.

What happened in Arizona was typical of the blundering techniques of the Johnson managers. The venerable Carl Hayden, President Pro Tempore of the United States Senate and a member of Congress ever since Arizona was admitted to the Union, was solidly for Johnson. So was Ernest McFarland, Johnson's predecessor as Majority Leader, who had just completed a term as governor of Arizona. With Hayden and McFarland supporting him, Johnson felt assured of Arizona's delegates.

Johnson was unaware of a small event that occurred the last night of the 1959 session. On a sudden impulse, Representative Stewart L. Udall of Arizona (later Secretary of the Interior to both Kennedy and Johnson) walked over to the Senate to call on John F. Kennedy. Udall had been brooding about the approaching struggle for the presidential nomination. He scarcely knew Kennedy, but had been impressed by his part in the fight for labor reform. Before that night ended, Udall had enlisted in the Kennedy campaign for the duration. Naturally there were no announcements. Working quietly, Udall organized Arizona so efficiently that Kennedy had its delegates all but locked up before the Johnson managers knew what was happening.

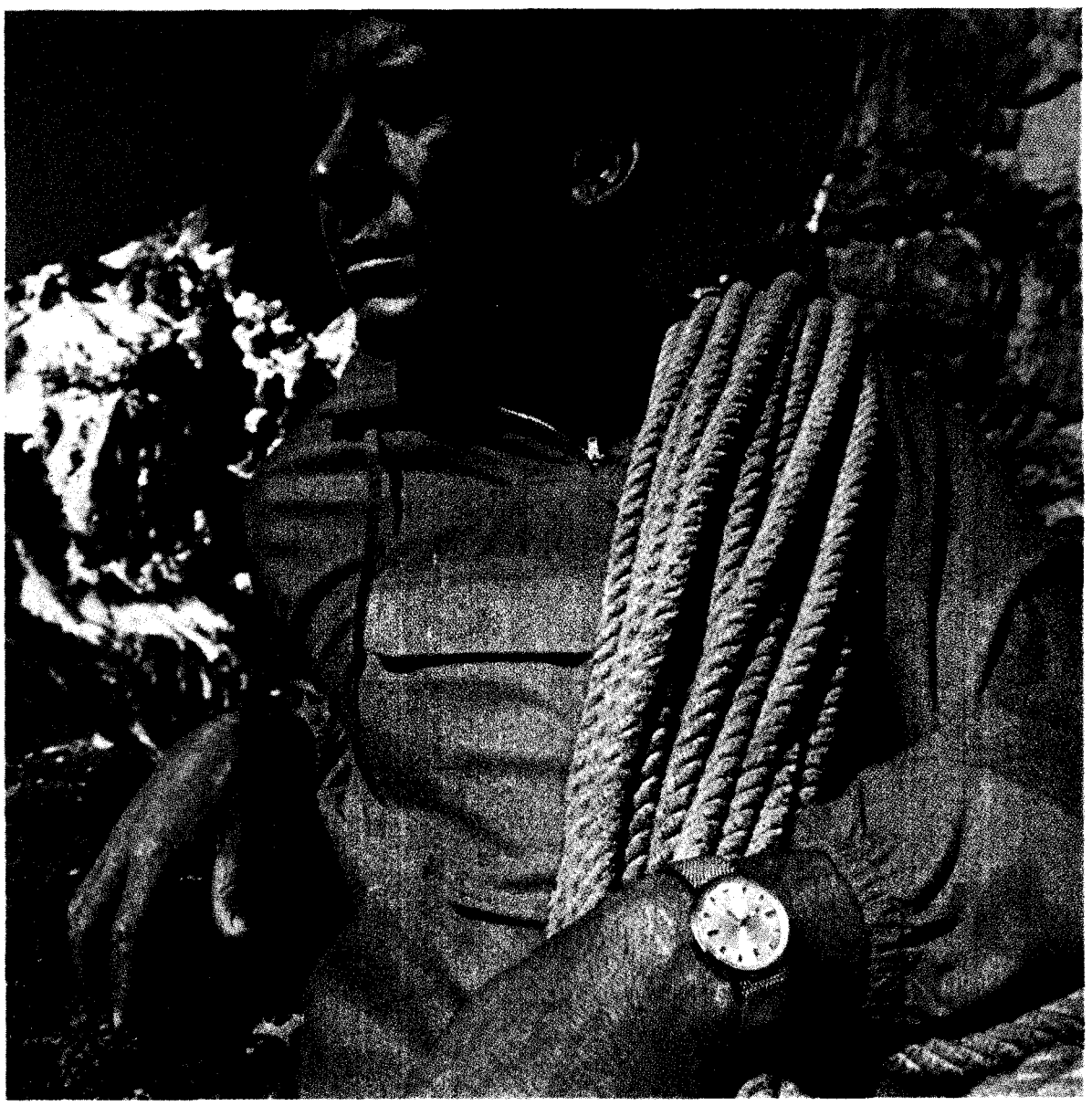
Trying to stop Kennedy, Johnson's backers secretly decided to support Hubert Humphrey in his West Virginia primary fight against the Massachusetts senator. Humphrey—and, conceivably, Johnson himself—may have been unaware of it, but Johnson agents were coming and going during those last few days of the campaign. Their contacts were Charleston business and banking interests, a scattering of local politicians who had tied up with Humphrey—and Sen. Robert Byrd. In New York, financier Eliot Janeway and other New York businessmen raised money for the concealed Johnson operation and sent it down to Charleston to help Humphrey win the primary.

All these clandestine efforts for shadow-candidate Johnson came to naught. Humphrey lost to a lavishly financed Kennedy campaign in West Virginia even more decisively than he had in Wisconsin. Humphrey retired from the presidential race to begin a long, indecisive, emotional struggle as to what he would do with his handful of delegates from Wisconsin, South Dakota, Utah, Nebraska and Minnesota. But if West Virginia was the end of Humphrey's 1960 presidential hope, it was a sharp, painful beginning for Johnson. Now there was no chance that Humphrey and Kennedy could kill each other off in the primaries, allowing Johnson to back into the nomination.

When Johnson did act, it was far too little and far too late. He finally declared himself to be a candidate on July 5. Three days later he arrived in Los Angeles to enter a convention fight that Jack Kennedy had all but won in the spring. On the first ballot Kennedy went over the top with 806 votes. Johnson's tally of 409 convention votes was far below the ridiculous claims that had been made for him by his staff. Johnson had suffered the most humiliating political defeat of his career.

But the convention was not over; the vice-presidential candidate was yet to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Do You Have the Guts to Buy a Baylor Watch?

Like all fine watches, the Baylor watch is made in Switzerland by master Swiss watchmakers using the highest quality materials and the most exacting standards of excellence.

Like all fine watches, the jeweled precision movement of the Baylor watch is accurate and dependable. The case is ruggedly designed and beautiful to look at.

In every way, the Baylor watch is every bit as good as every other fine watch.

But the Baylor watch is different. The difference is in the name.

The Baylor watch is produced in limited quantities and sold under an exclusive franchise and has never been extensively advertised.

So, unlike the brand names of other fine watches, the brand name of Baylor is not a household word. And, unlike the makers of other fine watches, the makers of the Baylor watch can't get away with charging you a premium for the brand name.

And that's mostly our point: the Baylor name is free. When you buy a Baylor watch all you pay for is the watch. And all you get for your money is a very good watch.

"Wait a minute," somebody says, "when I buy a watch I want a name everybody knows printed right on the face of it for everybody to see!"

Okay. Somebody doesn't want a Baylor watch.

But maybe you're not like somebody. Maybe you don't find somebody's security symbols very meaningful. Maybe you don't need to lean on somebody's traditional crutch. Maybe you don't like the idea of paying a lot of extra money for the privilege of telling somebody you own a fill-in-the-brand-name watch.

Maybe you want a watch because you want to know what time it is.

That's our story. If you want security get a blanket. If you want a watch get a Baylor.

$49.95 $55.00

Other models from $19.95

BAYLOR

franchised exclusively to ZALE'S JEWELERS

© 1966 Baylor Watch Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be named. Before Los Angeles, John Kennedy had made a secret decision in consultation with his most intimate confidant and adviser, Robert F. Kennedy. The Kennedy brothers had decided that if Johnson ever indicated he wanted to be *asked* to take the second spot—if, in other words, he wanted the right of first refusal—then he must be asked. But not in their wildest dreams did they think he genuinely wanted the vice-presidential nomination.

Johnson himself showed no outward signs that he wanted the job. When a close friend asked a question about the Vice Presidency, Johnson replied with a four-letter word: "Oh, ——."

Yet Kennedy had definitely decided that he would ask Johnson to go on the ticket. He needed Johnson's support to get the southern votes that would be necessary to beat Nixon.

At 10:05 on the morning after his nomination, Kennedy called on Johnson and came quickly to the point. He asked Johnson whether he would accept the Vice Presidency. To Kennedy's surprise, Johnson asked for a little time to think it over. With so many of his political allies in Texas and the Senate dead set against it, he must consult them. Now suddenly obvious to Kennedy was a fact he had not dreamed could be true. Johnson not only was willing, he was eager to give up the enormous power he had built in eight years of Senate leadership to take a job that John Adams had called "the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived," a job that John Nance Garner dismissed as not being "worth a pitcher of warm spit."

Having made his offer, Kennedy returned to his own suite to report the surprising news of Johnson's interest. Johnson went into action. Cradling the telephone between his shoulder and chin, he alternately talked on the phone and to the friends who came crowding into the large bedroom of his suite.

To one, who warned him not to exchange the vast power of Senate leader for the emptiness of the Vice Presidency, Johnson said, "Power is where power goes." Clearly he was already thinking that, as Vice President, the power he had gathered to himself in the Senate would not disappear but would follow him. "He was thinking," said the friend, "that he could run Congress from the Vice Presidency."

Few agreed with him. In one corner of his hotel suite, Gov. Price Daniel of Texas and Senators Robert Kerr and Clinton Anderson aruged against Kennedy's offer.

"We can't carry this boy [Kennedy]," drawled Daniel.

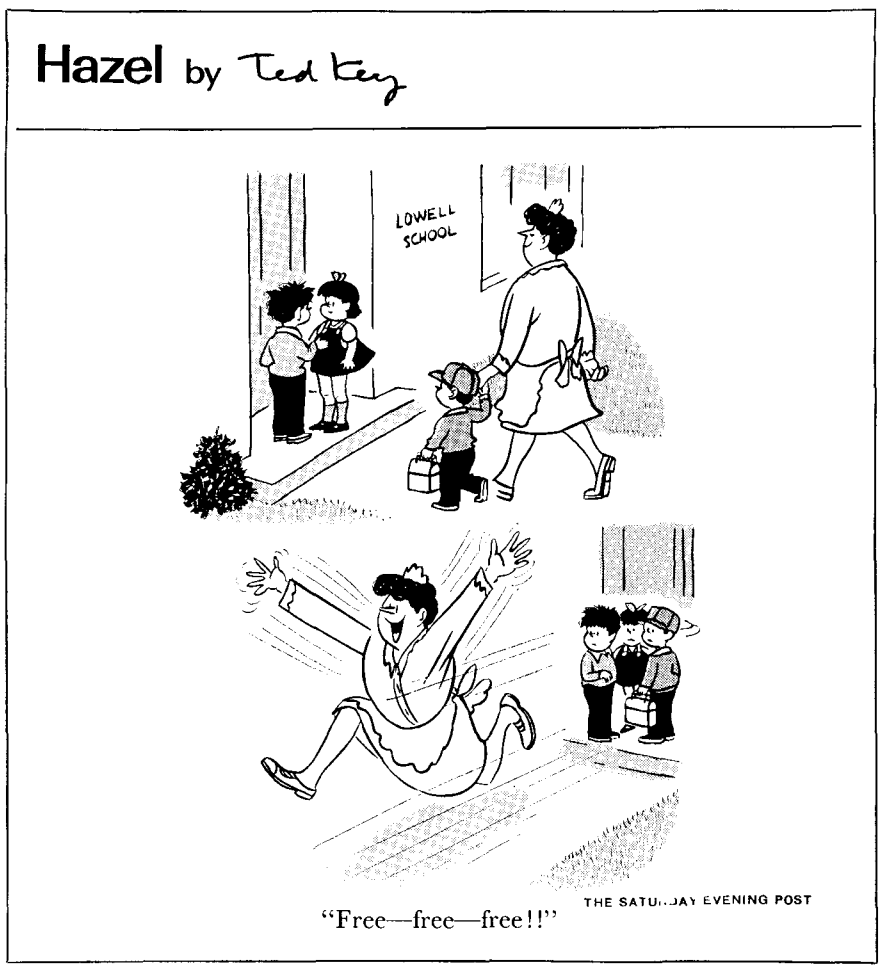
"You're young," argued Clinton Anderson. "You'll be elected someday yourself. Don't take a chance on getting messed up now."

Kerr, a powerful lay leader in the Baptist church, said to no one in particular that he was "afraid" Johnson was going to say yes. Kerr argued strongly and bitterly, that with a Catholic heading the ticket, Oklahoma would go Republican. But more important to Kerr was what was left unsaid. If Johnson left the Senate, the politically profitable Kerr-Johnson partnership of 12 years' standing would end forthwith.

One by one, Johnson's old political allies, personal friends, Senate staffers and Texas cronies crowded into the Johnson suite and learned the astonishing fact that Kennedy himself had learned at 10 o'clock that morning: Johnson very much wanted to run on the ticket. Indeed Johnson *would* run on the ticket.

Although nothing could really change his mind, there were, nevertheless, two opinions of special importance to Johnson. He wanted the approval of his two most intimate advisers: Sam Rayburn and Lady Bird Johnson.

It was Louisiana's congressman Hale Boggs who quietly persuaded the Speaker, who had been adamantly against a Kennedy-Johnson ticket the night before. Rayburn himself, Boggs reminded the old man, had hankered for the vice-presidential nomination in 1956, but Stevenson had told him: Mr. Speaker, I wish I could, but you're too old. But what really changed Rayburn's mind was Boggs's argument that with anybody but Johnson on the ticket, Kennedy would lose. That meant that Rayburn's hated enemy, Richard Nixon, would become President.



"Free—free—free!!"

Rayburn, after reporting his change of heart to Kennedy himself, returned to Johnson's suite and advised him to accept. When Johnson twitted him about changing his mind overnight, the Speaker cracked, "I'm a damn sight smarter this morning than I was last night." In truth, Rayburn's instinctive fear of a Catholic candidate was outweighed by his visceral horror of a Nixon Presidency.

Lady Bird Johnson had quite different reasons for saying yes. She loved her husband and wanted him to live out a full life. For five years since his heart attack she had worried about the all but intolerable strain on the Majority Leader. A new life as Vice President would deprive her husband of the power he sought, but it would slow the reckless pace.

That should have been the end of the story. The fact that it wasn't would cause momentous repercussions in the years to come between Lyndon Johnson and Robert F. Kennedy.

The cause of trouble was a last-minute and hastily organized revolt of the liberals against Johnson, their old enemy. The heart of the revolt was the Michigan delegation, headed by Gov. G. Mennen (Soapy) Williams, an incessant critic of Lyndon Johnson the past eight years. No other delegation was so committed to liberalism. But Michigan was a special case. The state party was a coalition of liberal intellectuals and organized labor, wholly different from the conventional party power structures in other industrial states, where professional politicians wanted a winner above all and were not fastidious about doctrine. In those other states—Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana—there was unhappiness, but the delegation leaders were sold on Johnson.

Even so, John F. Kennedy may have been misled by the sound and fury from Michigan. He could not be certain about the dimensions of the anti-Johnson revolt. If the revolt got out of hand, he pondered, would he be stuck with Johnson? Or was there some way out? He temporized momentarily. It was then that he made the decision with fateful implications. He sent his brother to see Johnson.

It was only one of many errands that Jack Kennedy gave to Bobby that day, and it took him some time to get to Johnson's suite. During that interval, Senator Kennedy decided that the anti-Johnson revolt was *not* going to get out of hand, and that he would definitely put Johnson on the ticket with him, but he had no way immediately of communicating his decision to his brother. However, Johnson himself *was* informed that Jack Kennedy wanted him before Robert Kennedy arrived to make the shocking suggestion that perhaps Johnson ought to take himself out of the vice-presidential picture.

That, then, is the reason the Lyndon Johnson-Robert Kennedy confrontation in Johnson's suite was so charged with emotion. In the first place, Johnson was deeply upset that so important a state as Michigan would reject him. But beyond that, Johnson now believed that Bobby Kennedy was unilaterally trying to ease him off the ticket after John Kennedy had put him on. They talked briefly together, and Bobby, unaware that his brother's decision was now final, told Johnson that if he chose not to go through with the Vice Presidency, he could be National Chairman "or anything else" he wanted.

Johnson was stunned. Sam Rayburn came in and was outraged, expressing his sentiment in four-letter words. Johnson told Bobby not only that he did not wish to withdraw but indicated that he wanted very, very, very strongly to go on the ticket.

Now, in the new confusion caused by Bobby's visit, Johnson became alarmed all over again. He wanted final, definitive word from Kennedy himself. Johnson was throwing a party in his suite that afternoon. When publisher Philip Graham of the *Washington Post* arrived, Johnson told him about his concern. Graham immediately phoned Jack Kennedy, who shrugged off Johnson's trepidations about Bobby's visit. "Oh!" he told Graham, "that's all right, Bobby's been out of touch and doesn't know what's been happening."

Some of Lyndon Johnson's most loyal supporters reeled from the developments of July 14, 1960. Sen. Robert Kerr was so angered when Bobby Baker told him that Johnson had accepted the vice-presidential nomination that he slapped Baker across the face. But a few of Johnson's advisers understood that their man had shrewdly made the right move if he ever was to reach his final goal—the Presidency. And a case can even be made that Johnson secretly had been hoping to get the vice-presidential nomination all along.

Johnson knew, and had often remarked, that the odds were long against a Texan being nominated for President. Accordingly, the only possible way to get to be President was to become Vice President first. As Vice President, Johnson could accomplish two things beyond his grasp as Senate Majority Leader: first, it was at least conceivable that he would become heir apparent and run for President in 1968 at the end of Kennedy's two terms. Second, as Vice President he could cast off the southern regionalism that had plagued him all those years in the Senate and become a *national* politician. As Vice President he would speak for the *nation*, not just for Texas.

Although the record of Vice Presidents' becoming President by the normal route of nomination and election was poor (not once in this century), three Presidents had died in office since 1901 and been succeeded by their Vice Presidents. Given the political realities, once Kennedy was nominated for President, Johnson had to become the candidate for Vice President. He was unchained at last from Texas. And the Presidency itself might lie ahead.

In the next issue, the authors show Lyndon Johnson in action during his term as Vice President—and in the very critical early months of his Presidency.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take 2 minutes to find out how much you should pay for tires.

Go.

These seven questions will guide you to the most economical BFG tire for your needs. As you see, your answer to each question has a point score. Simply put your point score for each question in the box at the right – and add them up. It's easy!

How much of your driving is done above 60 mph?
Most of it (Over 65%) **7** Much of it (30-65%) **5** Little of it (Under 30%) **3** None of it **1**

How often do you drive on unpaved, rough or potholed roads?
Frequently (Over 65%) **6** Often (30-65%) **5** Seldom (Under 30%) **3** Never **1**

How much turnpike or freeway driving do you do?
A great deal (Over 65%) **8** A lot (30-65%) **6** Not too much (Under 30%) **4** None **1**

How much of your driving do you do with heavy loads (3 or more adult passengers, a full trunk or both)?
Most of it (Over 65%) **7** Much of it (30-65%) **5** Little of it (Under 30%) **4** None of it **1**

How many miles do you drive in this car per year?
20,000 **8** 15,000 **7** 10,000 **5** 5,000 or less **3**

How long do you expect to keep this car?
2 years or more **7** 18 months **6** 12 months **4** 6 months or less **3**

How do you normally stop, start and corner?
Faster than average **7** Average **5** Slower than average **3**

Time's up!

If you score high (5 points or more) on any of the first four questions, consult the BFG salesman about the possible need for an oversize tire or additional ply rating.

TOTAL

Got your total score? Now find your BFG tire on the next page.

B.F.Goodrich

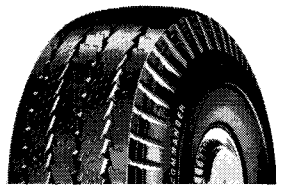
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only one of these B.F.Goodrich Tires is your best buy.

(To find out which one, match your total point score from the test on preceding page with the BFG tires shown here.)

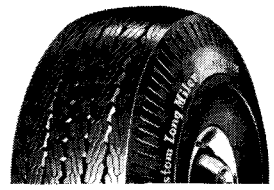
13-20 POINTS

We recommend the BFG COMMANDER or the BFG LONG MILER. Either is ideal for around-town driving, moderate speeds, light loads. Both give excellent mileage under such conditions. *The BFG Commander starts as low as $11.95* for tubeless blackwalls, size 7.00/6.50-13, plus $1.75 federal excise tax and your old tire. Long Miler prices slightly higher.* **$11.95**



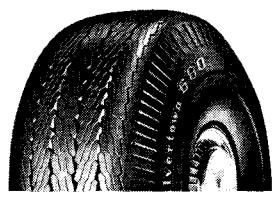
21-32 POINTS

We recommend the BFG CUSTOM LONG MILER. A good all-around tire for normal driving. At reasonable speeds and loads, it gives excellent performance. Mileage is well above that delivered by the COMMANDER, but not the equivalent of the SILVERTOWN 660. *Tubeless blackwalls, size 6.50-13, start at $18.45*, plus $1.90 federal excise tax and your old tire.* **$18.45**



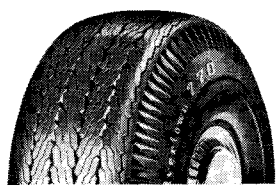
33-43 POINTS

We recommend the SILVERTOWN 660. This is the tire that comes on new cars, and is accepted as the standard of quality for today's speeds and loads. Mileage is above average under almost all driving conditions. *Tubeless blackwall Silvertown 660 prices start at $21.95*, size 6.50-13, plus $1.56 federal excise tax and your old tire.* **$21.95**



44-50 POINTS

We recommend the SILVERTOWN 770. Built with greater strength and extra rubber, this tire is ideal where roads, high speeds and distances call for extra performance. It delivers more mileage, too, than any regular-priced BFG tire! *Silvertown 770 is priced as low as $23.95* for tubeless blackwalls, size 6.50-13, plus $1.90 federal excise tax and your old tire.* **$23.95**



*Manufacturer's suggested retail price with trade-in.

Now that you know which BFG tire is best for you, tear out this page and take it to your B.F.Goodrich dealer. Show him the tire you picked out... and let him put a set on your car. Ready? Go!

The straight-talk tire people. B.F.Goodrich

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TEXAS FOOTBALL: FIERCE, FRANTIC, FABULOUS

In the Lone-Star State it isn't just a sport. It's a violent rite of the last frontier.

By MYRON COPE

It looked like the big time. Six thousand fans were cheering and stomping, and gaily uniformed cheering sections made the stands sparkle. Bands marched, and drill teams strutted. On either side of the football field one dyspeptic head coach and two dyspeptic assistants followed the action with worried eyes. Each head coach was standing in the dramatic professional posture of a Vince Lombardi or a Woody Hayes—leaning forward slightly with concentration, his right hand holding a telephone headset to his ear. High in the grandstands an assistant coach on the other end of the phone line described weaknesses in the enemy's defenses, and a cameraman for each team took motion pictures of every play.

Out on the field the two teams were playing a brand of football that seemed as fast and tough as almost any shown on a television screen. The oldest player, however, was only 15, and many were 14. In other parts of the country these children would still have been playing

Photographs by Evan, Ron and Brian Reynolds

Still brandishing his team's colors, a fan agonizes as the University of Texas falls before its arch rival, Arkansas.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'There are no more wars down here,' one Texan explains, 'so we make our own.'

TEXAS FOOTBALL

pick-up sandlot football. But this was Dallas, it was Saturday night, and they were engaged in football Texas-style. This is the state where even grammar schools have varsity teams, where a 14-year-old boy may already have as many as six years of organized football behind him. In Texas they play football as though it were a matter only slightly less important than life itself.

Now a new Texas football season is starting, and it will be bitter, gaudy, bloody, noisy, vulgar and, at times, terribly exciting. It always is in Texas, the only state in the country that furnishes nearly every team for a major college conference. Of the eight teams in the Southwest Conference, only one—Arkansas—is outside the state, and it draws heavily on Texas high-school talent. This year the conference season should be an even wilder scramble than usual. The University of Texas, one of the top teams in the country for the past decade, lost four games last year and is quivering for revenge. And every conference member will be aiming to beat Arkansas, the outlander that has had the gall to win the championship two years in a row.

But the excitement will by no means be confined to the colleges. From the youngest teams in grammar school—as young as the fourth grade in some cities—up through junior and senior high, college and the state's two professional clubs, the Dallas Cowboys and the Houston Oilers, the style and intensity of Texas football is the same. "We think we're still frontiersmen," explains one Texan. "There are no more wars down here, so we make our own."

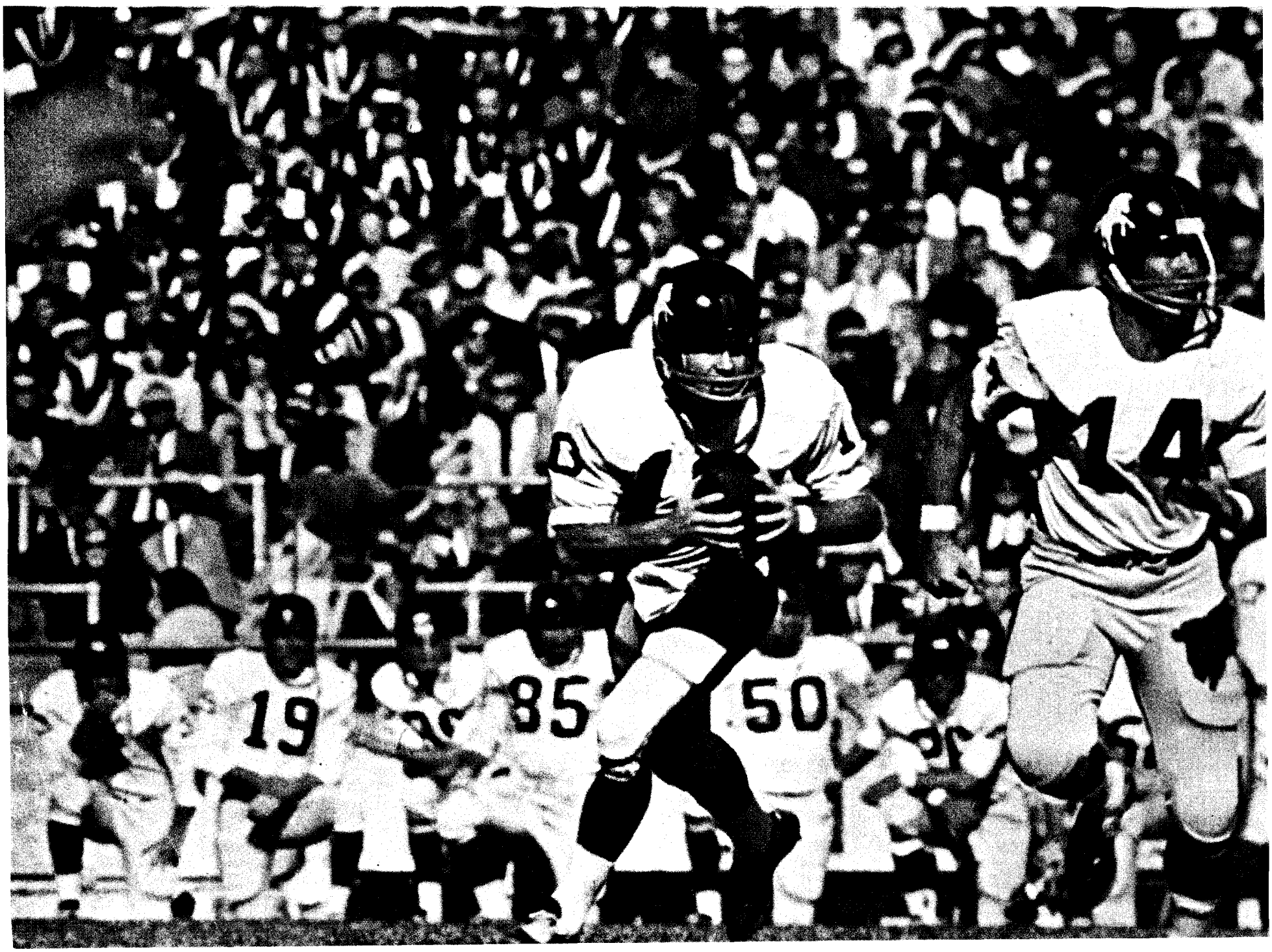
There is nothing in the country, nothing at all, like the junior-high and high-school football system of Texas. The state has 950 high-school varsity teams—roughly 100 more than Pennsylvania, a state that disputes Texas's claim to the best schoolboy football in the country. But these 950 teams are only the beginning. Many Texas schools also have seventh-, eighth- and ninth-grade varsities, and, despite periodic warnings from state medical authorities that such intense competition can be dangerous at these age levels, each varsity plays a full league schedule.

The boy who makes the high-school team is sure of a special kind of status. A young coach, recalling his days in Ballinger in the western part of the state, says, "If you didn't play football, the barber wouldn't say hello to you." Far from apologizing for such a value system, the coach insists that the end product of this environment is a boy inured to grueling work and fierce competition, one who will show up meaning business in Iwo Jima or Vietnam. You see relatively few Beatle coiffures in Texas. "At Ballinger," recalls the young coach, "those ducktail haircuts and high collars came in, and it took us football players just about fifteen minutes at lunchtime to end that. We used sheep shears on 'em. They were slapping the school right in the face, I guess we felt like."

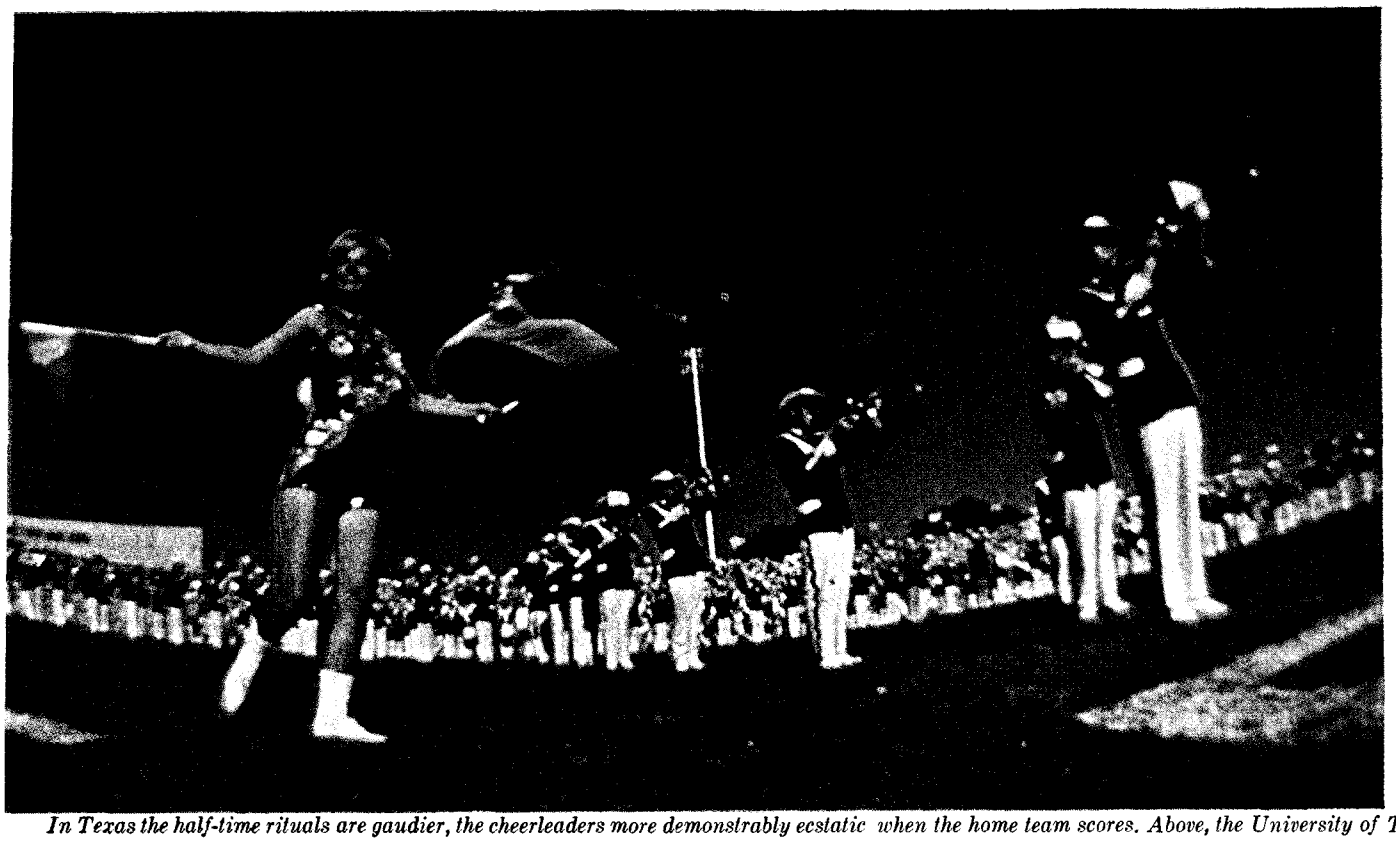
The typical Texas high-school football coach is a man in his late 20's or early 30's. He is likely to be married; the country towns are wary of hiring bachelors because of their potential for escapade. On the sidelines he wears a short-sleeved, button-down shirt and a conservative necktie, usually striped, held neatly in place by a clasp. This is the uniform popularized by the patron saint of the clean-cut coaches, Darrell Royal of the University of Texas.

Few Texans seem to think it strange that in their state a young high-school football coach can make several thousand dollars more a year than an experienced teacher. Coaching salaries have soared as high as $13,000 a year, a figure slightly higher than what is paid to the average high-school principal in the major cities of Houston and Dallas. Moreover, the coach's salary may be only the beginning. In the town of Garland two years ago, the Boosters

Searching for his pass receiver among the Texas Christian defenders, quarterback Mac White of Southern Methodist is the very model of the Texas player—whip-lean, rawboned, fast.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In Texas the half-time rituals are gaudier, the cheerleaders more demonstrably ecstatic when the home team scores. Above, the University of Texas band performs with typical Texan fervor.

Club added $9,000 in bonuses to the $10,000-salary of a coach who was whipping through an undefeated season, and local well-wishers had his Cadillac serviced and his clothes cleaned and pressed free. But even the teachers in Texas seldom begrudge the coaches their affluence. As one school superintendent explains it, "The teachers know they don't have to put their work on the line every Friday night in front of the whole town."

One successful coach who puts it on the line every Friday night is Spike Dykes, who coaches in Coahoma, a town of 1,200 in the sandhills and mesquite of West Texas. If the phenomenon can be traced to its source, Texas's football mania begins in small towns like Coahoma scattered across the great plains of the state. There are no distractions; many of the towns do not even sell beer, and a man drinks his city-bought liquor behind drawn shades or risks ostracism. Each featureless town has a deep need to feel important, to be different from all the others. A winning high-school football team is a glorious and exciting status symbol.

Coahoma's Spike Dykes is tall and husky and has close-cropped black hair. He is only 28, but he is the kind of man whose reputation soon travels across Texas, as word of an up-and-coming gunslinger races along the Chisholm Trail in a Western film.

As long as he can remember, Spike Dykes wanted to be a coach. "I guess the most outstanding men I've ever known were coaches," he says. "They keep boys in high school, and they get boys through college. They teach them to work for what they want." To prepare himself, Spike played center and linebacker for Stephen F. Austin State College, at Nacogdoches. In Texas one does not make jokes about small-time teams like Stephen F. Austin's, for the state's high schools supply even the smallest of the 45 Texas colleges with plenty of good players. Still, Spike had to put in five years as a line coach before he got his chance two years ago to be head coach at Coahoma.

His predecessor there had never had a winning season but had hung on for six years because the school superintendent, W. A. Wilson, had fought off the school board longer than most administrators would dare. "It's not very good," says Wilson of the pressure on coaches, "but it's a fact of life in Texas."

Signing for $6,900 and a rent-free, five-room house, Spike determined to survive in Coahoma. First he set out to instill pride in his players, to make them feel a cut above their opponents. He had every piece of equipment painted red, from the helmets to the team bus. "We didn't want to be just a bunch of regular old football players," says Spike. "People started calling us the Big Red." He drove his players through preseason drills under the fierce Texas sun. He built them an 800-yard obstacle course, where they scaled nets, plowed through deep sand, vaulted hurdles, and climbed ropes. Five boys quit. "But the ones that stayed were tempered," says Spike.

The Big Red tore through 10 games undefeated, never scoring less than 24 points. With startling precision they executed double reverses on kickoff returns, and they intercepted almost as many passes as the opposition completed. Not until the opening round of the state-championship playoffs was Coahoma beaten. The town built Spike a new stadium seating 3,200, but it overflowed with crowds of 4,000—more than three times the population of the town. People showed up at 3:30 in the afternoon to get seats for games that started at 7:30. Merchants closed their shops early to set out for road games as far as 160 miles away.

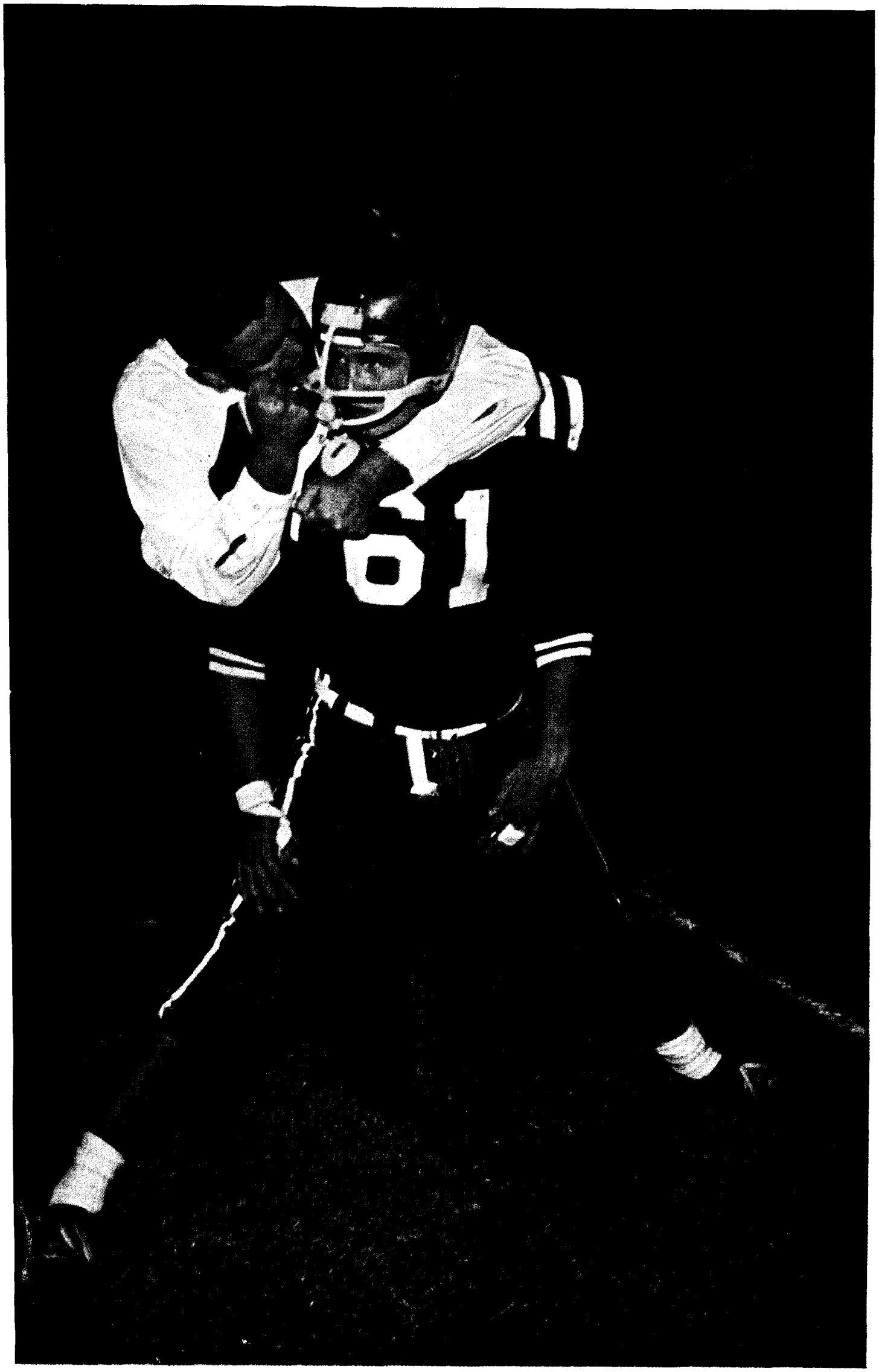
Physically, Dykes's boys were typical of those of most Texas schools—whip-lean, rawboned and fast. In Pennsylvania, high-school linemen often weigh as much as 220 pounds, but Spike's heaviest regular last season, when his team sailed undefeated through 12 games before losing in the third round of the state playoffs, was his 207-pound fullback; one tackle weighed 180, the other 152. Dykes and almost every other Texas coach stress agility and quickness, not tonnage and brute strength.

The result of such methods is a brand of high-school ball that can dazzle even a pro star. Says Buddy Dial of the Dallas Cowboys and a Texan himself, "I went to a high-school game last season and within two and a half minutes saw an eighty-nine-yard pass-run play, a seventy-five-yard run, and a forty-five-yard pass-run play."

So well drilled is Texas talent that the state's 45 college coaches rarely bother to cross the state line in pursuit of recruits. In the spring Southwest Conference recruiters fan out across Texas, carrying "letters of intent" that, once signed, bind the high-school stars to the college they choose. The best of the teen-agers are flattered and doted upon. There is nothing like the sight of a strapping farm boy—for example, Ernie Koy Jr., who went on to the University of Texas and thence to the New York Giants—to make recruiters swallow their pride. "Coaches who would not dream of taking the garbage out at home gladly slopped hogs for Ernie Koy's father," wrote Mickey Herskowitz in the Houston *Post*.

While the college coaches humble themselves, officials at the conference headquarters in Dallas constantly sift through reports of recruiting violations. In the past decade six schools—every member of the conference except Rice and Texas Christian—have been placed on probation, been reprimanded or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



had its wrists officially slapped for one infraction or another. Member schools are by no means loath to fink on one another. Nearly every game between conference schools is a fierce rivalry, for each of the eight schools has a distinctive personality, and each disdains all the others.

Texas A.&M., whose supporters are the most feverish in the state, is looked upon by opponents as a tribe of exceedingly stubborn folk—"or to put it less politely, fools," says a Texas sportswriter. A land-grant university, A.&M. lies in College Station, an uneventful town on the Brazos River, and is snidely labeled "Sing Sing on the Brazos."

In the past 18 years the Aggies have tried no less than six head coaches. Of the six, only Bear Bryant succeeded in winning the championship, but on that occasion the conference disqualified the Aggies from appearing in the Cotton Bowl because they'd been caught giving extras to athletes. Gene Stallings, now beginning his second season as the Aggies' coach, is a resourceful young man who won three games last year when he was hardly expected to win one. The glow from that success promptly disappeared, however, when the conference accused the Aggies of illegally revoking the scholarships of unwanted athletes and conducting sub rosa practice sessions in gym classes.

The Southwest Conference's three church-related schools—Southern Methodist, Baylor, and Texas Christian—annually fight a kind of three-sided holy war. But piety is not so persistent at the three schools that their respective students refrain from making disparaging remarks about each other. S.M.U. men, whose campus is in a Dallas suburb, insist that the brawny dullards who win games for other teams could not pass the entrance requirements of their school. And contemptuous rivals of Baylor, a Baptist school, claim that Baptist preachers have helped recruit its players. "The preachers bring those boys into Waco for prayer meetings, and then the coaches take over," says a T.C.U. man. "They'll always whip you on a Baptist."

John Bridgers, a former Baltimore Colts line coach, became head coach at Baylor seven years ago and introduced a flashy passing game that has won the university many new supporters. He asked for patience, pointing out that it took Moses 40 years to lead his people from the wilderness. Bridgers has had only two winning seasons, however, and although his job is not in imminent danger, nobody is in a mood to give him 33 more years to make good.

At Fort Worth—an overgrown cow town, according to the S.M.U. slickers—lies Texas Christian, founded by two preachers of the Disciples of Christ. Under the homespun coaching of Abe Martin, the Horned Frogs are the country boys of the conference. One Saturday when T.C.U. tied powerful Ohio State in Columbus, Buckeye fans were startled to see Martin's substitutes sprawled out on the turf, sucking on blades of grass as though they were watching a horseshoe match. "When they win," says a Dallas observer, "Martin says, 'Shoot, we jes' a bunch

To small-town high-school coaches like Spike Dykes of Coahoma, football is do or die.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The pre-game bash resulted in 371 arrests, dozens of brawls, one stabbing, one death.

of li'l ole boys tryin' to have some fun playin' foo'ball.' But when they lose he doesn't say anything."

For a coach, the safest place in the Southwest Conference is Rice University, a school that prides itself in being above all the squabbling. Located on a spacious campus three miles from the center of Houston, Rice has 2,400 students, most of them brighter than average. The campus, however, does include a 70,000-seat stadium, so it is well that along with the nuclear physics courses the university offers a bachelor of commerce degree and a bachelor of science in health and physical education degree for the football players. Rice coach Jess Neely, austere and statesmanlike, a lawyer but not a practicing one, has lasted 26 years—longer than any other coach in the conference—and although he won only two games last year, he has won 65 percent of all his games. Neely has announced his intention of quitting at the end of this season, but there is no indication that he was pushed.

The mystery team of the Southwest Conference is Texas Technological College, a state-supported school in Lubbock. Far out in West Texas, away from the seething feuds of conference members, Texas Tech gained admission to the conference in 1956 by a brilliant campaign of pressure. Friendly state legislators were enlisted to put heat on A.&M. and the University of Texas, both state schools. Influential Baptists went to work on Baylor. It is said that finally, when only S.M.U. held out, West Texas millionaires—folks who fly their private planes to Dallas to shop for diamonds and furs—canceled their charge accounts at Dallas's famous department store, Neiman-Marcus. Alarmed, the store's owners turned to S.M.U. and in effect said: "Let 'em in or don't come knocking on our door for contributions." S.M.U. concluded that Texas Tech was deserving after all. And last year, under coach J. T. King, Tech won 8 of its 10 games, earning an invitation to the Gator Bowl.

Best known of all Texas football figures is Darrell K. Royal of the University of Texas. Known as D. K. Rosycheeks among his detractors, the blue-eyed, 41-year-old Royal works out of a sumptuous paneled office in Austin, on a campus bursting with 26,000 students. Royal sits behind a huge walnut desk in a tall-backed orange-leather throne. Behind him hangs a painting of a longhorn steer—a lean and hungry one, naturally. When he relaxes, Royal has an earthy and folksy sense of humor. When he is on guard, when his empire seems to be threatened, he is one of the most outspoken coaches in the country and certainly one of the most determined. For every scholarship he doles out, he expects a savage effort. "I don't believe in payin' folks to not grow cotton," he says. Royal has come a long way, and he does not intend to go back.

The son of a night watchman, Royal grew up in the Oklahoma dust bowl during the depths of the Depression. "We had a place on the edge of Hollis, a little house with a milk cow and chickens and a garden," he has said. "I remember they used to hand out those 'commodity clothes,' blue overalls and shirts. Lots of families wore them, and I was afraid we would have to. Dad worked hard for his ten cents an hour, but I like to remember we bought our own clothes." While finishing high school, Royal arose at 5 A.M. to work as a janitor in a garage and on weekends washed cars and shined shoes.

Today he gets a salary of $30,000 and earns another $15,000 or so from appearances on television and at football clinics. He has lifetime tenure; in 1964, after his team had won the national championship, the regents made him a full professor.

When he arrived at the university in 1957, Royal announced in his Okie twang, "One does not take over a squad that has won only one of ten games and inherit a warm bed." Yet his success was instant and has been continuous—two undefeated teams, one national championship and seven bowl appearances in nine years. Royal whips his light but quick athletes into units that slash their way to victory using only a handful of plays. His tough, cautious kind of football is either derided as a bore or applauded for its good sense, depending upon whether or not one belongs to Royal's large and fanatical following. "I fly by the seat of my pants," he insists.

Royal recruits dozens of high-school quarterbacks (because quarterbacks are intelligent and versatile), converting most of them to other positions. This season Royal has a sophomore quarterback named Bill Bradley, from Palestine, Tex., who is surely a pro prospect. He is ambidextrous, and so dazzling that people suspect he may revolutionize the Texas offense. "No," insists the team's publicist, Jones Ramsey. "Darrell will mold him. He'll conform or not play."

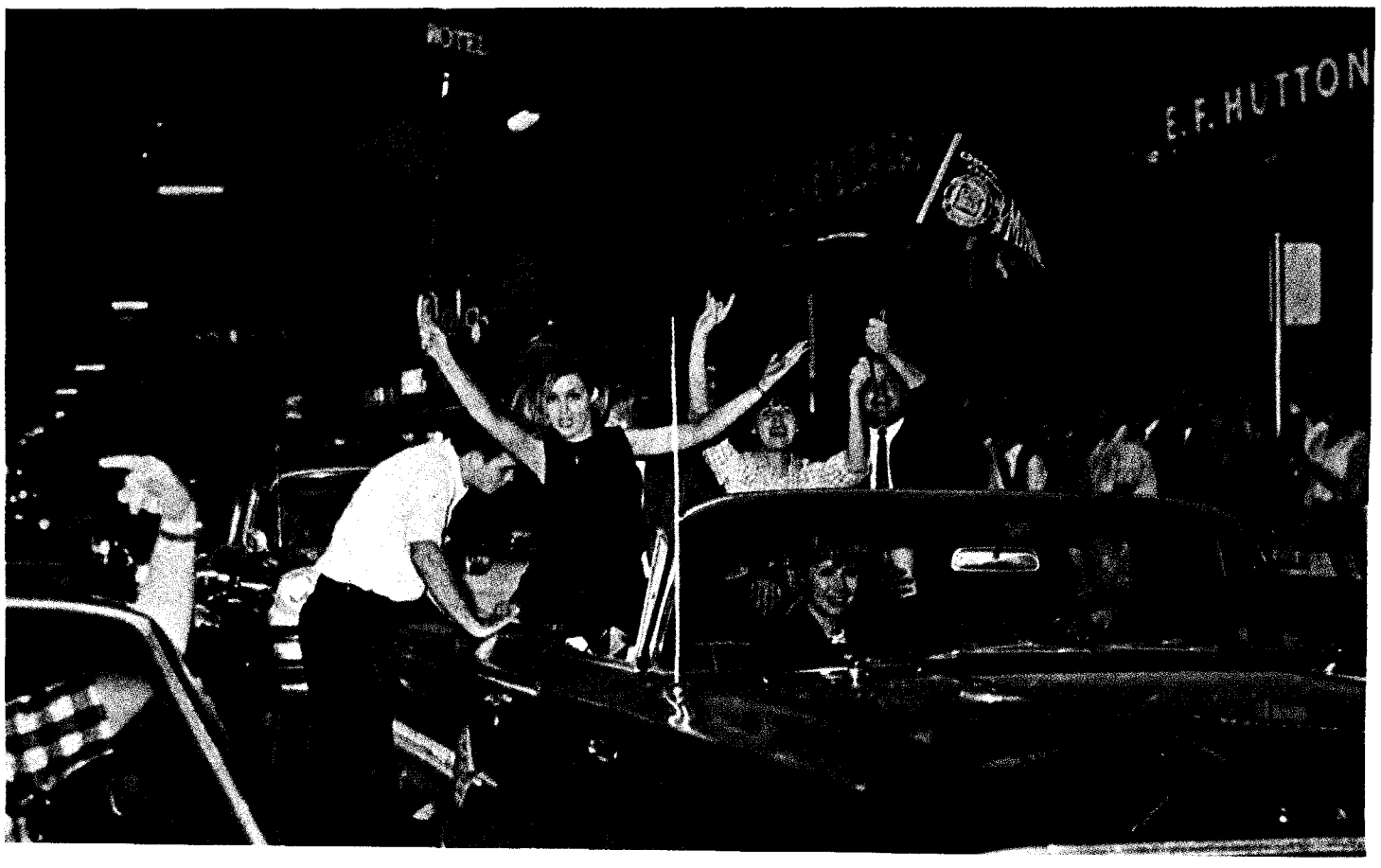
The distinctive characteristic of a Darrell Royal team is its pride. Texas pride shows up most clearly during the team's ferocious goal-line stands, linemen charging in perfect array, as if sprung by a single launch mechanism. Royal treasures a newspaper account that said of his team: "The Longhorns played like Rocky Marciano after somebody insulted his mother and was trying to push him off a raft into a river full of crocodiles." Only rarely given to Rockne-type pep talks, Royal nevertheless drums it into his players that they are men of first-class tradition. He issues no curfew, declaring that Longhorns are men who have enough pride to take care of themselves. He is able to stick out his arm and put his thumb on the state of Texas because, in short, his way is the way of the country towns—the elevating of a game to the importance of a holy war.

This year the fiercest of the Southwest Conference holy wars is likely to be the rematch between Texas and Arkansas in Austin this October. Some of the Texas "exes," as the alumni call themselves, will dye their hair orange (the school color) for that one. But even the preparations for the Arkansas game are likely to pale compared to the annual orgy that takes place in downtown Dallas on the eve of the Texas-Oklahoma game, which is played in the Cotton Bowl every year. The celebration, if that's the word, is part of Texas football, along with the scrimmages between fifth-graders and the games on Friday night under the lights that, once a week, bring a glow to the drab and distant towns. In Dallas they call the eve of the Texas-Oklahoma game The Big Binge.

Last year I went to see The Big Binge for myself, although I was warned by a sportswriter friend in the city: "The last time I was there they were throwing whiskey bottles from the hotel windows. It's like a world war down there." My cabbie, the windows of his hack rolled up and the doors locked to prevent students from hurling firecrackers into his vehicle, deposited me three blocks from the eye of the Binge, refusing to proceed farther. A special force of 258 police lined Commerce Street, where 10,000 adolescent drunks, screaming and shoving and reeling against walls, surged up and down the sidewalks and gutters. An endless stream of cars, their drivers leaning on their horns, inched bumper-to-bumper up Commerce; atop the cars sat tight-sweatered coeds brandishing wine bottles. The girls squealed with delight when a smoke bomb set a Thunderbird ablaze in front of Neiman-Marcus. Sporadically, officers skirmished with the mob. False alarms rang from every fire box. Upstairs at the Colony Club the room shook as the hip generation, not unlike businessmen at the annual convention, shouted "Take it off!" at Miss Bubbles Cash.

The final count on Saturday morning was 371 arrests, several dozen brawls, six plate-glass windows smashed, a shoestore looted in clear view, one stabbing and one death, the latter having occurred when a young driver plunged through an open car door, landing head-first on concrete.

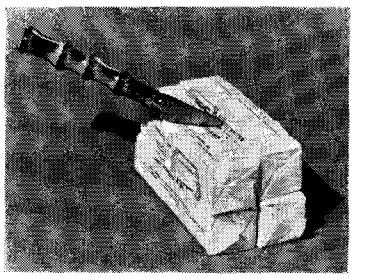
Now autumn has once again come to Texas, and Dallas is preparing itself psychologically for this year's Big Binge. Out in Coahoma, Spike Dykes has given his squad's equipment a fresh coat of red paint and is scheming to surprise and beat his eager rivals. And all over Texas hundreds of high-school coaches are reflecting that they must win, and win big, or they will be gone at this time next year. □



Revved-up students jam Dallas for the notorious Big Binge before Texas-Oklahoma game.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials



The two wars

It has been two and a half years now since Lyndon B. Johnson declared: "This Administration today, here and now, declares unconditional war on poverty in America." More recently, however, it has been war in Vietnam that has preoccupied Washington, at a cost of some one billion dollars a month. How, then, goes the "unconditional war" on poverty? Two recent news items shed an interesting light:

- Thirty-six percent of all non-white families in America have an annual income of $3,000 or less.
- An official check of city food stores shows that prices are markedly higher in the poorest neighborhoods—eggs costing 10 to 20 cents per dozen more than the citywide average, butter 10 to 15 cents more per pound.

Thus, $3,000 buys even less for a poor family than for a middle-class one. And there are 8 million such families, more than 30 million Americans in all—twice as many people as in South Vietnam.

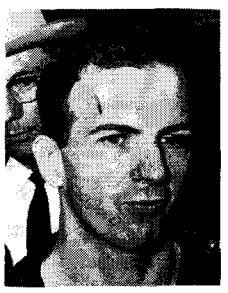
Why must the show go on?

Chairman Pool

There are some cynics who argue that the House Un-American Activities Committee's recent "investigation" of student leftists enlivened the dog days in Washington with a relieving touch of vaudeville. All members of the cast certainly did their best to put on a good show—congressmen snorting, students shouting, lawyers gesticulating, policemen strong-arming, with the audience booing and cheering each new comic turn.

We wonder, though, whether it may not finally be time to drop the curtain on this long-running repertory show. Republican and Democratic leaders of the Senate have both expressed doubt that any legislation would ever result from Chairman Joe Pool's latest hearings, and that is probably about par for the committee's work over the past 30 years. The performances have not been particularly edifying, and our enjoyment of comedy is scarcely enough to justify the continued existence of this unnecessary and irrelevant committee.

Beware of self-censorship



Lee Oswald

In a move that shows more virtue than wisdom, the Toledo *Blade* and Toledo *Times*, the only daily newspapers in that Ohio city, recently announced that they would henceforth follow a self-created code severely limiting their coverage of criminal cases. According to this code, pre-trial stories will not mention such details as whether a suspect confesses, what he says, whether he has a criminal record, what the police say about his guilt and what kind of defense his lawyer plans.

Theoretically, under these rules, the citizens of Toledo might have read the following complete story in their newspapers of November 23, 1963: "Lee Harvey Oswald, 24 years old, of 1026 North Beckley Avenue in Dallas, was arrested yesterday and charged with murder in the death of President John F. Kennedy. He was arrested in the Texas Theater at about 2:00 P.M. by Officer N. M. McDonald. There is no official comment on the arrest."

In actual fact, as the Warren Commission emphasized, the thousands of reporters milling around in Dallas helped to destroy any chance of a fair trial for Oswald, and they might even be partly blamed for Oswald's death before the TV cameras. Still, those reporters were also carrying out their constitutional obligation to inform the public about a major news event. There is, in short, an irreconcilable conflict between a suspected criminal's right to an impartial trial and the public's "right to know." That "right to know" is not all-inclusive, of course, and the courts are perfectly capable of curbing what they may consider to be excesses—as the Supreme Court did when it threw out the murder conviction of Dr. Sam Sheppard on the grounds that "virulent publicity" had created a "trial by newspaper."

The court wisely refrained, however, from attempting "to place any direct limitations on the freedom traditionally exercised by the news media." It is up to the press to exercise its own common sense and self-discipline, but self-discipline is not the same as self-censorship. It is the press's function to report the news fairly, not suppress it.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

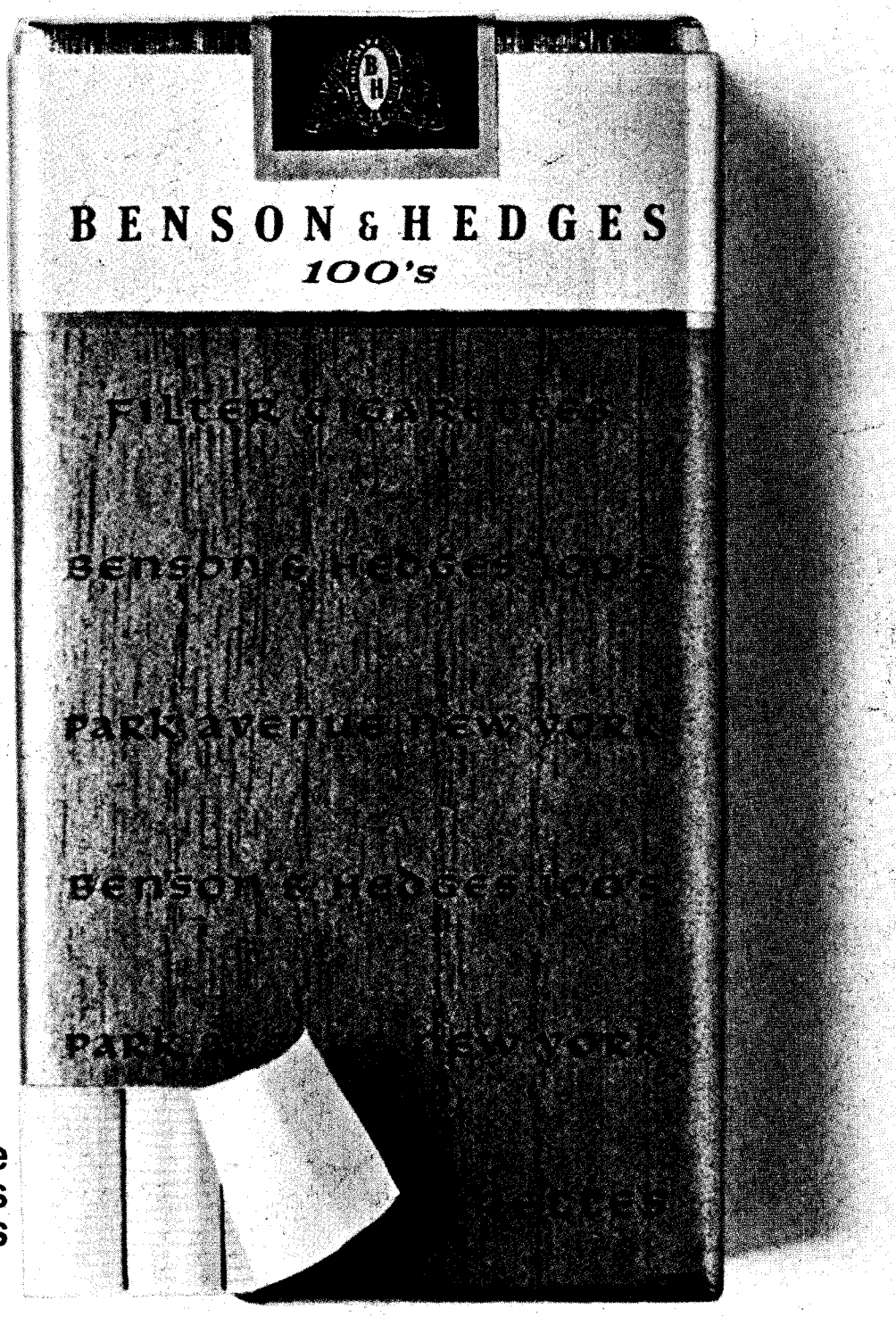
Sprite with vodka. So tart and tingling, we just couldn't keep it quiet.

Sprite. The soft drink
with a message: tingling tartness.
The sound of Sprite is a real taste quake.
Switched on. Exuberant. Noisy.
Not sweet.
Not anything you've ever
heard before.
And vodka really turns it on.
Listen!

If you haven't heard any good drinks lately,
give a listen to Sprite with vodka.
This drink has something to say.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3 puffs, 4 puffs, maybe 5 puffs longer than king size.



The extra puffs are on us

If you're an average puffer, you get about 10 puffs from a king size cigarette.

Un-average puffers run from 6 all the way up to 17.

Our new Benson & Hedges 100's are longer than king size.

We can't tell you just how much longer. That depends upon how you puff, and how often.

But we can tell you, the extra puffs are on us.

You pay no more for our new (longer) cigarette than you now pay for your (shorter) brand.

We'd also like to tell you about our first rate blend of tobaccos.

But every filter brand is promising taste and flavor these days.

So, try us for the extra puffs.

Then, if you like us, come back.

For the extra taste.

New popular-priced Benson & Hedges 100's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED